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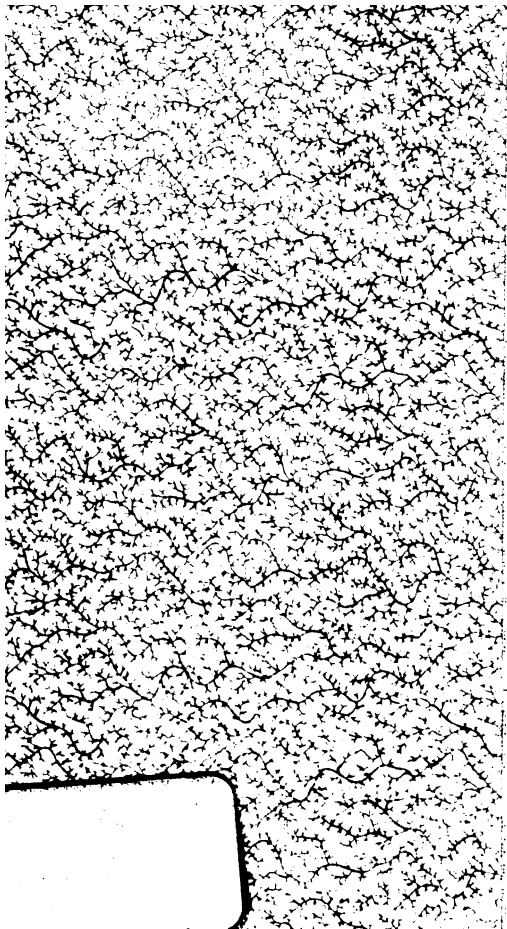
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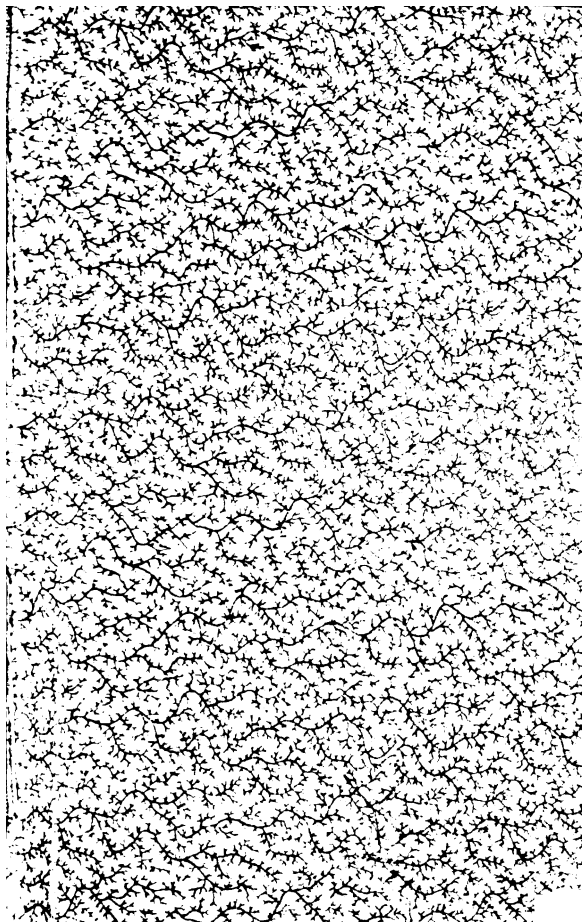
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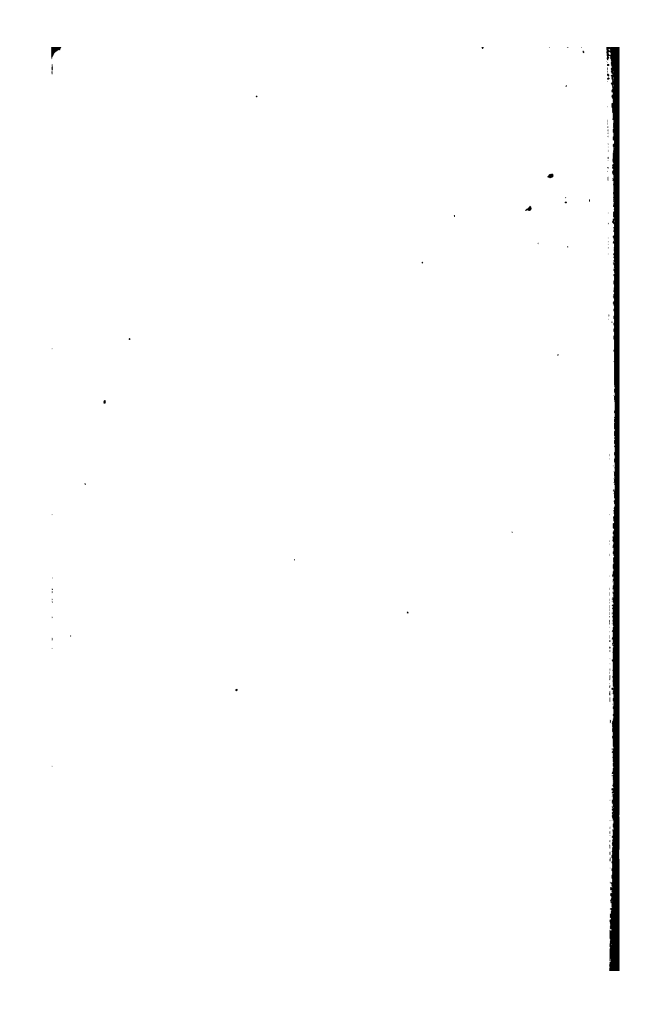
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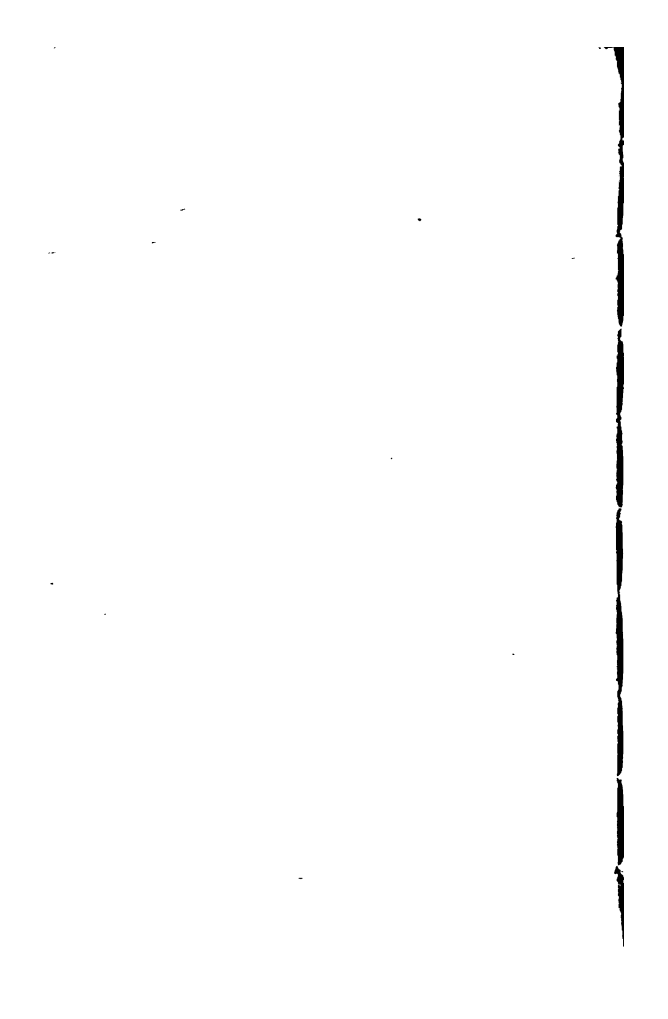
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Epistolary Selections:

DESIGNED
TO IMPROVE YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
IN THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING,

And in those Principles which are necessary to Respectability
and Success in Life

WITH INTRODUCTORY RULES AND OBSERVATIONS
ON EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE YOUNG MAN'S OWN BOOK."

Philadelphia:
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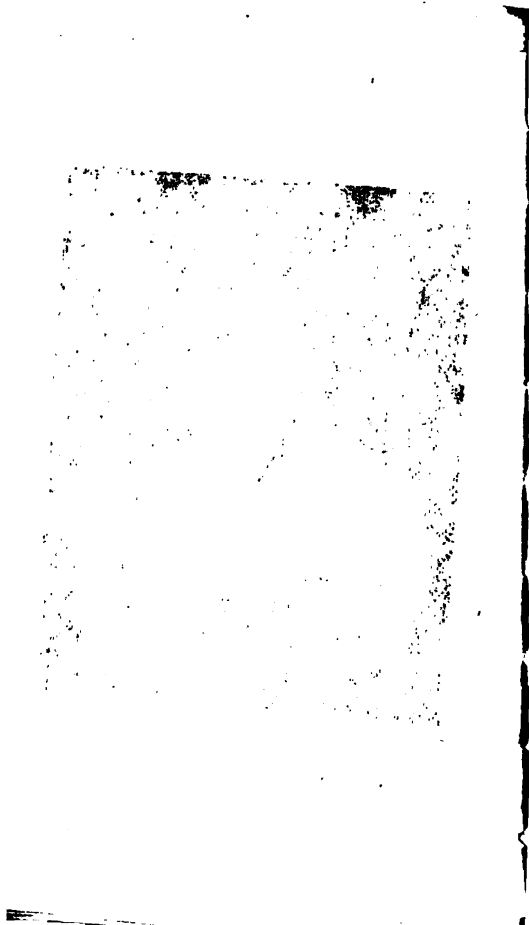
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CONTENTS.

Introductory Rules and Observations on Epistolary Composition	Page 11
------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------

NARRATIVE LETTERS.

Bishop Heber to his Mother	27
William Cowper, Esq. to Mrs. Newton	31
Miss H. More to Mrs. Gwatkin	33
From the same to her Sister	35
Mrs. Martha More to one of her Sisters	38
Dr. Beattie to the Duchess of Gordon, informing her of the death of his Son	39
The Hon. Horace Walpole to R. West, Esq	41
Lady Mary W. Montague to the Lady R—	44
Sir William Jones to Lady Spencer.—Visit to the residence of Milton	46

DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to G. Montagu, Esq.....	49
H. More to her Sister	51
From the same to Mrs. Boscawen.—Describing the true epistolary style	54
From the same to Mr. Harford	56

LETTERS OF PRECEPT AND ADVICE.

Dr. Franklin to Miss Stevenson, at Wanstead	57
From the same to John Alleyne, Esq	59
From the same to Gov. Franklin, New Jersey	61
From the same to Dr. Priestley	62

19 Jan. 1816

The Earl of Stafford's dying advice to his Son	63
Sir Matthew Hale to his Children.—On leading a religious life	66
The Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq.	69
From the same to the same	71
Dr. Schomberg to a Lady.—On Reading.....	74
John Dunning, Esq. to a young gentleman of the Inner Temple.....	77
Dr. Horne (afterwards bishop of Norwich) to a young clergyman	79

LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION.

Miss Robinson (afterwards Mrs. Montagu) to Mrs. Donnellan.—On the New Year.....	81
Dr. Conyers Middleton to Mrs. Montagu.—On her marriage	84
From the same to the same	85

LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Hewson	88
Henry Kirke White to Mr. B. Maddock.....	90
Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby.....	92
William Cowper to Lady Hesketh.....	94

MILITARY LETTERS.

General Washington to the President of Congress..	95
From the same to the same	98

LETTERS TO RELATIVES

Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Abiah Franklin.....	102
From the same to Mrs. Deborah Franklin	104
Henry Kirke White to his Mother.....	105
Edmund Burke to his Uncle, Mr. Nagle.....	106
From the same to the same	108
From the same to his Cousin, Garret Nagle, Esq....	110

CONTENTS.**v**

From the same to the same	119
From the same to the same	115
Mr. Curran to his Son, Richard Curran	117
Miss H. More to one of her Sisters	119

LETTERS OF BUSINESS.

Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.	121
R. C. Dallas, Esq. to Lord Byron	121
Lord Byron to his publisher, Mr. Murray	123
From the same to the same	124
From the same to the same	125
John Dryden to Jacob Tonson	127
From the same to the same	128
James Thomson to Mr. Ross	130
Edmund Burke to his Uncle, Mr. Nagle	131

LETTERS OF THANKS.

Charles James Fox to the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield ...	133
From the same to the same	133
Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell	134
Edmund Burke to Agmondisham Vesey, Esq.	135
Hon. Horace Walpole to Miss H. More	136
Mrs. Carter to Mrs. H. More	136
The Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Watson) to Mrs. H. More	138
Mrs. Barbauld to Mrs. H. More	138
Miss Jane Porter to Mrs. H. More	140

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE AND CONSOLATION.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston	142
From the same to Mrs. Thrale, on the Death of Mr. Thrale	144
Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Mrs. Cowper	145
Dr. Tillotson (afterwards archbishop of Canterbury) to Mr. Nicholas Hunt, when near the close of life	146
Dr. Swift to the lord treasurer of Oxford.—On the death of his Daughter	149
Dr. Hough, bishop of Worcester, to Mrs. Knightley. —On the death of her Son	151

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

Dr. Johnson to the Earl of Chesterfield.....	154
Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.....	155
From the same to the same.....	157
From the same to the same.....	159
From the same to the same.....	160
From the same to the same.....	162
From the same to Lady Hesketh.....	164
Dr. Franklin to Miss Stevenson.....	166
Dr. Beattie to Robert Arhuthnot, Esq.....	167
From the same to the Hon. Charles Boyd.....	169
From the same to the Duchess of Gordon.....	172
Mr. Jones, (afterwards Sir William.) at the age of fourteen, to his Sister.....	175
Dr. Hunt to Mr. Jones.....	178
Mr. Jones to F. P. Bayer.....	179
Edmund Burke to Mr. Jones.....	181
Sir William Jones to Sir Joseph Banks.....	182
Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq.....	184
From the same to the same.....	185
Anna Seward to Thomas Christie, Esq.....	188
From the same to Walter Scott, Esq.....	190
The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway	196
Henry Kirke White to his Brother Neville.....	198
From the same to the same.....	200
From the same to the same.....	201
From the same to Mr. H. A.....	204
From the same to Mr. Robert Southey.....	207
Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Thomas, at Lisle.....	209
From the same to Dr. Cooper, Boston.....	212
From the same to Gen. Washington.....	214
From the same to the Rev. Wm. Nixon.....	215
From the same to Edmund Burke, Esq.....	216
From the same to Sir Joseph Banks.....	217
From the same to R. Vaughan, Esq.....	218
From the same to David Hartley, Esq. M. P.....	227

CONTENTS.

vii

From the same to Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph	227
From the same to M. la Marquis de la Fayette.....	231
From the same to Count de Buffon, Paris	233
From the same to Dr. Rush.....	234
From the same to David Hartley, Esq	234
From the same to ———	235
Lord Howe to Dr. Franklin.....	237
Dr. Franklin to Lord Howe.....	238
From the same, respecting Captain Cook.....	242
From the same to George Whatley, Esq.....	243
From the same to the same	245
Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.....	245
From the same to the same	247
From the same to the same	249
Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.....	251
From the same to Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steel	252
From the same to the Honourable ———	255
Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, to Mr. Pope	256
John Dryden to the Right Hon. Charles Montague ..	258
William Congreve to Mr. Porter.....	260
James Thomson to Mr. Lyttleton.....	261
Miss Talbot to the Hon. Miss Campbell.....	262
Dr. Smollett to an American gentleman.....	263
Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin	266
From the same to the Rev. John Newton	267
The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Right Hon. W. Pitt	270
From the same to the Rev. W. Cole	271
Mr. Garrick to Miss H. More	272
From the same to the same.....	273
Mr. Mackenzie to Miss H. More.....	275
Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More	276
The Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.....	279
Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole	280
Mr. H. Walpole to Miss H. More	282
Mrs. Chapone to Miss More.....	284
The Bishop of London to Miss H. More.....	285

<i>Hon. Horace Walpole to Sir Isaac Newton</i>	287
<i>From the same to the same</i>	292
<i>From the same to the same</i>	294
<i>From the same to the same</i>	297
<i>Mrs. Hannah More to Mr. Knor</i>	301
<i>From the same to Sir W. Phips</i>	305
<i>From the same to Mr. Wilberforce</i>	307
<i>Lord Teignmouth to Mrs. H. More</i>	309
<i>Lord Byron to Prince Mavrocordato</i>	312
<i>From the same to Goethe</i>	313
<i>From the same to Mr. Rogers</i>	314
<i>From the same to Lord Holland</i>	316
<i>From the same to Sir Walter Scott</i>	317
<i>From the same to Mr. Moore</i>	319

PREFACE
TO
THE SECOND EDITION.

CONSIDERABLE alterations have been made in this edition. The principal are these: many of the longer epistles have been omitted, and several short, piquant letters introduced into the vacant place created by the omission of each long one. Some preceptive letters, of rather formidable extent, have been left out on account of their having been superseded by the publication of matter *substantially* the same, in other parts of the series of books of which this volume is one; as, for example, in the "YOUNG MAN'S OWN BOOK," "SUNDAY BOOK," &c. A large number of letters have been inserted from works which have appeared since the first edition of this was

prepared. Finally, the title has been changed, on account of an apprehension that it might lead persons, who should not take the trouble to examine the work itself, into a supposition that it ought to be classed with those very curious and amusing publications, technically called "*Letter-Writers.*"

It is hoped that these changes will be approved by the public, whose uniform indulgence the author is most happy to acknowledge.

INTRODUCTORY

RULES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON

EPISTOLARY COMPOSITION.

To write letters well is an attainment of great importance. It affords scope for the exercise and display of the highest powers of the mind, and the finest feelings of the heart. It is of constant utility in every department of business, and in every endearing relation of social and domestic life.

The art of epistolary writing, as the late translator of Pliny's letters has observed, was esteemed by the Romans among the number of liberal and polite accomplishments; and Cicero, in some of his letters, mentions, with great pleasure, the elegant specimens of epistolary compositions which he had received from his son. It seems indeed to have formed part of the education of the Romans; and it deserves to have a share in ours. "It has," says Mr. Locke, "so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in this kind of writing. Occasions will daily force him to make this use of his

pen ; which, besides the consequences that, in his affairs, his well or ill managing of it, often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, his sense, and his abilities, than oral discourses, whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure."

To facilitate to children and young persons the acquisition of the epistolary art, they should frequently be exercised in writing letters to their absent friends or relatives ; on such occasions as naturally occur in domestic life, or on subjects chosen by themselves, and adapted to their taste and acquirements. Every error which they commit in orthography or in punctuation, in language or in sentiment, should be pointed out and fully explained to them, either by their instructor, or some other friend, previously to the letters being sent ; or, afterwards, by the person to whom they are addressed. But no fault should be corrected by a teacher or friend, or on his suggestion ; and the letters should always be sent exactly in the state in which they come from the pupil's own hands, except the occasion be very important, and the writers very urgent to be allowed to correct and transcribe their little performances. Thus, will some of the best and most operative feelings of their minds be powerfully excited ; their application, their desire of improvement, will be quick-

ened, and they will probably look forward, with anxious expectation, to a future opportunity of gratifying themselves and their friends, by an exhibition of their enlarged abilities and attainments. It is scarcely necessary to add that these letters should be voluntary, not compelled; rather allowed as a privilege, than required as a task. "When children," says Mr. Locke, "understand how to write English with due connexion, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to the writing of letters; in which they should not be put upon strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain, easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness."

To practice, should be added the frequent and attentive perusal of letters, written with correctness, ease, and elegance; for which purpose, the epistolary selections contained in this volume, will, it is presumed, prove peculiarly useful and acceptable. But young persons should be cautioned not to adopt any sentiment, or any expression, even of the most approved writer, that is not consistent with their own judgment, and with the thoughts, and feelings, of their own minds. "Nothing is beautiful but what is true," is a maxim of universal acceptance; but it applies, with peculiar force, to epistolary communications.

Letter-writing is a subject of so varied and extensive a nature, that it can scarcely be reduced

to rule, or taught by precept. But some instruction respecting it, may doubtless be communicated to young persons, through the medium of rules; and the following, together with the observations that accompany them, have been formed, with particular care, for that purpose. They will, it is hoped, be found of real and practical utility; and afford considerable assistance to young persons, in avoiding error, and obtaining some degree of excellence, in epistolary composition.

I. When you write a letter to any person, express the same sentiments, and use the same language, as you would do if you were conversing with him. "Write eloquently," says Mr. Gray, "that is, from your heart, in such expressions as that will furnish."

This rule is of primary importance, for the attainment of ease and simplicity in epistolary composition. But it will not, with equal efficacy, promote correctness and propriety, unless we accustom ourselves to think, and to express our thoughts, accurately and properly, in common conversation.

II. Before you begin a letter, especially when it is on any occasion of importance, weigh well in your own mind the design and purport of it; and consider very attentively, what sentiments are most proper for you to express, and your correspondent to read.

The observance of this rule is highly useful. To those who have few thoughts, it affords an oppor-

tunity of adding to the stock ; and to those who are overwhelmed by the abundance, or perplexed by the variety, of them, it gives ample scope for selection. When we have well considered a subject, and thoroughly understand it, we can scarcely fail, with a moderate degree of attention and of literary attainments, to express ourselves clearly, distinctly, and even forcibly. Many persons make a rough draught of the letter they design to write ; which, when they have corrected and improved it as much as they can, they transcribe. On occasions of particular difficulty or importance, this practice is not to be condemned. It is frequently recommended, or allowed, to children and young persons, in their first epistolary essays, though on the most trivial subjects : but if it should be long continued, or become habitual, it will prove a great hinderance to facility and dispatch in writing ; which are always useful, and often absolutely necessary, in the commerce of the world.

To assist invention and to promote order, it may, as some writers on epistolary composition recommend, occasionally be of use to make, in the mind, a division of a letter into three parts, the beginning, middle, and end : or, in other words, into the exordium or introduction ; the narration or proposition ; and the conclusion. The exordium or introduction should be employed, not indeed with the formality of rhetoric, but with the ease of genuine politeness and benevolence, in conci-

liating favour and attention; the narration of proposition, in stating the business with clearness and precision; the conclusion, in confirming what has been premised, in making apologies where any are necessary, and in cordial expressions of respect, esteem, or affection.

“Ease and simplicity in epistolary composition,” as Dr. Blair justly observes, “are not to be understood as importing entire carelessness. In writing to the most intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the subject and the style, is requisite and becoming. It is no more than we owe both to ourselves, and to the friend with whom we correspond. A slovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a disobliging mark of want of respect. The liberty, besides, of writing letters with too careless a hand, is apt to betray persons into imprudence in what they write. An improper expression in conversation may be forgotten and pass away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we must remember, that ‘*Litera scripta manet.*’”

III. Let all your sentiments and expressions be consistent with truth and virtue. Avoid exaggerated and extravagant professions of regard; suppress every unjust or malignant thought; encourage pious and benevolent affections in your own mind, and in the minds of those whom you address.

This rule is important in conversation; but much more so in letters: because, writing allows

an opportunity for consideration, which renders error of every kind more inexcusable; and what is written usually makes a stronger and more permanent impression than what is merely spoken.—“Let me conjure you,” says bishop Atterbury, in a letter to his son, “never to say any thing, either in a letter or in common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment; which, as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity, is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what we really mean: whoever employs it otherwise, throws away truth for what he fancies good breeding; and I need not tell you how little his character gains by such an exchange.”

To endeavour, in all our personal intercourse with our relatives, and friends, and acquaintances, to please and edify them, and, when we are absent from them, to make our letters to them, mementoes not only of affection or of kindness, but also of an earnest desire to promote their welfare, both in this world and in the world to come, is an important duty, and one of the greatest pleasures that a pious and feeling mind can enjoy. Even in letters of business, opportunities often occur of suggesting, in the most easy and delicate manner, sentiments of a moral and religious nature, which may prove of great and lasting benefit. But such

sentiments should not be introduced for the purpose of ostentatious display, or any other of a still more culpable nature : they should spring from the heart, and from a thorough conviction of their propriety, or they will produce but a faint impression on him who writes, or on him who reads.

IV. Vary your style ; and adapt it to the subject of your letter, and also to the character, the station, and other peculiar circumstances, of the person to whom you write.

As the occasion on which letters are written, and the situation, feelings, and acquirements, of those who write them, as well as of those to whom they are written, are so various, a great diversity of style necessarily becomes requisite. On important subjects, it should be strong and solemn ; on lighter subjects, easy and simple ; in exhortation, earnest ; in persuasion, mild ; in consolation, tender ; in congratulation, lively ; in request, modest ; in commendation, warm : to superiors, respectful ; to inferiors, courteous ; to friends and companions, familiar.

The sentiments of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Knox, on this point, are highly worthy of attention.—“The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required,” says the former of these writers, (Rambler, No. 152,) “are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to use, than their scan-

ness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean; to the learned and the ignorant; at rest and in distress; in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence. That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature, is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments, will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror, will produce some perturbation of images. Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style.—The epistolary writer may, without censure, comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his reasonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power

of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart."

"Much has been said on the epistolary style," observes Dr. Knox, in his *Essays Moral and Literary*; "as if any one style could be appropriated to the great variety of subjects which are treated of in letters. Ease, it is true, should distinguish familiar letters, written on the common affairs of life; because the mind is usually at ease while they are composed. But, even in these, topics incidentally arise, which require elevated expression, and an inverted construction. Not to raise the style on these occasions, is to write unnaturally; for nature teaches us to express animated emotions of every kind in animated language. The dependent writes unnaturally to a superior, in the style of familiarity. The suppliant writes unnaturally, if he rejects the figures dictated by distress. Conversation admits of every style but the poetic; and what are letters but written conversation? The great rule is, to follow nature, and to avoid an affected manner."

V. Scrupulously adhere to the rules of grammar. Select and apply all your words with a strict regard to their proper signification; and whenever you have any doubt respecting the correctness or propriety of them, consult a dictionary, or some good living authority. Avoid, with particular care, all errors in orthography, in punctuation, and in the arrangement of words and phrases.

Errors of this nature often obscure or pervert the meaning of the writer ; and they leave on the mind of an intelligent reader a very unfavourable impression. When the rules of grammar have been thoroughly learned, a constant attention to practise them, both in speaking and in writing, will soon render them familiar ; and far from occasioning (as some apprehend) any stiffness of style, will be promotive of real ease, simplicity and elegance. " Let nothing, though of a trifling nature," says bishop Atterbury, in a letter to his son, " pass through your pen negligently. Get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily." The great accuracy and correctness of composition for which Dr. Johnson was so highly distinguished, and which seemed to cost him so little effort as to be almost natural to him, were owing, he used to say, to the constant care and attention with which, from early life, he avoided or corrected error in every thing he said or wrote, though on the most trivial occasion. " The effusion of a moment" becomes the just characteristic and the highest encomium of all familiar writing, when a habit of accuracy has previously been acquired.

VI. Endeavour, particularly in letters on business, to express your meaning as briefly as the nature of the subject will admit ; and in such terms as are least likely to be misunderstood. Avoid unnecessary tautology, explanation, and long or fre-

quent parentheses. Place the principal circumstances in the most prominent point of view; suppress, or slightly mention, those which are of a trivial nature. Make no quotations in foreign languages, nor any classical allusions, however apt or beautiful, except when you are writing to persons to whom they will be intelligible and pleasing. Before you seal your letter, always read it over very attentively; and correct every inaccuracy or error which you discover in it, that might, in the slightest degree, perplex or mislead your correspondent.

A plain, concise style, is the best adapted for business. Letters of sentiment, of affection, and friendship, naturally admit of more enlargement, and occasionally of embellishment. Long sentences should generally be avoided in epistolary composition. They may please the ear: but they usually occasion some degree of obscurity; and they are burthensome to the memory. Well-constructed sentences that are short, or of a moderate length, strike the mind forcibly and agreeably, and the tenour of them is easily remembered.

VII. Let the exterior appearance of your letter, as well as its intrinsic qualities, be the object of your attention. Write a fair and legible hand. Be sparing in the use of dashes, interlineations, and underlinings. Make no abbreviations in orthography, except those which are warranted by the general practice of the most correct writers. Always leave a vacancy for the seal or wafer, in

order that when your correspondent opens your letter, no part of the writing may be torn. Write your name at length, with particular distinctness and uniformity, and in a rather larger character than that in which your letter is written. Avoid postscripts, except when they are necessary for the mentioning of some circumstance that occurred after your letter was written. Fold, direct, and seal your letter neatly and properly.

To write with ease and expedition a good, uniform, and perfectly legible hand, is indispensable in business ; and is highly useful in every station and in all circumstances of life. Good hand-writing sets off and recommends the best composition, and is some apology for the worst. " I maintain," says an ingenious author, " that it is in every man's power to write what hand he pleases, and, consequently, that he ought to write a good one. "*

* On the subject of writing, the following directions may be of use to young persons.—Form every letter and word distinctly. As soon as you can write well, learn to write quick ; not a stiff, formal hand, but a genteel and liberal one, or, what is called a running-hand, which is most favourable to ease and expedition : but be particularly careful that your writing may be large and strong enough, to be easily legible by others, and by yourselves, when you advance in life. Let the lines on every page of your letter, correspond exactly to each other ; leave sufficient spaces between them, to exhibit the writing on one line quite distinct from that on the preceding and the following line ; and make them even and regular, which, by attention and habit, you can readily accomplish, without accustoming yourselves to the use of ruled lines. Let your ink be good, and of a proper blackness ; which contributes, very materially, to neat-

Dashes, underlinings, and interlineations, are much used by unskilful and careless writers, merely as substitutes for proper punctuation, and a correct, regular mode of expression. The frequent recurrence of them greatly defaces a letter, and is equally inconsistent with neatness of appearance and regularity of composition. All occasion for interlineations may usually be superseded by a little previous thought and attention. Dashes are proper only when the sense evidently requires a greater pause than the common stops designate. And in a well-constructed sentence, to underline a word is wholly useless, except on some very particular occasion we wish to attract peculiar attention to it, or to give it an uncommon degree of importance or emphasis.

Of the propriety of leaving a vacancy for the seal, the following circumstance, which is similar to what frequently occurs, affords a striking proof. "I had a letter from a friend, lately," says Mr. Orton, in a letter to a young clergyman, "who desired me to transact some business for him, which was the chief purport of his letter; but he had unfortunately put the wafer on the most material part of the commission, so that I could not tell what he had desired me to do for him."

ness and distinctness in writing. Learn to make and mend your own pens: do not, however, let your writing depend too much on your pen; but accustom yourselves, upon occasion, to write well, or at least legibly, with an indifferent, or even a bad pen.

Postscripts have a very awkward appearance; and they generally indicate thoughtlessness and inattention. To make use of them in order to convey assurances of respect or affection to the person to whom you write, or to those who are intimately connected with him, is particularly improper: it seems to imply that the sentiments which you express are so slightly impressed on your mind, that you had almost forgotten them, or thought them scarcely worth mentioning.



THE
YOUNG MAN'S BOOK
OF
CLASSICAL LETTERS.

NARRATIVE LETTERS.

From Bishop Heber to his Mother.

Point de Galle, Sept. 27, 1825.

DEAREST MOTHER :

I WRITE from a small port near the southern extremity of Ceylon, where we are waiting for a fair wind, in order to embark for Calcutta, and where I am happy to steal the first few moments of leisure which have occurred to me for some time, to tell you that we are all three well, that we have received good accounts of our dear little Harriet, and that we are thus far prosperously advanced in our voyage to rejoin her. We left Bombay, where I had been detained much longer than I expected, on the 15th of last month, and had a favourable voyage to this island, of which we have now seen a considerable portion. All which we have seen is extremely beautiful, with great variety of mountain, rock, and valley, covered from the hill-tops down to the sea with unchanging verdure, and, though so much nearer the Line, enjoying a cooler and more agreeable temperature than either Bombay or Calcutta. Here I have been more than ever reminded of the prints and descriptions in Cook's Voyages. The whole coast of the island is marked

by the same features, a high white surf dashing against coral rocks, which, by the way, though they sound very romantically, differ little in appearance from sand-stone; a thick grove of cocoa-trees, plantains, and bread-fruit, thrusting their roots into the very shingles of the beach, and hanging their boughs over the spray; low thatched cottages scattered among the trees, and narrow canoes, each cut out of the trunk of a single tree, with an out-rigger to keep it steady, and a sail exactly like that used in Otaheite. The people, too, who differ both in language and appearance from those of Hindostan, are still more like the South Sea islanders, having neither turban nor cap, but their long black hair fastened in a knot behind, with a large tortoise-shell comb, and seldom any clothing but a cotton cloth round their waist, to which the higher ranks add an old-fashioned blue coat, with gold or silver lace, and a belt and hanger to match, a fashion which they apparently received from their Dutch conquerors, and which has a very whimsical appearance. The Candians, who inhabit the interior of the island, and whose country, as you know, was conquered by the English about ten years ago, wear a more showy dress, and one more uniformly Oriental. They are now all tolerably reconciled to our government, as well as the Cingalese, or inhabitants of the sea-coast, and their chiefs are rapidly acquiring a knowledge of our language and imitating our customs. We went up with the governor, Sir Edward Barnes, who, as well as Lady Barnes, have shown us much attention and kindness, to Candy, where I preached, administered the sacrament, and confirmed twenty-six young people in the audience-hall of the late King of Candy, which now serves as a church. Here,

twelve years ago, this man, who was a dreadful tyrant, and lost his throne in consequence of a large party of his subjects applying to General Brownrigge for protection, used, as we were told, to sit in state to see those whom he had condemned trodden to death, and tortured by elephants trained for the purpose; and now, in this very place, an English governor and an English congregation, besides many converted natives of the island, were sitting peaceably to hear an English bishop preach! Christianity has made, perhaps, a greater progress in this island than in all India besides. The Dutch, while they governed the country, took great pains to spread it, and the black preachers whom they left behind, and who are still paid by the English government, show a very great reverence for our Common Prayer, which is translated into their language, and a strong desire to be admitted members of the Church of England. One excellent man, named Christian David, I ordained last year in Calcutta, and there are several more in training. There are also some very meritorious missionaries in the island. One of them is the son of our neighbour, Mr. Mayor, of Shawbury, who, together with another Shropshire man, Mr. Ward, has got together a very respectable congregation of natives, as well as a large school, and built a pretty church, which I consecrated last Sunday, in one of the wildest and most beautiful situations I ever saw. The effects of these exertions have been very happy, both among the Roman Catholic descendants of the Portuguese and the heathen. I have confirmed, since I came into the island, three hundred and sixty persons, of whom only sixty were English; and in the great church at Colombo I pronounced the blessing in four dif-

ferent languages—English, Portuguese, Cingalese, and Tamul.

Those who are still heathen are professedly worshippers of Buddh;* but by far the greater part reverence nothing except the Devil, to whom they offer sacrifices by night, that he may do them no harm. Many of the nominal Christians are infected with the same superstition, and are therefore not acknowledged by our missionaries: otherwise, instead of three hundred to be confirmed, I might have had several thousand candidates. Many thanks for the kind trouble you took to get subscriptions for the female schools at Calcutta. I hope we shall be able to raise nearly money enough for them in India. On the whole, I rejoice to believe that in very many parts of this great country, "the fields are white already to harvest;" and it is a circumstance of great comfort to me, that in all the good which is done, the Church of England seems to take the lead, that our Liturgy has been translated into the five languages most used in these parts of the world, and that all Christian sects in the East seem more and more disposed to hold it in reverence. Still, little, very little is done, in comparison with all which is to do.

Ever your affectionate son,

REGINALD CALCUTTA.

* The Moodelier of Candy, G. P. G. De Sarum, gave the Bishop a sermon in the Pali language and Cingalese character, said to have been written by Buddh himself, being one of 17,575 he preached in his way between Rajmahanoora and Nalundranoora, concerning the state of absorption into the Deity.

William Cowper, Esq. to Mrs. Newton.

June, 1780.

DEAR MADAM,

WHEN I write to Mr. Newton, he answers me by letter; when I write to you, you answer me in fish. I return you many thanks for the mackerel and lobster. They assured me, in terms as intelligible as pen and ink could have spoken, that you still remember *Orchard-side*; and though they never spoke in their lives, and it was still less to be expected from them that they should speak, being dead, they gave us an assurance of your affection that corresponds exactly with that which Mr. Newton expresses towards us in all his letters. For my own part, I never in my life began a letter more at a venture than the present. It is possible that I may finish it, but perhaps more than probable that I shall not. I have had several indifferent nights, and the wind is easterly; two circumstances so unfavourable to me in all my occupations, but especially that of writing, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could even bring myself to attempt it.

You have never yet, perhaps, been made acquainted with the unfortunate Tom F——'s misadventure. He and his wife, returning from Haslope fair, were coming down Weston lane; to wit, themselves, their horse, and their great wooden panniers, at ten o'clock at night. The horse, having a lively imagination and very weak nerves, fancied he either saw or heard something, but has never been able to say what. A sudden fright will impart activity and a momentary vigour even to lameness itself. Accordingly, he started, and sprang from the middle of the road to the side of it, with such surprising alacrity, that he dis-

mounted the gingerbread baker and his gingerbread wife in a moment. Not contented with this effort, nor thinking himself yet out of danger, he proceeded as fast as he could to a full gallop, rushed against the gate at the bottom of the lane, and opened it for himself, without perceiving that there was any gate there. Still he galloped, and with a velocity and momentum continually increasing, till he arrived at Olney. I had been in bed about ten minutes, when I heard the most uncommon and unaccountable noise that can be imagined. It was, in fact, occasioned by the clattering of tin patty-pans and a Dutch-oven against the sides of the panniers. Much gingerbread was picked up in the street, and Mr. Lucy's windows were broken all to pieces. Had this been all, it would have been a comedy; but we learned the next morning that the poor woman's collar-bone was broken, and she has hardly been able to resume her occupation since.

What is added on the other side,* if I could have persuaded myself to write sooner, would have reached you sooner; 'tis about ten days old. * *

The male Dove was smoking a pipe and the female Dove was sewing while she delivered herself as above. This little circumstance may lead you, perhaps, to guess what pair I had in my eye.

Yours, dear madam,

W. C.

* The poem of "The Doves." Vide Cowper's Poems, Vol. I.

Miss H. More to Mrs. Gwatkin.

August 9, 1778.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I RECEIVED your favour on Saturday, and though I could not but be infinitely *concerned* at the melancholy cause of your sudden departure, yet I cannot say I was in the least *surprised* at it, as it is easy to imagine what effects the dangerous state of a deservedly beloved child must have on a heart so exquisitely alive to all the maternal feelings. What a journey of hurry, anxiety, and fatigue you must have had! I hope you did not undertake it alone. I am very impatient to learn how you found Master Gwatkin, and what his medical friends think of him. I rejoice that he is in such good hands; if there is efficacy in human art, I doubt not of his recovery, having been myself so many times snatched from the devouring jaws of death by the friendly assistance he now receives. -God grant it may be as beneficial to him!

I wrote to you, madam, last Friday, not knowing of your migration. I hope they will not send you up the letter, as it is of no consequence now, containing only the particulars relative to my dear little friend, of which you have now so much better information. When your letter was brought, I was upon a visit in the neighbourhood, where it was sent me. There were ten ladies and a clergyman. I was pleased with the assemblage, thinking the vanity of the *sex* would meet with its equilibrium in the wisdom of the *profession*; that the brilliant sallies of female wit and sprightliness would be corrected and moderated by the learned gravity and judicious conversation of the Rev. Theologue. I looked upon the latter as the centripetal, acting against the cen-

trifling force of the former, who would be kept within their orbit of decorum by his means. For about an hour nothing was uttered but *words*, which are almost an equivalent to nothing. The gentleman had not yet spoken. The *ladies*, with loud vociferation, seemed to *talk* much without *thinking* at all. The gentleman, with all the male stupidity of silent recollection, without saying a single syllable, seemed to be acting over the pantomime of thought. I cannot say, indeed, his countenance so much belied his understanding as to express any thing: no, let me not do him that injustice; he might have sat for the picture of insensibility. I endured his taciturnity, thinking that the longer he was in collecting, adjusting, and arranging his ideas, the more would he charm me with the tide of oratorical eloquence, when the materials of his conversation were ready for display: but, alas! it never occurred that I had seen an *empty* bottle corked as well as a *full* one. After sitting another hour, I thought I perceived in him signs of pregnant sentiment, which was just on the point of being delivered in speech. I was extremely exhilarated at this, but it was a false alarm: he essayed it not. At length the imprisoned powers of rhetoric burst through the shallow mounds of torpid silence and reserve, and he remarked, with equal acuteness of wit, novelty of invention, and depth of penetration, that—"we had had no summer." Then, shocked at his own loquacity, he double-locked the door of his lips, "*and word spoke never more.*"

Will you not say I am turning devotee when I tell you what my amusements of the reading kind are? I have read through all the Epistles three times since I have been here—the ordinary transla-

tion, Locke's Paraphrase, and a third put into very elegant English (I know not by whom,) in which St. Paul's obscurities are elucidated, and Harwood's pomp of words avoided. I am also reading "West on the Resurrection;" in my poor judgment a most excellent thing, calculated to confound all the cavils of the infidel, and to confirm all the hopes of the believer. Have you heard from the sweet little Cornwallian since you left her? My most affectionate regards to my dear Master Lovell, and earnest wishes for his speedy recovery.

I am, my dear madam,

With the most perfect esteem,

Your ever obliged and affectionate
humble servant,

H. MORE.

From H. More to her sister.

Hampton, 1780.

MRS. GARRICK and I read to ourselves sans intermission. Mr. Matthew Henry and Mr. David Hume (two gentlemen of very different ways of thinking on some certain points) at present engage a great part of my time. I have almost finished the sixth volume, and am at this moment qualified to dispute with the Dean of Gloucester on tonnage and poundage monopolies, and ship-money.

Hampton, Jan. 1780.

Here we are still, and as little acquainted with what passes in the world as though we were five hundred, instead of fifteen miles out of it. Poor Mrs. Garrick is a greater recluse than ever, and has quite a horror at the thoughts of mixing in the world again. I fancy, indeed, she will never go much into it. Her garden and her family amuse

her; but the idea of company is death to her. We never see a human face but each other's. Though in such deep retirement, I am never dull, because I am not reduced to the fatigue of entertaining dunces, or of being obliged to listen to *them*. We dress like a couple of Scaramouches, dispute like a couple of Jesuits, eat like a couple of aldermen, walk like a couple of porters, and read as much as any two doctors of either university.

I wish the fatal 20th was well over; I dread the anniversary of that day. On her wedding-day she went to the abbey, where she staid a good while; and she said she had been to spend the morning on her husband's grave, where, for the future, she should always pass her wedding-days. Yet she seems cheerful, and never indulges the least melancholy in company. She spends so very few hours in her bed, that I cannot imagine how she can be so well; but her very great activity, both of body and mind, has, humanly speaking, preserved her life.

Mrs. Boscawen had made a little party which she thought I should like; for you must know there are no assemblies or great parties till after Christmas, and till then it is not the fashion to wear jewels, or dress at all. This last custom has, I think, good sense and economy in it, as it cuts off a couple of months from the seasons of extravagance: but I fancy it redeems but little from the nights, for one may lose a good deal of money in a very bad gown.

London, 1780.

I spent a very comfortable day yesterday with Miss Reynolds; only Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Williams, and myself. He is in but poor health, but his mind has lost nothing of its vigour. He never

opens his mouth but one learns something: one is sure either of hearing a new idea, or an old one expressed in an original manner. We did not part till eleven. He scolded me heartily, as usual, when I differed from him in opinion, and, as usual, laughed when I flattered him. I was very bold in combating some of his darling prejudices: nay, I ventured to defend one or two of the Puritans, whom I forced him to allow to be good men and good writers. He said he was not angry with me at all for liking Baxter: he liked him himself. "But then," said he, "Baxter was bred up in the establishment, and would have died in it if he could have got the living of Kidderminster. He was a very good man." Here he was wrong; for Baxter was offered a bishopric after the restoration.

I never saw Johnson really angry with me but once, and his displeasure did him so much honour that I loved him the better for it. I alluded rather flippantly, I fear, to some witty passage in "Tom Jones:" he replied, "I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book. I am sorry to hear you have read it; a confession which no modest lady should ever make. I scarcely know a more corrupt work." I thanked him for his correction; assured him I thought full as ill of it now as he did, and had only read it at an age when I was more subject to be caught by the wit than able to discern the mischief. Of "Joseph Andrews" I declared my decided abhorrence. He went so far as to refuse to Fielding the great talents which are ascribed to him, and broke out into a noble panegyric on his competitor, Richardson, who, he said, was as superior to him in talents as in virtue, and whom he pronounced to be the greatest genius that had shed its lustre on this path of literature.

Mrs. Martha More to one of her sisters.

Grafton-street, 1800.

LADY WALDEGRAVE was drinking tea here the other evening, when the butler came in, and told us that there was a report that the king had been shot at in the play-house: the gentlemen flew for information, and found, alas! that it was too true. The pistol went off just before the queen entered the box. The king quietly said, "Keep back; there has been one squib; perhaps there will be another." He thought of this at the moment, as she is remarkably fearful of them. Sheridan met the princesses, and apologized to them for not lighting them himself, but he was looking for a constable to take up a fellow: this he said to prepare them for some bustle, but they could not long be kept in ignorance. They were a long time recovering Princess Augusta. One of the lords in waiting was near making an abrupt communication from fright and agitation, but the king kept him and everybody else from being indiscreet; such self-control is astonishing: everybody is of opinion that this was one of the grandest and most interesting dramas ever witnessed. The king was wonderfully great and collected through the whole; but when the house continued shouting for an unreasonable length of time, he appeared much affected, sat down, and looked for a minute on the ground. When he got home, he said to the queen, "As it is all safe, I am not sorry it has happened, for I can not regret anything that has caused so much affection to be displayed."

Lady Cremorne and Mrs. Carter yesterday told us that the king's confidence exceeds all belief. Were you not delighted to see all the opposition

at the levee? The bishop says that both that and the drawing-room were so full that it was complete mobbing and trampling.

Nothing is more talked of than Robert Hall's Sermons. Our bishop makes every family of every description, possessed of money, buy that and "The Strictures," and speaks of both as grand engines to reform the times; but of all the admirers of the latter, every one falls short of Mr. Cecil: his words to us were, yesterday, "It is one of the most perfect works, in all its parts, that any century or country has produced." Adieu.

MARTHA MORE.

I forgot to mention that the Bishop of Durham and his lady breakfasted with us at Fulham Palace last Thursday. The bishop was kind and condescending, as usual; he talked over all the Blagdon business; bid us not be afraid; they could not injure our useful schemes. He is steady and warm in his approbation. He fully feels the importance of instructing the poor, as the grand means of instructing the nation.

Dr. Beattie to the Duchess of Gordon, informing her of the death of his son.

Aberdeen, Dec. 1, 1790.

KNOWING with what kindness and condescension your grace is interested in every thing that concerns me and my family, I take the liberty to inform you that my son James is dead; that the last duties to him are now paid; and that I am endeavouring to return, with the little ability that is left me, and with entire submission to the will of Providence, to the ordinary business of life. I have lost one who was always a pleasing companion; but who,

for the last five or six years, was one of the most entertaining and instructive companions that ever man was blessed with : for his mind comprehended almost every science ; he was a most attentive observer of life and manners ; a master of classical learning ; and he possessed an exuberance of wit and humour, a force of understanding, and a correctness and delicacy of taste, beyond any other person of his age whom I have ever known.

He was taken ill in the night of the thirtieth of November, 1789 ; and from that time his decline commenced. It was long what physicians call a nervous atrophy ; but towards the end of June, symptoms began to appear of his lungs being affected. Goats' milk, and afterwards asses' milk, were procured for him in abundance ; and such exercise as he could bear, he regularly took. These means lengthened his days, no doubt, and alleviated his sufferings, which, indeed, were not often severe. But, in spite of all that could be done, he grew weaker and weaker, and died on the nineteenth of November, 1790, without complaint or pain, without even a groan or a sigh ; retaining to the last moment the use of his rational faculties. He lived twenty-two years and thirteen days. Many weeks before death came, he saw it approaching ; and he met it with such composure and pious resignation as may, no doubt, be equalled, but cannot be surpassed.

He has left many things in writing, serious and humorous, scientific and miscellaneous, prose and verse, Latin and English ; but it will be a long time before I shall be able to harden my heart so far as to revise them.

I have the satisfaction to know that every thing has been done for him that could be done ; and

every thing according to the best medical advice that Scotland could afford. For the last five months, I kept in my family a young medical friend, who was constantly at hand; and from the beginning to the end of my son's illness, I was always either by him or within call. From these circumstances, your grace will readily believe that I derive no little satisfaction. But my chief comfort arises from reflecting on the particulars of his life, which was one uninterrupted exercise of piety, benevolence, filial affection, and, indeed, of every virtue which it was in his power to practise. I shall not, with respect to him, adopt a mode of speech which has become too common, and call him my *poor son*: for I must believe that he is infinitely happy, and that he will be so for ever.

May God grant every blessing to your grace, your family, and all your friends!

The Duke of Gordon has done me the honour, according to his wonted and very great humanity, to write me a most friendly and sympathetic letter on this occasion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JAMES BEATTIE.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to R. West, Esq.

Naples, June 14, 1740, N. S.

DEAR WEST,

ONE hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of the subterraneous town? a whole Roman town, with all its edifices, remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save

it from the Goths : they were buried with it themselves, which is a caution we are not told they ever took. You remember, in Titus's time, there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the king has a villa. This under-ground city is, perhaps, one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance about a year and a half ago. They began digging; they found statues; they dug further; they found more. Since that, they have made a very considerable progress, and find continually. You may walk the compass of a mile; but, by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion, the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have hollowed as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crushed together: on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situation. There is one inside of a temple quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick, plastered over, and painted with architecture: almost all the insides of the houses are in the same manner; and what is very particular, the general ground of all the painting is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre: the stairs, of white marble, and the

eats, are very perfect; the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part cased with white marble. They have found, among other things, some fine statues, some human bones, some rice, medals, and a few paintings, extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the king's apartment, whither all these curiosities are transplanted; and 'tis difficult to see them; but we shall. I forgot to tell you that in several places the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal; so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but, upon touching, crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearances of fire but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world: I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs.* Besides scrutinizing this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building, or to

* Pompeii was not then discovered.

any circumstances that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:

Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
Littoribus, fractas ubi Vestius egerit iras,
Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.
Mira fides! credetne virum ventura propago,
Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebunt,
Infra urbes populosque premi?*

Sylv. lib. iv. epist. 4.

Adieu, my dear West, and believe me yours ever.

H. WALPOLE.

Lady Mary W. Montague to the Lady R——.

Hanover, Oct. 1, O. S. 1716.

I AM very glad, my dear Lady R——, that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning me. It is true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. W—— is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him. I am running on upon my own affairs—that is to say, I am going to write

* These things I sung to you, Marcellus, on the Chalcidian shores, where Vesuvius, in its wrath, emulates the fires of Ætna. Will the future race of men, when these forest-fields shall again be green with corn, believe that cities and their inhabitants are buried beneath them?

very dully, as most people do when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you that I am now got into the region of beauty. All the women have, literally, rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eyebrows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. Those perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's Court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too near approaching the fire, which they, for that reason, carefully avoid, though it is now such excessive cold weather that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial. The snow is already very deep, and the people begin to slide about in their *traineaus*. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge that holds a lady and a gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the *traineau*, are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes machines of this kind that cost five or six hundred pounds English. The Duke of Wolfenbuttle is now at this court: you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful princess upon earth. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness of the death of the

archduke, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles; but I own that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I had not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by the want of good management. Adieu, dear Lady R—; continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon your, &c.

M. W. MONTAGUE.

Sir William Jones to Lady Spencer.—Visit to the residence of Milton.

September 7, 1769.

MADAM,

THE necessary trouble of correcting the first sheets of my history,* prevented me to-day from paying respect to the memory of Shakspeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet; and I set out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of his "L'Allegro:"

* His translation, from the Persian, of the Life of Nidar Shah.

• Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,

* * * * *

When the ploughman, near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe;
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

* * * * *

Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks," &c.

It was neither the proper season of the year nor the time of the day to hear all the rural sounds and to see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted on our approach to the village with the music of the mower and his sithe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. At length we reached the spot whence Milton, undoubtedly, took most of his images: it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides. The distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds; the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the

finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows of a grayish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description; but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty for its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church: the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers, in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them showed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of "The Poet."

It must not be omitted that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in "*Il Penseroso*." Most of the cottage-windows are overgrown with sweet-briers, vines, and honeysuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow:

Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the eglantine, though that word is com-

thonly used for the sweet-brier, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends in honour of Milton, the greatest scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to G. Montagu, Esq.

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1768.

No, I cannot be so false as to say I am glad you are pleased with your situation. You are so apt to take root, that it requires ten years to dig you out again when you once begin to settle. As you go pitching your tent up and down, I wish you were still more a Tartar, and shifted your quarters perpetually. Yes, I will come and see you; but tell me first, when do your duke and duchess travel to the north. I know he is a very amiable lad, and I do not know that she is not as amiable a *laddess*, but I had rather see their house comfortably when they are not there.

I perceive the deluge fell upon you, before it reached us. It began here but on Monday last, and then rained near eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread

to its back. I have had a fire these three days. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason: it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and not a bit have we of any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north east wind, which makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *this is a bad summer*, as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other. We ruin ourselves with inviting over foreign trees, and make our houses clamber up hills to look at prospects. How our ancestors would laugh at us, who knew there was no being comfortable, unless you had a high hill before your nose, and a thick warm wood at your back! Taste is too freezing a commodity for us, and, depend upon it, will go out of fashion again.

There is indeed a natural warmth in this country, which, as you say, I am very glad not to enjoy any longer. I mean the hothouse in St. Stephen's Chapel. My own sagacity makes me very vain, though there was very little merit in it. I had seen so much of all parties, that I had little esteem left for any; it is most indifferent to me who is in or who is out, or which is set in the pillory, Mr. Wilkes or my Lord Mansfield. I see the country

going to ruin, and no man with brains enough to save it. That is mortifying; but what signifies who has the undoing of it? I seldom suffer myself to think on the subject: *my* patriotism could do no good, and my philosophy can make me be at peace.

I am sorry that you are likely to lose your poor cousin, Lady Hinchinbrook; I heard a very bad account of her when I was last in town. Your letter to Madame Roland shall be taken care of; but as you are so scrupulous of making me pay postage, I must remember not to overcharge you, as I can frank my idle letters no longer! therefore, good night! Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

From H. More to her sister.

Adolphi, Feb. 2. 1779.

WE (Miss Cadogan and myself) went to Charing-cross to see the melancholy procession. Just as we got there, we received a ticket from the Bishop of Rochester to admit us into the abbey. No admittance could be obtained but under his hand. We hurried away in a hackney-coach, dreading to be too late. The bell of St. Martin's and the abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave our ticket, and were let in, but unluckily we ought to have kept it. We followed the man, who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us, and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark winding staircase, consisting of half a hundred stone steps. When we got to the top there were no way out; we ran down again, called,

and beat the door till the whole pile resounded with our cries. Here we staid half an hour in perfect agony; we were sure it would be all over; nay, we might never be let out; we might starve; we might perish. At length our clamours brought an honest man,—a guardian angel I then thought him. We implored him to take care of us, and get us into a part of the abbey whence we might see the grave. He asked for the Bishop's ticket: we had given it away to the wrong person; and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one; yet he saw so much truth in our grief that, though we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm—carried us safely through the crowd, and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear every thing as distinctly as if the abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly. We were no sooner recovered from the fresh burst of grief than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument, and read the scroll in his hand, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Just at three, the great doors burst open, with a noise that shook the roof; the organ struck up, and the whole choir, in strains only less solemn than the "archangel's trump," began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way; then Sheridan, as chief mourner; then the body (alas! whose body!) with ten noblemen and gentlemen, pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

As soon as the body was let down, the bishop began the service, which he read in a low, but

solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the wish, that the soul of our dear brether now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a very little while, and he shall "say to the worm, Thou art my brother; and to corruption, Thou art my mother and my sister." So passes away the fashion of this world. And the very night he was buried, the playhouses were as full, and the Pantheon was as crowded, as if no such thing had happened; nay, the very mourners of the day partook of the revelries of the night;—the same night too!

As soon as the crowd was dispersed, our friend came to us with an invitation from the bishop's lady, to whom he had related our disaster, to come into the deanery. We were carried into her dressing room, but being incapable of speech, she very kindly said she would not interrupt such sorrow, and left us; but sent up wine, cakes, and all manner of good things, which was really well-timed. I caught no cold, notwithstanding all I went through.

On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi, —to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.—Describing the true epistolary style.

Hampton, 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

SOME little contre tems has detained us here a fortnight beyond our bargain; we propose, however, certainly to be in town by the beginning of next week. I have been amusing myself, during a part of our solitude, with reading some of Madame de Sevigne's letters, and you cannot imagine, my dear madam, what a fund of entertainment I find as I go along in drawing a parallel between them and those of a certain lady, whom it is one of my greatest honours, to be permitted to call my friend: the same admirable turn of expression, the same ease which when imitated is so stiff, and when natural is so full of grace: the same philanthropy, the same warm feelings, and, above all, the same excess of maternal tenderness—the same art of dignifying subjects in themselves of little moment, but which become amiable and interesting by some *true*, though seemingly *random* and *careless*, stroke, which shows the hand of a master, but of a master sketching for his amusement, and not finishing for the public. This rage for *finishing* may produce good essays and fine orations, but it makes frigid letters. For this reason, I think Voiture's letters are in bad taste; he always intends to be brilliant, and therefore is almost always affected—every passage seems written in its *very best* manner. Now to me the epistolary style is what it ought to be, when the writer, by a happy and becoming negligence, has the art of making you believe that he could write a great deal better if he would, but that he has too much judg-

ment to use great exertions on small occasions—he will not draw Ulysses' bow to shoot at a pigeon. It is not, however, that I think letter-writing trifling because it is familiar, any more than I think an epigram easy because it is short. My two models whom I *parallelized* (I believe there is no such word though) at the beginning of this scrawl, also resemble each other in one particular as much as they differ from the generality,—which is their perspicuity; their sense is never perplexed; their periods are not so long as to be involved, nor so short as to be affected; and there is in their manner a kind of luminous cast, which, like the sunshine of Claude, embellishes the most trifling objects. When a poet happens to be possessed of this transparency of expression, this vivid brightness, it gives a wonderful charm to his numbers.

But to go from poetry to painting.—And so, my dear madam, your partiality to your unworthy friend makes you determined to send her down to posterity by the only conveyance in which she can ever expect to reach it. I feel all the kindness of your intention, and hope you will not think me ungrateful when I say that I have such a repugnance to having my picture taken, that I do not know any motive on earth which could induce me to it but your wishes, which, to me, are such indisputable commands, that any time on Wednesday you will please to appoint, I shall have the honour to attend you to Mr. Opie; and as I am sure the dinner with you will be the pleasantest part of the business to me, I shall wait for your commands as to both. En attendant, believe me, dear madam,

Ever yours,

H. M.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Harford.

Shrewsbury, Sept. 9, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ACCEPT a hasty line for your entertaining letter; I have been so constantly in motion, or in company, or indisposed, that I have not written one letter but of absolute necessity or business since I met you that last morning. You have not the less lived in my affectionate remembrance. Instead of the stipulated fortnight, Mr. Gisborne detained us a month in his charming forest, accompanying us, however, on our excursions. We obeyed your commands in making the Derbyshire tour. Matlock is enchanting, of a different character, but not more interesting than Malvern, where we staid a couple of days in our way to Staffordshire. Every thing concurred to make our visit at Yoxall interesting; scenery of a peculiar character, and pleasant society in the house and neighbourhood. Among our inmates was Mr. —, brother to Lord —, the bent of whose mind and the turn of whose conversation incline me to believe that he is not unworthy to fill the pulpit at Lutterworth, once so worthily filled by Wickliffe. It is delightful to witness the many accessions to the cause of Christian piety in the higher ranks of life.

We are come to this fine old town to visit some friends. Both the near and distant views are intimately connected with our history. Here is the battle-field where Harold once fought; and since still more distinguished by the fall of Hotspur, Harry Percy. They do not exactly show the spot where *Falstaff ran away*. Another hill presents the scene of the valour of Caractacus. Another of an ancient oak, said to have been planted by Owen

Glendower. Still more substantially valuable are the numerous edifices consecrated to public charity; all appear to be remarkably well conducted. With public charity the name of Richard Reynolds naturally connects itself, as it did in Colebrook Dale, the most wonderful mixture of Elysium and Tartarus my eyes ever beheld; steam-engines, hills, wheels, forges, fires, the dunnest and the densest smoke, and the most stupendous iron bridge, all rising amid hills that in natural beauty rival Dovedale and Matlock. We grieved that excessive fatigue and heat, rendered more intolerable by a withering east wind, prevented us from roving through Reynolds's fine walk, which he keeps up for the benevolent accommodation of others. Tomorrow (alas! it is still a parching east wind) we propose, if it please God, to set out on a little Welsh tour with our hosts, to peep at the Vale of Llangollen, Valle Crucis, Chirk Castle, &c. &c. We hope to return over the classic ground of Ludlow, a town I much wish to see. May God bless and direct you, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,

H. MORE.

LETTERS OF PRECEPT AND ADVICE.

Dr. Franklin to Miss Stevenson, at Wanstead.

Craven Street, May 16, 1760.

I SEND my good girl the books I mentioned to her last night. I beg of her to accept of them as a small mark of my esteem and friendship. They are written in the familiar, easy manner, for which the French are so remarkable; and afford a good deal of philosophic and practical knowledge, un-

embarrassed with the dry mathematics, used by more exact reasoners, but which is apt to discourage young beginners.

I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity. And, as many of the terms of science are such as you can not have met with in your common reading, and may therefore be acquainted with, I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand, to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but it is a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasion for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and, in the mean time, you will read with more satisfaction, because with more understanding. When any point occurs, in which you would be glad to have farther information than your book affords you, I beg you would not in the least apprehend that I should think it a trouble to receive and answer your questions. It will be a pleasure, and no trouble. For though I may not be able, out of my own little stock of knowledge, to afford you what you require, I can easily direct you to the books where it may most readily be found. Adieu, and believe me ever, my dear friend, yours affectionately.

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to John Alleyne, Esq.

Craven Street, August 9, 1768.

DEAR JACK,

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections, that have been made by numerous persons, to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think, that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence, which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connexions, that might have injured the constitution, or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. "Late children," says the Span-

ish proverb, "are early orphans"—a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be. With us, in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves; such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and, from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here, who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live, all their lives, in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set: what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? it can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest.

Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend.

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Gov. Franklin,* New Jersey.

London, August 19, 1772.

* * * In yours of May 14, you acquaint me with your indisposition, which gave me great concern. The resolution you have taken, to use more exercise, is extremely proper; and I hope you will steadily perform it. It is of the greatest importance to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so very precarious. In considering the different kinds of exercise, I have thought that the *quantum* of each is to be judged of, not by time or by distance, but by the degree of warmth it produces in the body: thus, when I observe if I am cold when I get into a carriage in a morning, I may ride all day without being warmed by it; that if on horseback my feet are cold, I may ride some hours before they become warm; but if I am ever so cold on foot, I can not walk an hour briskly, without glowing from head to foot by the quickened circulation; I have been ready to say, (using round numbers, without regard to exactness, but merely to make a great difference,) that there is more exercise in *one* mile's riding on horseback

* Dr. Franklin's son, to whom the first part of the *Memoirs of his Life* is addressed.

than in *five* in a coach; and more in *one* mile's walking on foot than in *five* on horseback; to which I may add, that there is more in walking *one* mile up and down stairs, than in *five* on a level floor. The two latter exercises may be had within doors, when the weather discourages going abroad; and the last may be had when one is pinched for time, as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handful of minutes. The dumb-bell is another exercise of the latter compendious kind; by the use of it I have in forty swings quickened my pulse from sixty to one hundred beats in a minute, counted by a second-watch: and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse. * * * * *

Dr. Franklin to Dr. Priestley.

London, September 19, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

IN the affair of so much importance to you, wherein you ask my advice, I can not, for want of sufficient premises, counsel you *what* to determine; but if you please, I will tell you *how*. When those difficult cases occur, they are difficult, chiefly, because, while we have them under consideration, all the reasons *pro* and *con* are not present to the mind at the same time; but sometimes one set present themselves, and at other times another, the first being out of sight. Hence the various purposes or inclinations that alternately prevail, and the uncertainty that perplexes us. To get over this, my way is to divide half a sheet of paper by a line into two columns: writing over the one *pro*, and over the other *con*; then, during three or four days' consideration, I put down, under the different

heads, short hints of the different motives that at different times occur to me, *for* or *against* the measure. When I have thus got them all together in one view, I endeavour to estimate their respective weights, and, where I find two (one on each side,) that seem equal, I strike them both out. If I find a reason *pro* equal to some *two* reasons *con*, I strike out the *three*. If I judge some *two* reasons *con* equal to some *three* reasons *pro*, I strike out the *five*; and thus proceeding, I find at length where the *balance* lies; and if, after a day or two of farther consideration, nothing new that is of importance occurs on either side, I come to a determination accordingly. And, though the weight of reasons can not be taken with the precision of algebraic quantities, yet, when each is thus considered separately and comparatively, and the whole lies before me, I think I can judge better, and am less liable to make a rash step; and, in fact, I have found great advantage from this kind of equation, in what may be called *moral* or *prudential algebra*.

Wishing sincerely that you may determine for the best, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately.

B. FRANKLIN.

The Earl of Stafford's dying advice to his son.

The Tower, May 11, 1641.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM,

THESE are the last lines that you will receive from a father who tenderly loves you. I wish I had greater leisure to impart my mind to you: but, I trust, our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways. To his infinite goodness I bequeath you.

Therefore, be not discouraged; serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, which will well become you, for she has ever had a great love for you. Never be wanting in your care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear to you; this is a duty that you owe to the memory of your excellent mother and myself. And the like regard you must have to your younger sister; for, indeed, you owe it to her also, both for her father's and her mother's sake.

Serve God diligently, morning and evening; recommend yourself to him; and have him before your eyes in all your ways. Be careful to take the counsel of those friends whom I have desired to advise you in your education. With patience hear their instructions, and diligently follow their counsel; for, till you have experience in the world, it will be far safer to trust to their judgments than to your own.

Loſe not the time of your youth; but gather those seeds of virtue and of knowledge, which may be of use to yourself, and to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend to it with patience; and be sure to refrain from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down; but, with cheerfulness and good courage, and in all sobriety and truth, go on in the race which you have to run. Be sure, with a hal- lowed care, to have regard to all the command- ments of God: and do not allow yourself to neg- lect them in the least respect, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. Perform all your duties and devotions towards God, rather joy- fully than pensively, for he loves a cheerful giver.

As for your religion, let it be directed by those who are in God's church the proper teachers of it, rather than by your own fancy, or by men who are singular in their opinions, and delight to go in ways of their own finding out: you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king, I trust, will deal graciously with you, and restore to you those honours and that fortune, of which a distempered time has deprived you, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise may be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, in order that you may pay thanks to him, without having obligation to any other.

Be sure you avoid, as much as you can, inquiring after those who have been sharp in their judgments towards me; and I charge you never to suffer a thought of revenge to enter your heart. But be careful to inform yourself who were my friends in this prosecution; and apply yourself to make them your friends also: on them you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation.

God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you, and your sisters; perfect you in every good work; and give you right understandings in all things!

I am your most loving father,

THOMAS WENTWORTH.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my lady Clare, your grandmother, with all duty and observance, for she loves you most tenderly; and she has been very kind to me. God reward her for it; and in this and all the rest, what I counsel you, the same I direct also to your sisters. And once more I do, from my very soul, beseech

our gracious God, to bless and govern you; to save you in the day of his visitation; and to unite us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where there is fullness of joy and bliss for ever.

Sir Matthew Hale to his Children.—On leading a religious life

DEAR CHILDREN,

I intended to be at Alderly this Whitsuntide, desirous to renew those counsels which I have often given you, for the everlasting welfare of your souls, and the due ordering of your lives and conversation. Young people are apt, through their own indiscretion, or the ill advice of others, to think such counsels dry and empty, the morose and needless interpositions of old age. But I am persuaded they will find better acceptance from you: and give me leave to tell you, they are of more importance, than external gifts and bounties; in which, nevertheless, I have not been wanting to you, according to my ability.

Therefore, since I can not at this time deliver my advice to you in person, I shall do it by letter; in which I shall confine myself to those things only that are of most present use and moment to you. By your due observance of my directions, I shall have a good opinion of your dutifulness to God, your obedience to your father, and also of your discretion and prudence; for it is certain, that as religion is the best means to advance and dignify human nature, so no man can be either truly wise or happy without it, and the love of it even in this life, much less in that which is to come.

Every morning and evening, humbly commend yourselves to Almighty God, in prayer; implore

his mercy to pardon your sins, his grace to direct you, and his providence to protect you.

Every morning and evening, read seriously and reverently a portion of the Holy Scriptures; and acquaint yourselves with the history and the doctrine which it contains. It is a book full of light and wisdom; it will make you wise to eternal life; and it will furnish you with directions and principles to guide and order your conduct safely and prudently.

Be strict and religious observers of the Lord's day. Resort to your parish-church twice that day, if your health will permit; and attend diligently and reverently to the public prayers and sermons. They can not reasonably expect a blessing from God during the rest of the week, who neglect their duty in the due consecration of this day, to the special service of God, which the day requires.

Be very careful to moderate your passions, especially anger; it inflames the blood, disorders the brain, and, for the time, exterminates not only religion, but common reason.

Receive the blessings of God with much thankfulness to him; for he is the fountain of all the good which you do or can receive.

Bear all afflictions and crosses patiently. The great God of heaven and earth is he who sends them to you, though possibly evil occurrences may be the immediate instruments of them. You owe to Almighty God an infinite subjection and obedience. To expostulate with him is rebellion: and as it is your duty to submit, so it is your wisdom and prudence; impatience will not discharge your yoke, but will make it more galling, and hard to bear.

Learn not only to be patient under your afflic-

tions, but also to improve them. Learn by them how vain and unprofitable the world, and its pleasures are, which a sharp or lingering sickness renders utterly tasteless. Learn how weak a thing human nature is, which is brought down to the gates of death, by a little disorder in the blood, in a nerve, in a vein, in an artery. And since you can have so little dependence on a temporal life, which is shaken and shattered by any small occurrence, accident, or distemper; learn to lay hold of eternal life, and of that covenant of peace and salvation, which Christ has brought for all who believe and obey the Gospel. And if you thus improve affliction, you will be the gainers by it; and certainly there is not a more probable way to be delivered from it, (if the wise God see fit,) than thus to improve it. For affliction is a messenger, and it has a voice; and that is, to require mankind to be patient and humble, and to acknowledge Almighty God in all their ways. And if men listen, and conform, to the voice of affliction, it has done its errand; and it will either leave them, or at least give them singular comfort, even under the sharpest sufferings. And sorrow, which is but for a moment, being thus improved, will work for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

I am now on the shady side of three-score years. I write to you what you have often heard me in substance speak. And possibly when I shall leave this world, you will want such a remembrancer as I have been to you.

The words, that I now, and at former times, have written to you, are words of truth and soberness; and they proceed from a heart full of love and tenderness to you all. If I should see you set amiss, and not reprove you; or if I should find

you want counsel and direction, and not give them to you ; I should not discharge the trust of a father. And if you do not thankfully receive my admonitions, you will be defective in the duty which you owe to the Almighty, and to me. May the God of heaven give you wisdom, constancy, and fidelity, in the observance of all my counsels !

I am your ever loving father,

MATTHEW HALE.

The Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq.
(afterwards Lord Camelford,) at Cambridge.

Bath, Jan. 12, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

YOUR letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures. First, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing in London any more of that most precious thing, time. Secondly, that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instruction you are committed. And, above all, I applaud the sound, right sense, and the love of virtue, which appear through your whole letter.

You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through the years of education in the maxim you lay down, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous ; not merely to make him more learned. Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing that your heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way, and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the

fear of close application and laborious diligence With the last, there is nothing you may not conquer; and the first is sure to conquer and enslave every person who does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgences, he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. "Vitanda est improba Siren, Desidia," I desire may be fixed to the curtains of your bed and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth mentioning; if you do not set apart your hours of reading—if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them—your days will slip through your hands unprofitably and frivolously, unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyed by yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society to which you are called by your birth and estate. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and accomplishments as may hereafter distinguish you in the service of your country; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument of action.

I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one. I hope he will concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such only, as I have pointed out, may be read.—Believe me, my dear nephew, with true affection,

Ever yours,

CHATHAM.

The Earl of Chatham to his Nephew, Thomas Pitt, Esq.
(afterwards Lord Camelford.) at Cambridge.

Bath, Jan. 14, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I INTENDED to write to you soon ; but I do it the sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me.

If any thing, my dear boy, could have happened to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly, and of real misery and perdition, (under the false notion of pleasure and spirit,) which has opened to you at your college ; and, at the same time, the generous and wise resolution, and true spirit, with which you resisted and repulsed the first attempts upon a mind, I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlightened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions.

You charm me with the description of Mr. Wheeler. Cultivate the acquaintance with him which you have so fortunately begun. In general, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself—scholars, whenever you can—but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, both superior to your own, must necessarily entitle them to deference, and to the submission of your own lights to theirs, you will learn that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of superiors in age and knowledge : namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty ; to deliver your own opinion sparingly,

and with becoming diffidence; to request, when necessary, further information or explanation on any point, with proper apologies for the trouble you give; or, if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence through a long novitiate. I am far from approving such taciturnity; but I highly recommend the intent of Pythagoras's injunction, which is, to dedicate the first parts of life to hear and to learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form well-founded opinions and sound principles; and not to be presuming, prompt, and flippant, in hazarding slight, crude notions of things, and by that means expose the nakedness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is furnished, either with necessaries or with ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is likely to ensue, which is, the embracing of errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done, the adhering to them, only because one has declared for them; and the submitting, for life, of the understanding and the conscience to a yoke of base and servile notions, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your mind.

As to your manner of behaving towards the unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy: decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good breeding. If they banter your regu-

larity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return the opposite qualities in them; and venture to own, frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can; not to follow what they call pleasure.

I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer you which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn—I mean the keeping up in your heart true-sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man. The noblest feeling of the human heart is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it is, the Highest Benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise. If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all offers towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor, compared to those which he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty friend. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is a maxim big with the deepest wisdom. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and "to depart from evil is understanding." This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not; nay, I must add, of this religious wisdom, "that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think. Hold fast, therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, Religion: you will often want it in the times of most danger—the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion; shun, with abhorrence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory, the

two last are the depravation and disgrace of human nature. Remember the essence of religion is, "a heart void of offence towards God and man;" not subtle, speculative opinions, but an active, vital principle of faith.

Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have towards all that is right and good. I have neither paper nor words to tell you how tenderly

I am yours,

CHATHAM.

Dr. Schomberg to a Lady.—On Reading.

MADAM,

CONFORMABLY to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on a method of reading, which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure hours. If my remarks should answer your expectations—if they should conduce to the spending of your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally spend theirs—it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that which you will receive.

It is to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivation of their minds, and the improvement of their understandings. This might easily be accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time in reading proper books which they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, it would perfectly answer the purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons, but let it be done with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good

sense in dress as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, madam, you know there is: you practise it.

The most important rule to be laid down to any one who reads for improvement is, never to read but with attention.

As abstruse learning is not necessary for the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. The subjects which I would particularly recommend to you, I will throw under the following heads: history, morality, and poetry. The first employs the memory; the second, the judgment; and the third, the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read history, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same with respect to his most remarkable actions, adding the year, and the place of his birth and death. You will find this method a great help to your memory, as it will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the "Spectators," "Tatlers," and "Guardians." They are the standards of the English tongue; and as such, they should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the habits and manners of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading, being as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors whom we have most frequently read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various sub-

jects that fall under the head of morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find particularly worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the forementioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable parts, which, by being distinguished from the rest, will, on repeated reading, sink deeper in your memory.

The last article is poetry. To distinguish good poetry from bad, turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural and the words are adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean for the sense which they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which, with many, pass for sublime: smooth verses, that run off the ear with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine-dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both of their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, madam, given you a few rules: I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burthening your memory, and yet with another view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.* The task you have imposed on me is a

* "Many people," says an ingenious writer, "lose a great deal of time by reading; for they read absurd romances, where characters that never existed are insipidly displayed, and sentiments that were never felt are pompously described; and such sort of idle, frivolous stuff,

strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and having improved it; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

Believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am, madam,

Your faithful, humble servant,

ISAAC SCHOMBERG.

John Dunning, Esq. to a young gentleman of the Inner Temple.

Lincoln's-Inn, March 3, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THE habits of intercourse in which I have lived with your family, joined to the regard which I entertain for yourself, make me solicitous, in compliance with your request, to give you some hints concerning the study of the law.

Our profession is generally ridiculed, as being dry and uninteresting; but a mind anxious for the

that nourishes and improves the mind just as much as whipped cream would the body. Adhere to the best-established books in every language; the celebrated poets, historians, orators, and philosophers. By these means, (to use a city metaphor,) you will make *fifty per cent.* of that time of which others do not make above three or four, or probably nothing at all. Lay down a method for your reading, and allot to it a certain share of your time. Let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory manner in which many people read scraps of different authors upon different subjects. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book or tables lying by you, and constantly recurred to, without which, history is a confused heap of facts. At your spare moments, take up a good book of rational amusement and detached pieces—as Horace, Boileau, La Bruyere, &c. This will be so much time saved, and by no means ill employed.”

discovery of truth and information; will be amply gratified for the toil, in investigating the origin and progress of a jurisprudence which has the good of the people for its basis, and the accumulated wisdom and experience of ages for its improvement. Nor is the study itself so intricate as has been imagined, especially since the labours of some modern writers have given it a more regular and scientific form. Without industry, however, it is impossible to arrive at any eminence in practice; and the man who shall be bold enough to attempt excellence by abilities alone, will soon find himself foiled by many who have inferior understandings, but better attainments.

I imagine that a considerable degree of learning is absolutely necessary. The elder authors frequently wrote in Latin, and the foreign jurists continue the practice to this day. Besides, classical attainments contribute much to the refinement of the understanding, and to the embellishment of the style. The utility of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, is known and felt by every one. Geometry will afford the most apposite examples of close and pointed reasoning; and geography is of so much use in common life, that there is less credit in knowing it, than dishonour in being unacquainted with it. But it is history, and more particularly that of his own country, which will occupy the attention and attract the regard of the great lawyer. A minute knowledge of the political revolutions, and of the judicial decisions of our predecessors, whether in the more ancient or modern eras of our government, is equally useful and interesting. This will include a narrative of all the material alterations in the common law, and the reasons of them.

I would always recommend a diligent attendance on the courts of justice, as by that means the practice of them (a circumstance of great moment) will be easily and naturally acquired. A much stronger impression will be made on the mind of the statement of the case, and the pleadings of the counsel, than by a cold, uninteresting detail of them in a report. But, above all, a trial at bar or a special argument should never be neglected. It is usual on these occasions to take notes: a knowledge of short-hand will give such facility to your labours as to enable you to follow the most rapid speaker with certainty and precision. Common-place books are convenient and useful; and as they are generally lettered, a reference may be had to them in a moment. It is usual to acquire some insight into real business, under an eminent special pleader, previous to actual practice at the bar: this idea I beg leave strongly to second; and, indeed, I have known but a few great men who have not possessed this advantage.

I subjoin a list of books necessary for your perusal and instruction, to which I have annexed some remarks. Wishing that you may add to a successful practice that integrity which can alone make you worthy of it, I remain, &c.

JOHN DUNNING.

Dr. Horn (afterwards bishop of Norwich) to a young clergyman.

DEAR _____,

I AM much pleased to hear that you have been for some time stationary at Oxford; a place where a man may best prepare himself, to go forth as a burning and shining light, into a world, where

charity is waxed cold, and where truth is nearly obscured. Whenever it pleases God to appoint you to the government of a parish, you will find work enough to employ you. Therefore, before that time comes, you should be careful to provide yourself with all necessary knowledge; lest, by and by, when you ought to be building, you should have your materials to look for, and to bring together. Besides, the habit of studying and thinking, if it is not acquired in the first part of life, rarely comes afterwards. For want of spiritual exercises, a man is miserably drawn into the eddy of a worldly dissipation, and knows not how to get out of it again; the faculties of his soul are benumbed; and he sinks into indolence, till "the night cometh, when no man can work." Happy, therefore, is he, who betimes acquires a relish for holy solitude, and accustoms himself in his youth, to bear the yoke of Christ's discipline: who can sit alone and keep silence, and seek Wisdom diligently where she may be found, in the Scriptures of faith, and in the writings of the Saints; who, from these flowers of Paradise, extracts the honey of knowledge and divine love, and with it fills every cell of his understanding and affections; The winter of affliction, disease, and old age, will not surprise such an one in an unprepared state. He will not be confounded in the perilous time! and in the days of dearth, he will have enough to strengthen, comfort, and support, him and his brethren.

Precious beyond rubies are the hours of youth and health! Let none of them pass unprofitably away: for surely they make to themselves wings; and they are as a bird cutting swiftly the air, and the trace of her can no more be found. If well-

spent, they fly to Heaven with news that rejoices angels; and they meet us again, as witnesses for us, at the tribunal of the Lord. When the graces of time run into the glories of eternity, how trifling will the labour seem, that has, through grace, procured us everlasting rest; for which the apostles toiled night and day, and the martyrs "loved not their lives unto death!"

These, my dear ———, are my sentiments: would to God that my practice were more conformable to them than it is, that I might be less unworthy to advise and exhort others! But, I trust, that the persuasion I have of the truth of what is said above, (which every day's experience more and more confirms,) will influence my conduct in this particular, and make me more watchful in time to come. In the mean season, I can not forbear pressing the same upon you, as I should do with my dying breath; since upon the due proportioning and employing of our time, all our progress in grace and knowledge depends.

If there be any thing with regard to the choice or matter of your studies in which I can assist you, let me know, as you can have no doubt of my being, in all things,

Most affectionately yours,

GEORGE HORNE.

LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION.

Miss Robinson, (afterwards Mrs. Montagu,) to Mrs. Donnellan.—On the New Year.

Bullstrode, Jan. 1, 1742.

DEAR MRS. DONNELLAN,

THOUGH there is no day of the year in which one does not wish all happiness to one's friends, this

is the day in which the heart goes forth in particular vows and wishes for the welfare of those we love. It is the birth of a new year, whose entrance we would salute, and hope auspicious. Nor is this particular mark of time of little use; it teaches us to number our days, which a wise man thought an incitement to the well spending of them. And indeed, did we consider how much the pleasure and profit of our lives depend upon the economy of our time, we should not waste it, as we do, in idle regret or reflection on the past, or in a vain, unuseful regard for the future. In our youth, we defer being prudent till we are old, and look forward to a promise of wisdom as the portion of latter years: when we are old, we seek not to improve, and we scarcely employ ourselves; we look backward to our youth, as to the day of our diligence, and take a pride in laziness, saying, we rest, as after the accomplishment of our undertakings. We ought to ask for our daily merit, as for our daily bread. The mind, no more than the body, can be sustained by the food taken yesterday, or promised for to-morrow. Every day ought to be considered as a period apart: some virtue should be exercised, some knowledge improved, some pleasure comprehended, in it. Many look upon the present day as only the day before to-morrow, and wear it out with a weary impatience of its length. I pity those people who are ever in pursuit, but never in possession. I would wish myself as little anxious as possible about the future; for the event of things generally mocks our foresight, eludes our care, and shows us how vain is the labour of anxiety.

May the sun every day this year, when it rises, find you well with yourself: and, at its setting,

leave you happy with your friends! Let yours be rather the felicity of ease and contentment, than the ecstasy of mirth and joy! May your mind repose in virtue and truth, and never in indolence or negligence! That you already know much, is the best incitement to know more; if you study trifles, you neglect two excellent things, knowledge and your own understanding. I wish we were as cautious of unbending the mind as we are of relaxing our nerves. I should as soon be afraid of stretching a glove till it was too strait, as of making the understanding and capacity narrow by extending them to things of a large comprehension; yet this is a common notion.

Our happy society is just breaking up; but I will think with gratitude, and not with regret, of the pleasant hours which I have had.—I hope this year will be happy to me: the last was encumbered with fears, and I had not much health in it; yet I was concerned at taking leave of it yesterday. I had not for it the tenderness one feels for a friend, or the gratitude one has to a benefactor: but I was reconciled to it as an old acquaintance. It had not enriched, nor, I fear, improved me; but it suffered me and admitted my friends.

The duchess of Portland thanks you for your letter: she will answer it by word of mouth. I am sorry you have been low-spirited, but I can never like you the less for it. Mutual friendships are built on mutual wants: were you completely happy, you would not need me: imperfection wants and seeks assistance.

I am, dear madam, &c.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

Dr. Conyers Middleton to Mrs. Montagu.—On her marriage.

Hildersham, Aug. 17, 1742.

MADAM,

I SHOULD have paid my compliments earlier on the joyful occasion of your marriage, if I had known whither to address them, for your brother's letter, which informed me, happened to lie several days at Cambridge before it came to my hands. My congratulation, however, though late, wants nothing of the warmth with which the earliest was accompanied: for I must beg leave to assure you, that I take a real part in the present joy of your family; and feel a kind of paternal pleasure, from the good fortune of one, whose amiable qualities I have witnessed, from her tenderest years, and to whom I have ever been wishing and omminating every thing that is good. I always expected that your singular merits and accomplishments would recommend you, in proper time, to an advantageous and honourable match; and I was assured that your prudence would never suffer you to accept any which was not worthy of you: so that it gives me not only the greatest pleasure on your account, but a sort of pride also on my own, to see my expectations fully answered, and my predictions literally fulfilled.

You have the fairest prospect of conjugal felicity now open before you, by your marriage with a gentleman, not only of figure and fortune, but of great knowledge and understanding: who values you not so much for the charms of your person, as for those of your mind, which will always give you the surest hold of him; as they will every day be gathering strength, whilst the others are daily

losing it. Beauty has great power to conciliate affection, but cannot preserve it without the help of the mind : whatever the perfections of the one may be, the accomplishments of the other will always be the more amiable, and, in the married state especially, will be found, after all, the most solid and lasting basis of domestic comfort. But I am using the privilege of my years, and instead of compliments, giving lessons to one who does not need them. I shall only add, therefore, my repeated wishes of all the happiness that matrimony can give both to you and Mr. Montagu, to whose worthy character I am no stranger, though I have not the honour to be known to him in person ; and that I am, with sincere respect, madam,

Your faithful friend,

And obedient servant,

CONYERS MIDDLETON.

Dr. Conyers Middleton to Mrs. Montagu.—On the same subject.

Hidderham, Oct. 4, 1748.

MADAM,

I SHOULD have paid my thanks much earlier for your obliging and entertaining letter, if business of various kinds had not constantly prevented me, till I was forced to a resolution of being prevented no longer. I now, therefore, beg leave to assure you, that your letter gave me great pleasure on many accounts: but above all, by letting me see that you are not only perfectly at ease, and happy in your late change of condition, but furnished with all the materials proper to secure that happiness for life; since the principles which you lay down for your conduct in it, can not fail to draw every good out of it, which it can possibly yield. Young

ladies who have been admired as beauties, are apt to consider a husband as an acquisition of conquest, and to be shocked at the thought of being reduced by marriage to a state of subjection; and from a resolution to shake off this yoke, often lay the foundation of a contest which begins with matrimony itself, and continues sometimes to the end of it. But this capital point you wisely give up at once, and profess the duty of submission as essential to the character of a good wife: a condescension, that can not betray you into any inconvenience, since a reasonable husband will never require more of it than is due; and, a kind one will always be content with less, and, when convinced of the disposition, will generally dispense with the act. As your profession, I dare say, is sincere, I may trust you with a paradox, which you will certainly find to be true, that the more submissive you are the less you will be obliged to submit; and should it be your ambition even to govern, you will accomplish it with the most ease, by acknowledging yourself a subject.

Between a married couple of sense and affection, for it is with such only that any happiness can be found, there can hardly be any dispute but what must turn upon trifles, or the contrast, perhaps, of some little habits, which, though indifferent in themselves, can not suffer a contradiction without some regret. But as these are common to both sexes, and every person has his foibles in some degree or other, it must be the business of reason to make this matter easy by mutual compliances, or a cartel, as it were, of exchange; where those, however, who happen to yield the most, will, by that conquest over themselves, which of all others is the most beneficial, be sure to be the greatest

gainers in the end. As I have formerly been a musician, a reflection has sometimes occurred to me, from that art, which might, I think, be applied, with good effect, to the married state. From the pains and patience, which are required to put an instrument in tune, before it can afford us any music, I have been induced to wonder why the married pair, who are mutually the instruments of that harmony on which each other's comfort depends, should be generally so regardless of the necessary care of tuning, or reducing each other's temper to its proper tone, by softening it when too sharp, and raising it when too low: for I am persuaded that much less pains, than what we employ, without scruple, upon a harpsichord, would keep both the husband and wife in, what we call, concert pitch. But some perhaps may be apt to raise a different reflection from the same subject; that discords in matrimony, like those in music, are both useful and necessary, to enhance and strengthen the harmony of the close. But the comparison will not hold, for the experiment will always be dangerous in the married state, where they may be compared more justly to those slight indispositions of the body, which, though they do not threaten the ruin of the whole, yet are apt to weaken some part; and whose proper use is to admonish us to guard our health with the greater care. In short, if two enemies should be forced by any accident to be comrades for life, the necessity of the thing would oblige them to become friends. The same reason then, one would think, should more strongly engage a pair of friends, tied together by choice and affection in a partnership inseparable, to extirpate every seed of discord, that might possibly arise betwixt them.

I have thrown together these few observations from my long experience of the married life, not by way of counsel, which you do not want; but in confirmation of those excellent resolutions which your good sense has suggested to you, and as a testimony of my regard, and of my sincere wishes for your prosperity.

By this time, I suppose, you begin to think of quitting the country, and returning to your winter quarters in town; Cambridge is but a little out of your road, where we should be proud to receive you at our house. We may plead some kind of right to expect this favour from you both, since this University had the honour of Mr. Montagu's education, and claims some share also in yours.

I did not know that your sister was with you, or I should have added our compliments to her, which I desire you to make; and with our wishes of all happiness to Mr. Montagu and yourself, I beg leave to subscribe myself, madam,

Your affectionate friend,

CONYERS MIDDLETON.

LETTERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Hewson.

Passy, January 27, 1783.

THE departure of my dearest friend, which I learn from your last letter, greatly affects me. To meet with her once more in this life was one of the principal motives of my proposing to visit England again before my return to America. The last year carried off my friends Dr. Pringle and Dr. Fothergill, and Lord Kaimes and Lord Le Despencer: this has begun to take away the rest,

and strikes the hardest. Thus the ties I had to that country, and indeed to the world in general, are loosened one by one, and I shall soon have no attachment left to make me unwilling to follow.

I intended writing when I sent the eleven books, but lost the time in looking for the first. I wrote with that, and hope it came to hand. I therein asked your counsel about my coming to England: on reflection, I think I can, from my knowledge of your prudence, foresee what it will be; viz. not to come too soon, lest it should seem braving and insulting some who ought to be respected. I shall, therefore, omit that journey until I am near going to America, and then just step over to take leave of my friends, and spend a few days with you. I purpose bringing Ben with me, and perhaps may leave him under your care.

At length we are in peace, God be praised! and long, very long, may it continue! All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other.

Spring is coming on, when travelling will be delightful. Can you not, when your children are all at school, make a little party, and take a trip hither? I have now a large house, delightfully situated, in which I could accommodate you and two or three friends, and I am but half an hour's drive from Paris.

In looking forward, twenty-five years seem a long period; but in looking back, how short! Could you imagine that it is now full a quarter of a century since we were first acquainted? It was

in 1757. During the greatest part of the time, I lived in the same house with my dear deceased friend, your mother; of course, you and I saw and conversed with each other much and often. It is to all our honours that, in all that time, we never had among us the smallest misunderstanding. Our friendship has been all clear sunshine, without any, the least, clouds in its hemisphere. Let me conclude by saying to you what I have had too frequent occasion to say to my other remaining old friends, *the fewer we become, the more let us love one another!* Adieu, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

Henry Kirke White to Mr. B. Maddock.

Winterringham, August 3, 1804.

MY DEAR BEN,

I AM all anxiety to learn the issue of your proposal to your father. Surely it will proceed; surely a plan laid out with such fair prospects of happiness to you, as well as me, will not be frustrated. Write to me the moment you have any information on the subject.

I think we shall be happy together at Cambridge; and in the ardent pursuit of Christian knowledge and *Christian* virtue, we shall be doubly united. We were before friends; now, I hope, likely to be still more emphatically so. But I must not anticipate.

I left Nottingham without seeing my brother Neville, who arrived there two days after me. This is a circumstance which I much regret; but I hope he will come this way, when he goes, according to his intention, to a watering-place. Neville has been a good brother to me, and there are

not many things which would give me more pleasure than, after so long a separation, to see him again. I dare not hope that I shall meet you and him together, in October, at Nottingham.

My days flow on here in an even tenor. They are, indeed, studious days; for my studies seem to multiply on my hands; and I am so much occupied with them, that I am becoming a mere book-worm, running over the rules of Greek versification in my walks, instead of expatiating on the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Winteringham is indeed now a delightful place: the trees are in full verdure, the crops are bronzing the fields, and my former walks are become dry under foot, which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista, from our churchyard over the Humber, to the hills and receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and, not least of all, the villages, woods, and villas on the opposite bank, sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me; and it is no contemptible relaxation, after a man has been puzzling his brains over the intricacies of Greek choruses all the day, to come out and unbend his mind with careless thought and negligent fancies, while he refreshes his body with the fresh air of the country.

I wish you to have a taste of these pleasures with me; and if ever I should live to be blessed with a quiet parsonage, and that great object of my ambition, a garden, I have no doubt but we shall be—for some short intervals, at least—two

quiet, contented bodies. These will be our relaxations; our *business* will be of a nobler kind. Let us vigilantly fortify ourselves against the exigencies of the serious appointment we are, with God's blessing, to fulfil; and if we go into the church prepared to do our duty, there is every reasonable prospect that our labours will be blessed, and that we shall be blessed in them. As your habits generally have been averse to what is called *close* application, it will be too much for your strength, as well as unadvisable in other points of view, to study very intensely; but regularly you may and must read; and, depend upon it, a man will work more wonders by stated and constant application, than by unnatural and forced endeavours.

* * * * *

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Boothby.

December 30, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

It is again midnight, and I am again alone. With what meditation shall I amuse this waste hour of darkness and vacuity? If I turn my thoughts upon myself, what do I perceive but a poor helpless being, reduced by a blast of wind to weakness and misery? How my present distemper was brought upon me, I can give no account; but impute it to some sudden succession of cold to heat, such as, in the common road of life, cannot be avoided, and against which no precaution can be taken.

Of the fallaciousness of hope and the uncertainty of schemes, every day gives some new proof; but it is seldom heeded till something rather felt than

seen awakens attention. This illness, in which I have suffered something and feared much more, has depressed my confidence and elation; and made me consider all that I have promised myself as less certain to be attained or enjoyed. I have endeavoured to form resolutions of a better life but I form them weakly, under the consciousness of an external motive. Not that I conceive a time of sickness improper for recollection and good purposes, which I believe diseases and calamities often sent to produce, but because no man can know how little his performance will answer to his promises; and designs are nothing in human eyes till they are realized by execution.

Continue, my dearest, your prayers for me, that no good resolution may be in vain. You think, I believe, better of me than I deserve. I hope to be in time what I wish to be, and what I have hitherto satisfied myself too readily with only wishing.

Your billet brought me what I much wished to have, a proof that I am still remembered by you at the hour in which I most desire it.

The doctor is anxious about you. He thinks you too negligent of yourself; if you will promise to be cautious, I will exchange promises, as we have already exchanged injunctions. However, do not write to me more than you can easily bear; do not interrupt your ease to write at all.

Mr. Fitzherbert sent to-day to offer me some wine: the people about me say I ought to accept it; I shall therefore be obliged to him if he will send me a bottle.

There has gone about a report that I died to-day, which I mention, lest you should hear it, and be alarmed. You see that I think my death may alarm you, which, for me, is to think very highly

of earthly friendship. I believe it arose from the death of one of my neighbours. You know Des Cartes's argument. "I think—therefore I am" It is as good a consequence, "I write—therefore I am alive." I might give another: "I am alive—therefore I love Miss Boothby," but that I hope our friendship may be of far longer duration than life.

I am, dearest madam,

With sincere affection, your, &c.

B. JOHNSON.

William Cowper to Lady Hesketh.

Huntingdon, Oct. 10, 1765.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I SHOULD grumble at your long silence, if I did not know that one may love one's friends very well, though one is not always in a humour to write to them. Besides, I have the satisfaction of being perfectly sure that you have at least twenty times recollected the debt you owe me, and as often resolved to pay it; and, perhaps, while you remain indebted to me, you think of me twice as often as you would do if the account was clear. These are the reflections with which I comfort myself under the affliction of not hearing from you; my temper does not incline me to jealousy, and if it did, I should set all right by having recourse to what I have already received from you.

I thank God for your friendship, and for every friend I have; for all the pleasing circumstances here; for my health of body and perfect serenity of mind. To recollect the past, and compare it with the present, is all I have need of to fill me with gratitude; and to be grateful is to be happy. Not that I think myself sufficiently thankful, or

that I ever shall be so in this life. The warmest heart, perhaps, only feels by fits, and is often as insensible as the coldest. This, at least, is frequently the case with mine, and oftener than it should be. But the mercy that can forgive iniquity, will never be severe to mark our frailties. To that mercy, my dear cousin, I commend you, with earnest wishes for your welfare, and remain your ever affectionate,

W. COWPER.

MILITARY LETTERS.

General Washington to the President of Congress.

Head-Quarters, Morristown, Dec. 27, 1776.

SIR,

I HAVE the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning.

The evening of the twenty-fifth, I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of M'Konkey's ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice made that night impeded the passage of the boats so much, that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over, and near four before the troops took up their line of march.

This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But as I was certain there was

no making a retreat without being discovered and harassed on repassing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road; the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them immediately upon forcing the out-guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock; and in three minutes after, I found, from the fire on the lower road, that that division had also got up. The out-guards made but small opposition, though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but, from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act.

Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way, which immediately checked them. Finding, from our disposition, that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers, and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others, were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many they had killed, but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand.

Our loss is very trifling indeed—only two officers and one or two privates wounded.

I find that the detachment of the enemy consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Lanspach, Knipphausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light-horse; but immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those who were not killed or taken, pushed directly down the road towards Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands, could my plan have been completely carried into execution. General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton Ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town; but the quantity of ice was so great, that though he did every thing in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered General Cadwalader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot over: but finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist.

I am fully confident that could the troops under Generals Ewing and Cadwalader have passed the river, I should have been able, with their assistance, to have driven the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

In justice to the officers and men, I must add, that their behaviour upon this occasion reflects the highest honour upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march

through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardour; but when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward: and were I to give a preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others.

Colonel Baylor, my first aid-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behaviour, upon every occasion, requires me to recommend him to your particular notice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

General Washington to the President of Congress.

Pluckemin, Jan. 5, 1777.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that since the date of my last from Trenton, I have removed, with the army under my command, to this place. The difficulty of crossing the Delaware, on account of the ice, made our passage over tedious, and gave the enemy an opportunity of drawing in their several cantonments, and assembling their whole force at Princeton. Their large piquets advanced towards Trenton: their great preparations, and some intelligence I had received—added to their knowledge that the first of January brought on a dissolution of the best part of our army—gave me the strongest reasons to conclude that an attack upon us was meditating.

Our situation was most critical, and our force small. To remove immediately, was again destroying every dawn of hope which had begun to

revive in the breasts of the Jersey militia; and to bring those troops which had first crossed the Delaware, and were lying at Crosswix's under General Cadwalader, and those under General Mifflin at Bordentown, (amounting in the whole to about three thousand six hundred,) to Trenton, was to bring them to an exposed place. One or the other, however, was unavoidable: the latter was preferred; and they were ordered to join us at Trenton, which they did, by a night-march, on the first instant.

On the second, according to my expectation, the enemy began to advance upon us; and, after some skirmishing, the head of their column reached Trenton about four o'clock, whilst their rear was as far back as Maidenhead. They attempted to pass Sanpink Creek, which runs through Trenton, at different places; but, finding the fords guarded, halted, and kindled their fires. We were drawn up on the other side of the creek. In this situation we remained till dark, cannonading the enemy, and receiving the fire of their field-pieces, which did us but little damage.

Having by this time discovered that the enemy were greatly superior in number, and that their design was to surround us, I ordered all our baggage to be removed silently to Burlington soon after dark; and at twelve o'clock, after renewing our fires, and leaving guards at the bridge in Trenton, and other passes on the same stream above, marched by a roundabout road to Princeton, where I knew they could not have much force left, and might have stores. One thing I was certain of, that it would avoid the appearance of a retreat, (which was of course, or to run the hazard of the

MS. B. 1. 1. 1.

whole army being cut off,) whilst we might, by a fortunate stroke, withdraw General Howe from Trenton, and give some reputation to our arms. Happily we succeeded. We found Princeton about sunrise, with only three regiments and three troops of light-horse in it, two of which were on their march to Trenton. These three regiments, especially the two first, made a gallant resistance, and in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must have lost five hundred men : upwards of one hundred of them were left dead in the field, and, with what I have with me, and what were taken in the pursuit, and carried across the Delaware, there are near three hundred prisoners, fourteen of whom are officers, all British.

This piece of good fortune is counterbalanced by the loss of the brave and worthy General Mercer, Colonels Hazlet and Potter, Captain Neale, of the artillery, Captain Fleming, who commanded the first Virginia regiment, and four or five other valuable officers, who, with about twenty-five or thirty privates, were slain in the field. Our whole loss cannot be ascertained, as many who were in pursuit of the enemy (who were chased three or four miles) are not yet come in.

The rear of the enemy's army, lying at Maidenhead, (not more than five or six miles from Princeton,) was up with us before our pursuit was over : but, as I had the precaution to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook, (about half a mile from the field of action,) they were so long retarded there as to give us time to move off in good order for this place. We took two brass field-pieces, but, for want of horses, could not bring them away. We also took some blankets, shoes, and a few other

trifling articles, burned the hay, and destroyed such other things as the shortness of the time would admit of.

My original plan, when I set out from Trenton, was to have pushed on to Brunswick; but the harassed state of our troops, (many of them having had no rest for two nights and a day,) and the danger of losing the advantage we had gained by aiming at too much, induced me, by the advice of my officers, to relinquish the attempt: but, in my judgment, six or eight hundred fresh troops, upon a forced march, would have destroyed all their stores and magazines—taken (as we have since learned) their military chest, containing seventy thousand pounds—and put an end to the war. The enemy, from the best intelligence I have been able to get, were so much alarmed at the apprehension of this, that they marched immediately to Brunswick without halting, except at the bridges, (for I also took up those on Millstone, on the different routes to Brunswick,) and got there before day.

From the best information I have received, General Howe has left no men either at Trenton or Princeton. The truth of this I am endeavouring to ascertain, that I may regulate my movements accordingly.

The militia are taking spirits, and, I am told, are coming in fast from this state; but I fear those from Philadelphia will scarcely submit to the hardships of a winter campaign much longer, especially as they very unluckily sent their blankets with their baggage to Burlington. I must do them the justice, however, to add, that they have undergone more fatigue and hardship than I expected militia (especially citizens) would have done at this incle-

ment season. I am just moving to Morristown, where I shall endeavour to put them under the best cover I can: hitherto, we have been without any; and many of our poor soldiers quite barefoot, and ill-clad in other respects.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

LETTERS TO RELATIVES.

Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Abiah Franklin.

Philadelphia, [date uncertain.]

HONOURED MOTHER,

WE received your kind letter of the 2d instant, by which we are glad to hear you still enjoy such a measure of health, notwithstanding your great age. We read your writing very easily. I never met with a word in your letters but what I could easily understand, for though the hand is not always the best, the sense makes every thing plain. My leg, which you inquire after, is now quite well. I shall keep these servants, but the man not in my own house. I have hired him out to the man that takes care of my Dutch printing-office, who agrees to keep him in victuals and clothes, and to pay me a dollar a week for his work. The wife, since that affair, behaves exceeding well; but we conclude to sell them both the first good opportunity, for we do not like negro servants. We got again about half what we lost.

As to your grandchildren, Will is now nineteen years of age, a tall, proper youth, and much of a beau. He acquired a habit of idleness on the Expedition; but begins of late to apply himself to business, and I hope will become an industrious

man. He imagined his father had got enough for him, but I have assured him that I intend to spend what little I have myself, if it please God that I live long enough; and as he by no means wants acuteness, he can see by my going on that I mean to be as good as my word.

Sally grows a fine girl, and is extremely industrious with her needle, and delights in her work. She is of a most affectionate temper, and perfectly dutiful and obliging to her parents, and to all. Perhaps I flatter myself too much, but I have hopes that she will prove an ingenious, sensible, notable, and worthy woman, like her aunt Jenny. She goes now to the dancing-school.

For my own part, at present, I pass my time agreeably enough. I enjoy, through mercy, a tolerable share of health. I read a great deal, ride a little, do a little business for myself—now and then for others—retire when I can, and go into company when I please; so the years roll round, and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, *He lived usefully*, than *He died rich*.

Cousins Josiah and Sally are well, and I believe will do well, for they are an industrious, loving young couple; but they want a little more stock to go on smoothly with their business.

My love to brother and sister Mecom and their children, and to all my relations in general.

I am your dutiful son,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Deborah Franklin.

Easton, 13 November, 1756.*

MY DEAR CHILD,

I WROTE to you, a few days since, by a special messenger, and inclosed letters for all our wives and sweethearts, expecting to hear from you by his return, and to have the northern newspapers and English letters per the packet; but he is just now returned without a scrap for poor us: so I had a good mind not to write to you by this opportunity; but I never can be ill-natured enough, even when there is the most occasion. The messenger says he left the letters at your house, and saw you afterwards at Mr. Duche's, and told you when he would go, and that he lodged at Honey's, next door to you, and yet you did not write; so let Goody Smith give one more just judgment, and say what should be done to you. I think I won't tell you that we are well, nor that we expect to return about the middle of the week, nor will I send you a word of news—that's poz.

My duty to mother, love to the children, and to Miss Betsey and Gracey, &c. &c.

I am your *loving* husband,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. I have *scratched out the loving words*, being writ in haste by mistake, when I *forgot I was angry*.

* This letter was written while Franklin was at Easton as a member of the Committee appointed by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to accompany the governor thither, for the purpose of holding a conference with the Indians. The famous Teedyuskung was one of the chiefs present at that conference.

Henry Kirk White to his Mother.

London, December 24, 1805.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

YOU will, no doubt, have been surprised at not having heard from me for so long a time, and you will be no less so to find, that I am writing this at my aunt's in this far-famed city. I have been so much taken up with our college examinations of late, that I could not find time to write, even to you; and I am now come to town, in order to give myself every relaxation and amusement I can; for I had read so much at Cambridge, that my health was rather affected, and I was advised to give myself the respite of a week or a fortnight, in order to recover strength. I arrived in town on Saturday night, and should have written yesterday, in order to remove any uneasiness you might feel on my account, but there is no post on Sunday.

I have now to communicate some agreeable intelligence to you. Last week being the close of the Michaelmas term, and our college examination, our tutor, who is a very great man, sent for me, and told me he was sorry to hear I had been ill: he understood I was low spirited, and wished to know whether I frightened myself about college expenses. I told him, that they did contribute some little to harass me, because I was yet uncertain what the bills of my first year would amount to. His answer was to this purpose: "Mr. White, I beg you will not trouble yourself on this subject: your emoluments will be very great, very great indeed, and I will take care your expenses are not very burthensome. Leave that to me." He advised me to go to my friends, and amuse myself with a total cessation from reading. After our

college examination (which lasted six days) was over, he sent for me again, and repeated what he had said about the expenses of the college: and he added, that, if I went on as I had begun, and made myself a good scholar, I might rely on being provided for by the college; for, if *the county should be full*, and they could not elect me a fellow, they would recommend me to another college, where they would be glad to receive a clever man from their hands; or, at all events, they could *always* get a young man a situation as a private tutor in a nobleman's family, or could put him in some handsome way of preferment. "We make it a rule, (he said,) of providing for a clever man, whose fortune is small; and you may therefore rest assured, Mr. White, that, after you have taken your degree, you will be provided with a genteel competency *by the college*." He begged I would be under no apprehensions on these accounts: he shook hands with me very affectionately, and wished me a speedy recovery. These attentions from a man like the tutor of St. John's, are very marked; and Mr. Catton is well known for doing more than he says. I am sure, after these assurances from a principal of so respectable a society as St. John's, I have nothing more to fear; and I hope you will never repine on my account again. According to every appearance, my lot in life is certain.

* * * * *

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Edmund Burke to his Uncle, Mr. Nagle.

Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, Oct. 11, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

MY brother has been beforehand with me in almost every thing I could say. My conduct stands

in need of as many apologies as his, but I am afraid our apologies might be almost as troublesome as our neglects. All I can say is, that I have been, I think it is now eleven years from the county of Cork, yet my remembrance of my friends there is as fresh as if I had left it yesterday. My gratitude for their favours, and my love for their characters, is rather heightened, as the oftener I think of them they must be—and I think of them very often. This I can say with great truth. Believe me, dear sir, it would be a great pleasure to me to hear as often from you as it is convenient. Do not give yourself any sort of trouble about franks; I value very little that trifling expense, and I should very little deserve to hear from my friends, if I scrupled to pay a much higher price for that satisfaction. If I had any thing that you could have pleasure in, to send you from hence, I should be a punctual correspondent; there is nothing here, except what the newspapers contain, that can interest you; but nothing can come from the Blackwater which does not interest me very greatly. Poor Dick is on the point of quitting us; however, he has such advantageous prospects where he is going, that I part from him with the less regret. One of the first merchants here has taken him by the hand, and enabled him to go off with a very valuable cargo. He has another advantage and satisfaction in his expedition,—one of our best friends here goes at the same time in one of the first places in the island.

Mrs. Burke is very sensible of your goodness, and desires that I should make you her acknowledgments. We equally wish it were in our power to accept of your kind invitation; and that no greater obstacle intervened to keep us from seeing

Ballyduffe, but the distance. We are too good travellers to be frighted at that. I have made a much longer journey than the land part of it this summer. However, it is not impossible but we may one day have the pleasure of embracing you at your own house. I beg you will salute for us the good houses of Ballydwalter, Ballylegan, and Ballynahaliok, *et nati natorum, et qui nascuntur ab illis*. Our little boys are very well, but I should think them still better, if they (or the one that is on his legs) were running about the Bawn at Ballyduffe, as his father used to do.—Farewell, my dear uncle, and believe me your affectionate kinsman and humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

I forgot to say any thing of the irregularity which you have found in the papers for some time passed. The summer has made the town thin of members of parliament, so that we were sometimes at a loss; but now we shall be pretty secure on that head, and you shall have your papers more regularly.

Edmund Burke to his Uncle, Mr. Nagle.

October 14, 1765.

MY DEAR SIR,

SINCE I heard from you, our little party at Queen Anne Street has been reinforced by a person who loves you as well as I do, poor Richard of Grenada. He left that island in no very good state of health, and after a great deal of vexation from, but also after a great and perfect triumph over his enemies, and a set of the greatest villains that ever existed. He has a leave of absence for six months; and is, I think, already as completely re-established

in health, strength, and spirits, as we could wish. We all join in giving you joy on the occasion of our friend Katty's match; and only wish her that she may be as happy in a husband as her mother was; and much as we regard her, we cannot wish her better. Pray remember our hearty congratulations to the young couple.

I am sincerely concerned for the match that Garret Atty was so unfortunate as to make; and did from the beginning expect no better issue of it, in a country circumstanced as ours is; assure my uncle, that there is no one step on earth in my power that I would not gladly take to give ease to his mind, which must be cruelly agitated; I most sincerely pity him; but I believe, when he reflects how newly, and almost as a stranger, I am come about these people, and knows the many industrious endeavours which malice and envy (very unprovoked indeed) have used to ruin me, he will see that so early a request to suspend the operation of the laws, upon my bare word, against the finding of a jury of the greatest county of the kingdom, and that upon the most unpopular point in the world, could have no other effect than to do me infinite prejudice, without the least possibility of succeeding in the object I aimed at. This, I am sure, your own good sense will point out to both of you, and will satisfy my uncle that no vain and timorous delicacy, but the real conviction I have of the inefficacy of the application with regard to him, prevents my taking a warm and active part in this affair. My brother tells me that poor Barret is likely to do well in Grenada; he is industrious and active; he must indeed struggle with some difficulty and much labour at first,—but it is the road, and the only road, to an estab-

lishment. It is now time for me to make some inquiry about my young friend, your grandson Ned. I have really been so hurried with the many changes which have happened in my affairs, and those of my friends, for some time past, that I have not had leisure to inquire much about him. My brother and I will consult some proper method of having him sent to sea, under honest and good-natured management; give me some account of him, and whether you still continue in opinion that this way of life will be advisable for him. If your sentiments are the same they formerly were upon this article, I hope you had an eye to the sea in the education he has since had; we may in a short time complete it here. You cannot think how happy you would make us by writing often, and being as particular as you can about any thing that concerns you. Thank my cousin Garret for his kind concern in my affairs: whenever he has any account to make up, he will settle it with you, by this you have my letter of attorney, empowering you to act for me. If you should see counselor Murphy and the colonel, make my hearty compliments to them. Once more I beg to hear speedily from you.—Jane and Dick are truly yours, so is, my dear uncle, your affectionate friend,

E. BURKE.

Edmund Burke to his Cousin, Garret Nagle, Esq.

March 6, 1768.

MY DEAR GARRET,

I RECEIVED YOUR last, from Ballyduffe with the most sincere sorrow. Indeed, on the return of my uncle's complaints, I gave up all hope, considering the nature of his disorder, and the time of

his life. I did not neglect to apply to doctor Nugent ; but at this distance, and with no full detail of circumstances and symptoms before him, he would not venture to prescribe. I make no doubt that he has skilful assistance in his own neighbourhood ; and doctor Nugent would cheerfully have added to it, but from fear of attempting any thing in a case which he cannot fully be master of. I suppose this letter will hardly find my dear friend alive. We shall all lose, I believe, one of the very best men that ever lived,—of the clearest integrity, the most genuine principles of religion and virtue, the most cordial good nature and benevolence that I ever knew, or, I think, ever shall know. However, it is a comfort that he lived a long, healthy, unblemished life, loved and esteemed by all that knew him, and left children behind who will cultivate his memory, and, I trust, follow his example ; for of all the men I have seen in any situation, I really think he is the person I should wish myself, or any one I greatly loved, the most to resemble. This I do not say from the impression of my immediate feeling, but from my best judgment,—having seen him at various times of my life, from my infancy to the last year, having known him very well, and knowing a little (by too long habits) of mankind at large. In truth, my dear Garret, I fear I have said this, or something to the same purpose before ; but I repeat it again, for my mind is full of it.

I wish you would let our friends at Ballyegan know that poor Patrick Nagle is out of all danger, and recovering fast. He had a sharp struggle for it. They will rejoice in his recovery. I take him to be a very worthy and valuable young man in all respects. Here we have nothing new. Politics

have taken no turn that is favourable to us, but, just now, I do not feel the more unpleasantly for being, and my friends being, out of all office. You are, I suppose, full of bustle in your new elections; I am convinced all my friends will have the good sense to keep themselves from taking any part in struggles, in the event of which they have no share, and no concern. Adieu, my dear Garret, and believe me to you, and to all with you at Ballyduffe and Bloomfield, a most sincere and affectionate friend and kinsman,

EDM. BURKE.

How does Ned Nagle go on? It is time now to think of sending him to sea, and we are considering the best means for doing it. I suppose you have got Mr. W. Burke's letter.

Edmund Burke to his Cousin, Garret Nagle, Esq.

Beaconsfield, August 2, 1776.

MY DEAR GARRET,

I DO most heartily wish myself with you. I should wish it even if I were not put in mind by this burning weather of the breezy mountains, shady woods, and refreshing waters of Killarney. We have got a summer at last, and it is paying off its arrears of heat with compound interest. Indeed I long sincerely to see you; and if I were not held by various ties, and engaged in various occupations (though neither very pleasant nor important,) and if I were as rich as, I thank God, I am still healthy and active, I should this summer pay you a visit in your woodhouse; that is to say, if you would deign to receive so humble a person after all your great and titled guests. If I see Lord Kenmare, I shall certainly thank him for

his civilities to you. I certainly am as much pleased with them as if they were offered to myself; and, indeed, a little more.—My acquaintance with Lord Winchelsea is very slight; but I have known Lord Pembroke pretty intimately for some time. We may meet this summer, and we shall talk you over. I wish you had named me to him.

What you say of Lord Shelburne is more important. I very well remember your application to me some time ago; I remember, too, that I mentioned it to Colonel Barre. Nothing farther came of it. I believe that agency was not vacant when you wrote. Between ourselves, and I would not have it go farther, there are, I believe, few who can do less with Lord Shelburne than myself. He had formerly, at several times, professed much friendship to me; but whenever I came to try the ground, let the matter have been never so trifling, I always found it to fail under me. It is, indeed, long since he has made even professions. With many amiable qualities, he has some singularities in his character. He is suspicious and whimsical; and, perhaps, if I even stood better with him than I do, my recommendation would not have the greatest weight in the world. This I mention as between ourselves. In the meantime, if an opportunity occurs, I shall do the best I can for you. I hope I am not inattentive to my friends to the best of my power; and let me assure you, that I have ever looked upon you as a friend, whose ease and welfare I have at heart as much as the interest of any person whatsoever. But, indeed, there is little in my power; and if I can serve any person, it is by mere accident. I gave assurances to Ned Barret, when I thought myself sure of an object for him, but I was disappointed,—and few

things have given me more concern. But he and Frank Kierman have informed me of your engagement for the woods. I trust it will turn out as much for your advantage as you expected.

Poor Ned Nagle, when he came from the Mediterranean, and had hopes of relaxing himself for a while on the home station, was suddenly ordered to cruise off Saint Helena, to secure the East India ships against the American privateers. Wat is in London, I saw him some days ago. He is well; and I believe a good-natured and worthy man. The company has agreed to make him an allowance until he can be regularly employed again. As to Ned Nagle, he is perfectly liked by all the Captains he has served under, as a very good officer. He may probably do good service in some better times, and in a course of employment which I may like better for him than any which the present war affords.

My son is now at home with me at his vacation. I think you would like him if you were acquainted. Richard, the elder, is in town. If his business had prospered, you would have been one of the first to hear of it: but we do not trouble our friends except with pleasing news. He has had much wrong done to him; but the thing is not yet desperate. I believe that the commissioner who goes out will not have adverse instructions.

I have not been punctual in the newspapers, nor can I undertake it, we are so little regular. But I shall endeavour, now you are from home, to amuse you a little.

Wat Nagle was punctual about the money you ordered; I thank you for that and every thing; and am ever, with the greatest regard, my dear Garret, your affectionate kinsman, &c. &c.

EDM. BURKE

Edmund Burke to his cousin, Garret Nagle, Esq.

Beaconfield, October 2, 1777.

MY DEAR GARRET,

I AM heartily obliged to you for your letter, and for your kind remembrance of me when you happened to see so many of my most particular friends in so remote and sequestered a spot as the lake of Killarney. Ned Nagle told me that they were at your lodge, but your letter only expresses that you dined with them: I am sure that you passed a pleasant day, and I may venture to say, with no less certainty, that the satisfactions of the lake of Killarney were heightened by meeting you there, and by your obliging attentions to them. You are now become the man of the Lough, and must be admitted to be the true *Garroit Jarlu*, who is come at last. If you are not that Garret, he will never come, and the honest Kerry men will be disappointed from generation to generation. Don't you like Charles Fox? If you were not pleased on that short acquaintance, you would on a further; for he is one of the pleasantest men in the world, as well as the greatest genius that perhaps this country has ever produced. If he is not extraordinary, I assure you the British dominions cannot furnish any thing beyond him. I long to talk with him about you and your Lough. As to the thoughts of our visit to Ireland, it may possibly be in times more favourable to us both; but I am far from being able, at present, to engage for any thing.

I shall certainly remember what you say of Lord Kenmare. The moment I get to town, I shall wait upon him.

The captain, to whom you desire to be remembered, is one step nearer to a title to that appella-

tion; for he was yesterday made a lieutenant, as the inclosed letter from Mr. Stephens, secretary to the Admiralty, will show you. This gentleman has been always very good to our Edmund, and steady in his protection to him. He had but just served the time necessary for his qualification, and could not have been made sooner, if he had been the first man in the kingdom in point of rank and interest. Indeed, all circumstances considered, he has been very fortunate. I dare say you will drink Mr. Stephens's health, as well as success to our young officer. I hope you will live to see him an admiral: at least, this is the talk of friends, on any promotion of those they love. Poor Wat Nagle has got out of a most disagreeable scrape, into which any man living might have fallen, but for which every man might not have been prepared with equally satisfactory evidence. It was very lucky for him, that my brother was in town at the time. He procured bail for him, and gave him letters for Bristol, and did every thing else which his disagreeable situation required. I also went to town; but my presence happily proved not necessary, as the grand jury threw out the bills. I wrote his brother Garret to put him out of his pain on so very unpleasant an accident. Mrs. Burke and my brother and son desire to be cordially remembered to you, and your son and family, and your worthy neighbours on the Blackwater. I find by Ned, that the old spirit and character of that county is fully kept up, which rejoices me beyond measure. I am ever, my dear Garret, your affectionate kinsman and humble servant,

EDM. BURKE.

Mr. Curran to his son, Richard Curran.

Paris, October 5, 1802.

DEAR RICHARD,

HERE I am, after having lingered six or seven days very unnecessarily in London. I don't know that even the few days that I can spend here will not be enough—sickness, long and gloomy—convalescence, disturbed by various paroxysms—relapse confirmed—the last a spectacle soon seen and painfully dwelt upon. I shall stay here yet a few days. There are some to whom I have introductions that I have not seen. I don't suppose I shall get myself presented to the consul. Not having been privately baptized at St. James's would be a difficulty; to get over it a favour; and then the trouble of getting one's self costumed for the show; and then the small value of being driven, like the beasts of the field before Adam when he named them;—I think I sha'n't mind it. The character of this place is wonderfully different from that of London. I think I can say, without affectation, that I miss the frivolous elegance of the old times before the revolution, and that in the place of it I see a squalid beard-grown, vulgar vivacity; but still it is vivacity, infinitely preferable to the frozen and awkward sulk that I have left. Here they certainly wish to be happy, and think that by being merry they are so. I dined yesterday with Mr. Fox, and went in the evening to Tivoli, a great, planted, illuminated garden, where all the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, and some of a better description, went to see a balloon go up. The aeronaut was to have ascended with a smart girl, his *bonne amie*; for some reason that I know not, some one went up in her place; she was extremely

mortified; the balloon rose, diminished, vanished into night; no one could guess what might be its fate, and the poor dear one danced the whole evening to shake off her melancholy.

I am glad I am come here. I entertained many ideas of it, which I have entirely given up, or very much indeed altered. Never was there a scene that could furnish more to the weeping or the grinning philosopher; they might well agree that human affairs were *a sad joke*. I see it everywhere, and in every thing. The wheel has run a complete round; only changed some spokes and a few "felloes," very little for the better, but the axle certainly has not rusted—nor do I see any likelihood of its rusting. At present all is quiet except the tongue, thanks to those invaluable protectors of peace—the army!! At Tivoli last night we had at least a hundred soldiers, with fixed bayonets. The consul now *lives* at St. Cloud, in a magnificence, solitary, but still fitting his marvellous fortune. He is very rarely seen—he travels by night—is indefatigable—has no favourite, &c.

As to the little affairs at the Priory,* I can scarcely condescend, after a walk in the Louvre, amid the spirit of those arts which were inspired by freedom, and have been transmitted to power, to think of so poor a subject. I hope to get a letter from you in London, at Osborne's, Adelphi. Many of the Irish are here,—not of consequence to be in danger: I have merely heard of them. Yesterday I met Arthur O'Connor in the street, with Lord and Lady Oxford. Her ladyship very kindly pressed me to dine; but I was engaged. I had bargained for a cabriolet, to go and see my

* Mr. Curran's country-seat, near Dublin.

poor gossip. Set out at two: at the end of five miles found I was totally misdirected—returned to St. Denys—got a miserable dinner, and was fleeced as usual. I had some vengeance of the rascal, however, by deploring the misery of a country where a stranger had nothing for his dinner but a bill. You feel a mistake in chronology in the two “yesterdays;” but, in fact, part of this was written yesterday, and the latter part now. I need not desire you to bid any one remember me; but tell them I remember them.—Say how Eliza does. Tell Amelia and Sarah I do not forget them. God bless you all.

J. P. C.

Miss H. More to one of her sisters.

London, 1775.

I HAD yesterday the pleasure of dining in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, at a certain *Mrs. Montagu's*, a name not totally obscure. The party consisted of herself, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Solander and Matty, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, and Sir Joshua, (the idol of every company,) some other persons of high rank and less wit, and your humble servant—a party that would not have disgraced the table of Lelius or of Atticus. I felt myself a worm, the more a worm for the consequence which was given me by mixing me with such a society; but, as I told Mrs. Boscawen, and with great truth, I had an opportunity of making an experiment of my heart, by which I learned that I was not envious, for I certainly did not repine at being the meanest person in company.

Mrs. Montagu received me with the most encouraging kindness; she is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw: she lives in

the highest style of magnificence : her apartments and table are in the most splendid taste ; but what baubles are these when speaking of a Montagu ! Her form (for she has no *body*) is delicate, even to fragility ; her countenance the most animated in the world ; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen, with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. But I fear she is hastening to decay very fast : her spirits are so active, that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them. Mrs. Carter has in her person a great deal of what the gentlemen mean when they say such a one is a "poetical lady." However, independently of her great talents and learning, I like her much ; she has affability, kindness, and goodness ; and I honour her heart even more than her talents. But I do not like one of them better than Mrs. Boscawen : she is at once polite, learned, judicious, and humble ; and Mrs. Palk tells me her letters are not thought inferior to Mrs. Montagu's. She regretted (so did I) that so many suns could not possibly shine at one time ; but we are to have a smaller party, where, from fewer luminaries, there may emanate a clearer, steadier, and more beneficial light. Dr. Johnson asked me how I liked the new tragedy of Braganza. I was afraid to speak before them all, as I knew a diversity of opinion prevailed among the company. However, as I thought it a less evil to dissent from the opinion of a fellow-creature than to tell a falsity, I ventured to give my sentiments ; and was satisfied with Johnson's answering, "You are right, madam."

LETTERS OF BUSINESS.

Lord Byron to R. C. Dallas, Esq.

8, St. James's-street, October 31, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE already taken up so much of your time, that there needs no excuse on your part, but a great many on mine, for the present interruption. I have altered the passages according to your wish. With this note I send a few stanzas on a subject which has lately occupied much of my thoughts. They refer to the death of one to whose name you are a *stranger*, and, consequently, cannot be interested. I mean them to complete the present volume. They relate to the same person whom I have mentioned in canto second, and at the conclusion of the poem.

I by no means intend to identify myself with *Harold*, but to *deny* all connexion with him. If, in parts, I may be thought to have drawn from myself, believe me, it is but in parts, and I shall not own even to that. As to the "*Monastic dome*," &c., I thought those circumstances would suit him as well as any other, and I could describe what I had seen better than I could invent. I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for the world.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

R. C. Dallas, Esq. to Lord Byron.

December 14, 1811.

MY DEAR LORD,

You sent but a few notes for the first canto: there are a good many for the second. The only

liberty I took with them was, if you will allow me to use the expression, to *dove-tail* two of them, which, though connected in the sense, and relative to the reference in the poem, were disunited as they stood in your MS. I have omitted the passage respecting the Portuguese, which fell with the alteration you made in the stanzas relative to Cintra, and the insertion of which would overturn what your kindness had allowed me to obtain from you on that point. I have no objection to your politics, my dear lord; as, in the first place, I do not much give my mind to politics, and, in the next, I cannot but have observed that you view politics, as well as some other subjects, through the optics of philosophy. But the note, or rather passage I allude to, is so discouraging to the cause of our country, that it could not fail to damp the ardour of your readers. Let me entreat you not to recall the sacrifice of it; at least, let it not appear in this volume, in which I am more anxious than I can express for your fame, both as a poet and as a philosopher. Except this, in which I thought myself warranted, I have not interfered with the subjects of the notes: yes, the word "fiction" I turned as you have seen, conceiving it to have been no fiction to YOUNG. But, when I did it, I determined not to send it to the press till it had met your eye. Indeed, you know that, even when a single word has struck me as better changed, my way has been to state my thought to you.

The Pilgrimage is concluded, and the notes to canto second, and the shorter poems are all placed in order. I am making the references, and to-day they will be ready for the printer. As there is not the slightest alteration in any of these notes, I shall not think it necessary to send them to you

till you see them in the proofs. You have yet to see a revise of the last proofs, and a proof of the conclusion of the poem. My nephew tells me you are going out of town in a few days. I should have been glad to have indulged in passing an hour or two, occasionally, with you; but regret is fruitless. I hope to have that pleasure when parliament meets. Before you go, pray let me have your *Preface*. I will send you the proofs as formerly.

All the notes relative to Greece and its modern literature I have placed together, referring them to this line,

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!"

Stanza 72, l. 1.

and, all being written at Athens, they form an excellent conclusion, under the head of *NOCTES ATTICÆ*.

I ever am, my dear lord,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. DALLAS.

Lord Byron to his publisher, Mr. Murray.

Racina, 9bre 4, 1830.

I HAVE received from Mr. Galignani the inclosed letters, duplicates, and receipts, which will explain themselves. As the poems are your property by purchase, right, and justice, *all matters of public caution, &c. &c. are for you to decide upon*. I know not how far my compliance with Mr. Galignani's requests might be legal, and I doubt that it would not be honest. In case you choose to arrange with him, I inclose the permits to you, and, in so doing, I wash my hands of the business altogether. I sign them merely to enable you to exert the power you justly possess more properly. I will

have nothing to do with it farther, except in my answer to Mr. Galignani to state, that the letters, &c. &c. are sent to you, and the causes thereof.

If you can check these foreign pirates, do; if not, put the permissive papers in the fire. I can have no view nor object whatever but to secure to you your property.

Yours, &c.

BYRON.

Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

Ravenna, January 27, 1821.

I DIFFER from you about the *Dante*, which I think should be published with the tragedy. But do as you please: you must be the best judge of your own craft. I agree with you about the *title*. The play may be good or bad, but I flatter myself that it is original as a picture of *that* kind of passion, which to my mind is so natural, that I am convinced that I should have done precisely what the Doge did on those provocations.

I am glad of Foscolo's approbation.

Excuse haste. I believe I mentioned to you that—— I forget what it was; but no matter.

Thanks for your compliments of the year. I hope it will be pleasanter than the last. I speak with reference to *England* only, as far as regards myself, *where* I had every kind of disappointment—lost an important lawsuit—and the trustees of Lady Byron refusing to allow of an advantageous loan to be made from my property to Lord Blessington, &c. &c., by way of closing the four seasons. These, and a hundred other such things, made a year of bitter business for me in England. Luckily, things were a little pleasanter for me

Here, else I should have taken the liberty of Hannibal's ring.

Pray thank Gifford for all his goodnesses. The winter is as cold here as Parry's polarities. I must now take a canter in the forest; my horses are waiting.

Yours ever and truly,

BYRON.

Lord Byron to Mr. Murray.

Ravenna, February 2, 1821.

Your letter of excuses has arrived. I receive the letter, but do not admit the excuses, except in courtesy; as when a man treads on your toes, and begs your pardon, the pardon is granted, but the joint aches, especially if there be a corn upon it. However, I shall scold you presently.

In the last speech of the Doge, there occurs (I think, from memory,) the phrase,

"And Thou who makest and unmakest suns!"

Change this to,

And Thou who kindest and who quenchest suns!"

this is to say, if the verse runs equally well, and Mr. Gifford thinks the expression improved. Pray have the bounty to attend to this. You are grown quite a minister of state. Mind if some of these days you are not thrown out.

You have learned one secret from Mr. Galignani's (somewhat tardily acknowledged) correspondence—this is, that an *English* author may dispose of his exclusive copyright in *France*—a fact of some consequence (in *time of peace*) in the case of a popular writer. Now, I will tell you what you shall do, and take no advantage of you, though you

were scurvy enough never to acknowledge my letter for three months. Offer Galignani the refusal of the copyright in France; if he refuses, appoint any bookseller in France you please, and I will sign any assignment you please, and it shall never cost you a *sou* on *my* account.

Recollect that I will have nothing to do with it, except as far as it may secure the copyright to yourself. I will have no bargain but with the English booksellers, and I desire no interest out of that country.

Now, that's fair and open, and a little handsomer than your *dodging* silence, to see what would come of it. You are an excellent fellow, mio caro Moray, but there is still a little leaven of Fleet-street about you now and then—a crum of the old loaf. You have no right to act suspiciously with me, for I have given you no reason. I shall always be frank with you; as, for instance, whenever you talk with the votaries of Apollo arithmetically, it should be in guineas, not pounds—to poets, as well as physicians, and bidders at auctions.

I shall say no more at this present, save that I am
Yours, &c.

BYRON.

P. S. If you venture, as you say, to Ravenna this year, I will exercise the rites of hospitality while you live, and bury you handsomely (though not in holy ground) if you get “shot or slashed in a creagh or splore,” which are rather frequent here of late among the native parties. But perhaps your visit may be anticipated: I may probably come to your country; in which case write to her ladyship the duplicate of the epistle the King of France wrote to Prince John.

John Dryden to Jacob Tonson.

October the 29th, [1695.]

MR. TONSON,

SOME kind of intercourse must be carried on betwixt us while I am translating Virgil. Therefore I give you notice that I have done the seventh Eneid in the country; and intend, some few days hence, to go upon the eighth: when that is finished, I expect fifty pounds in good silver; not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold,* neither will I; nor stay for it beyond four-and-twenty hours after it is due. I thank you for the civility of your last letter in the country; but the thirty shillings upon every book remains with me. You always intended I should get nothing by the second subscriptions, as I found from first to last. And your promise to Mr. Congreve, that you had found a way for my benefit, which was an encouragement to my pains, came at last for me to desire Sir Godfrey Kneller and Mr. Closterman to gather for me. I then told Mr. Congreve that I knew you too well to believe you meant me any kindness: and he promised me to believe accordingly of you, if you did not. But this is past; and you shall have your bargain, if I live and have my health. You may send me word what you have done in my business with the Earl of Derby; and I must have a place for the Duke of Devonshire. Some of your friends will be glad to take back their three guineas. The Countess of Macclesfield gave her money to Will. Plowden before Christmas; but he remembered it not, and paid it not in. Mr. Aston tells me my Lord Derby expects but one book.

* Both the gold and silver coin were at this time much depreciated.

I find my Lord Chesterfield and my Lord Petre are both left out; but my Lady Macclesfield must have a place, if I can possibly; and Will Plowden shall pay you in three guineas, if I can obtain so much favour from you: I desire neither excuses nor reasons from you, for I am but too well satisfied already. The notes and prefaces shall be short, because you shall get the more by saving paper.

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden to Jacob Tonson.

Friday forenoon, [Feb. 1695-6 ?]

SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter very kindly, because, indeed, I expected none; but thought you as very a tradesman as Bentley,* who has cursed our Virgil so heartily. I shall lose enough by your bill upon Mr. Knight; for after having taken it all in silver, and not in half-crowns neither, but shillings and sixpences, none of the money will go; for which reason I have sent it all back again, and, as the less loss, will receive it in guineas, at twenty-nine shillings each. 'Tis troublesome to be a loser, but it was my own fault to accept it this way, which I did to avoid more trouble.

I am not sorry that you will not allow any thing towards the notes; for to make them good would have cost me half a year's time at least. Those I write shall be only marginal, to help the unlearned, who understand not the poetical fables. The prefaces, as I intend them, will be somewhat more learned. It would require seven years to translate Virgil exactly. But I promise you once more to

* Richard Bentley, a bookseller and printer.

do my best in the four remaining books, as I have hitherto done in the foregoing. Upon trial, I find all of your trade are sharpeners, and you not more than others: therefore I have not wholly left you. Mr. Aston does not blame you for getting as good a bargain as you could, though I could have got a hundred pounds more; and you might have spared all your trouble, if you had thought fit to publish the proposals for the first subscriptions; for I have guineas offered me every day, if there had been room; I believe, modestly speaking, I have refused already twenty-five. I mislike nothing in your letter, therefore, but only your upbraiding me with the public encouragement, and my own reputation concerned in the notes; when I assure you I could not make them to my mind in less than half a year's time. Get the first half of Virgil transcribed as soon as possibly you can, that I may put the notes to it; and you may have the other four books, which lie ready for you, when you bring the former, that the press may stay as little as possibly it can. My Lord Chesterfield has been to visit me, but I durst say nothing of Virgil to him, for fear there should be no void place for him: if there be, let me know; and tell me whether you have made room for the Duke of Devonshire. Having no silver by me, I desire my Lord Derby's money, deducting your own; and let it be good, if you desire to oblige me, who am not your enemy, and may be your friend,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Let me hear from you as speedily as you can.

James Thomson to Mr. Rosa.

London, Jan. 12, 1737.

DEAR SIR,

I OWN I have a good deal of assurance, after asking one favour of you, never to answer your letter till I ask another. But, not to mince the matter more to a friend, and all apologies apart, hearken to my request. My sisters have been advised by their friends to set up at Edinburgh a little milliner's shop, and if you can conveniently advance to them twelve pounds on my account, it will be a particular favour.

That will set them agoing, and I design from time to time to send them goods from hence; my whole account I will pay you when you come up here, not in poetical paper credit, but in the solid money of this dirty world. I will not draw upon you in case you be not prepared to defend yourself: but if your purse be valiant, please to inquire for Jean or Elizabeth Thomson, at the Rev. Mr. Gusthart's; and if this letter be not sufficient testimony of the debt, I will send you whatever you shall desire. It is late, and I would not lose this post. Like a laconic man of business, therefore, I must here stop short; though I have several things to impart to you, and, through your canal, to the dearest, truest, heartiest youth that treads on Scottish ground.

The next letter I write you, shall be washed clean from business in the Castalian fountain.

I am whipping and spurring to finish a tragedy for you this winter, but am still at some distance from the goal, which makes me fear being distanced. Remember me to all friends, and, above them all, heartily, heartily to Mr. Forbes: though my affec-

tion to him is not fanned by letters, yet it is as high as when I was his brother in the Virtù, and played at chess with him in a post-chaise. I am, dear Ross, most sincerely and affectionately yours,
JAMES THOMSON.

Edmund Burke to his uncle, Mr. Nagle.

[Early in 1766.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM not a little ashamed to find myself so long in your debt, especially as your health seemed in so uncertain a situation at the time when you wrote. Believe me I was not indifferent to you, though a most excessive hurry of various sorts of business scarce left me a moment's leisure to tell you so. In reality, I am now far from idle. Be so good to let me hear from you soon, and gratify me with an account of your amendment. There are few things could give me a more sincere uneasiness than any suffering of yours. You mention some particulars relative to my accounts: you know I am not very knowing in the particulars of them, and may easily be guilty of mistakes. I leave all to your discretion and friendship. I could wish that the little commissions, I spoke of in my last letter, should be performed; and as you have probably nothing of mine in your hands, you may draw on me for the charge, as well as for what other matters you may think fit to do for the poor of your village and parish at this rigorous season.

To be sure the trees ought to be replaced; and too many of them cannot be planted,—as allowance must be made for those that naturally will be stolen and destroyed in a country so ill supplied with wood as yours.

If I remember right, you said something about poor Garret's* horses; I don't now remember what. Do as you think best; always remembering what he said at his death, that those of them he was fond of should be put into such hands as would use them tenderly. His steward at Clohir, I think, was a sort of favourite of Garret's; if so, he will in all things be treated accordingly. If the poor on that farm be in distress, you will relieve them a little, and you may depend on it, your bills for the whole will be punctually answered; else it would not be reasonable to desire that you should be in advance for me.

Dick has been for some time past at Paris. It is true he has not wrote; but no man living loves and values you more,—not even myself. He will make up for his neglects.

By your saying nothing of Ned, though I have been very particular about him two or three times, I conclude you have changed your mind in relation to our former plan for him. In whatever way you think best to put him, you shall always find me equally ready to assist him; for I love his father, and I think very well of the boy's own dispositions. Jenny and little Dick desire me to wish you all many happy years. Pray remember us affectionately to our dear friends at Ballywalter, to all the Garrets, to my friend and agent, to Ballyegan, and to all those with whom I hope you passed a Christmas in the old manner—cheerful and happy. May you have many of them!

I am myself well, other than a cold I got on Monday se'night at my election at Wendover. The event of that election I am sure will give you

* Mr. Burke's brother.

pleasure; and at your next meeting you will drink Lord Verney and my old friend (and indeed yours) Will Burke. It was on Lord Verney's interest I was chosen at that borough. I am with unalterable affection, my dear uncle, your affectionate,

EDM. BURKE.

LETTERS OF THANKS.

Charles James Fox to the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield.

South Street, Dec. 17, 1796.

SIR,

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, your obliging letter, together with the very beautiful book which accompanied it. The dedication of such an edition of such an author is highly gratifying to me; and to be mentioned in such a manner, by a person so thoroughly attached to the principles of liberty and humanity, as you, sir, are known to be, is peculiarly flattering to me.

I am, with great regard, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

C. J. Fox.

Mr. Fox to Mr. Wakefield.

St. Anne's Hill, Monday.

SIR,

I RECEIVED, on Saturday, the second volume of Lucretius, together with a pamphlet of yours upon Porson's Hecuba, for which I beg leave to return you my thanks. I had received, some time since, your letter, announcing to me the present of the Lucretius; but delayed answering it till I got the book, which my servant had not then an opportunity of sending me, lest there might be

some mistake from your mentioning Park Street, instead of South Street, for my residence. * *

I feel it to be unpardonable in me to take advantage of your civility, in sending me your books, to give you all this trouble; but I could not refuse myself so fair an opportunity of getting my doubts upon these passages cleared.

* * * * *

I am, with great regard, sir,
Your most obedient servant,
C. J. FOX.

From Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell.

July 29, 1777.

MADAM,

THOUGH I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats, and upon this consideration I return you, dear madam, my sincerest thanks. By having your kindness I think I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavoured to exalt you in his estimation. You must now do the same for me. We must all help one another; and you must now consider me as, dear madam, your most obliged and most humble servant,

S. JOHNSON.

Edmund Burke to Agmondisham Vesey, Esq.

Bunning Hill, September 10, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT express how much I am obliged to you for your kind and successful endeavours in my favour: of whatever advantage the remittance was, the assurance you give me of my father's reconciliation was a great deal more pleasing, and both, indeed, were rendered infinitely more agreeable to me by passing through your hands. I am sensible how very much I am indebted to your goodness upon this occasion. If one has but little merit, it is some consolation to have partial friends. Lord Lyttleton has been at Hagley for this month past, or near the matter; where, for the first time, he receives his friends in his new house. He was so obliging to invite me: I need not say that I am much concerned to find I shall not be able to obey his lordship's commands, and that I must lose, for this year at least, the sight of that agreeable place, and the conversation of its agreeable owner. Mrs. Montagu is, I believe, at Tunbridge, for she told me, on her leaving town, that she intended to make a pretty long stay there. May I flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you this winter in London? I cannot so easily forget the evenings I have passed, not to be most desirous of renewing them.—I wish most heartily that Mrs. Vesey's health may be so well established, that she may be able to bear the late sitting up, for I foresee that must be the case whenever she comes to London,—it is a fine she must pay for being so agreeable. Mrs. Burke looks upon herself to be very unhappy that she had not the honour of being known to

Mrs. Vesey, but is in hopes that she will this winter be so fortunate. Once more I give you thanks for your kind interposition.—Believe me, dear sir, your much obliged humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Hon. Horace Walpole to Miss H. More.

March 6, 1784.

MR. WALPOLE thanks Miss More a thousand times not only for so obligingly complying with his request, but for letting him have the satisfaction of possessing and reading again and again her charming and very genteel poem, the "Bas Bleu." He ought not, in modesty, to commend so much a piece in which he himself is flattered; but truth is more durable than blushing, and he must be just, though he may be vain. The ingenuity with which she has introduced so easily very difficult rhymes, is admirable; and though there is a quantity of learning, it has all the air of negligence, instead of that of pedantry. As she commands him, he will not disobey; and so far from giving a single copy, he gives her his word that it shall not go out of his hands. He begs his particular compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and is Miss More's most devoted,

Much obliged humble servant,

H. WALPOLE.

Mrs. Carter to Mrs. H. More.

1790.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It must have appeared very strange, that I have not sooner thanked you for your kind and most valuable present; but indeed, through my almost

continual headaches, which have affected my spirits, I have found writing a difficult task. To you who are secure of the approbation of angels, human applause is of small consequence; but you must be pleased for the sake of others, that your most excellent work is so universally read and admired, and I trust will on many produce a suitable effect. It is surely a hopeful symptom, that though you and the Bishop of London so strongly oppose the false maxims and absurd conduct of this giddy and nonsensical world, your endeavours are treated with the greatest attention and respect.

Of Mrs. Montagu, I am happy to be able to give a more comfortable account. She is in perfect good health and spirits, though she has totally changed her mode of life, from a conviction that she exerted herself too much last year, and that it brought on the long illness by which she suffered so much. She never goes out except to take the air of a morning; has no company to dinner, (I do not call myself company,) lets in nobody in the evening, which she passes in hearing her servant read, as, alas! her eyes will not suffer her to read to herself. I flatter myself that this pause of exertion will restore her to us, and will help to prolong her life; and that a taste for the comfort of living quietly, will for the future prevent her from mixing so much with the tumults of the world as to injure her health.

I beg to be kindly remembered to your good sisters. Adieu, my dear friend; may God restore your health, and long continue you an example and an instructor to the world.

I am,

Ever your most obliged and affectionate,
E. CARTER.

The Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Watson) to Mrs. H. More.
Great George-street, 1799.

MADAM,

I LOSE no time in returning you my best thanks for the valuable present of your "Strictures on Female Education." I received the books yesterday, and being confined by indisposition, have employed this day *usefully*, I feel, in perusing them. I do not quite agree with you on some theological points; but I have so little confidence in the rectitude of my own interpretation of Scripture, that I will not enter into any discussion on the subject. Your publication is calculated to do much good. I have put it with great satisfaction into the hands of my daughters, and I hope their piety will prompt them not to be backward in that reciprocation of Christian charity which you, with amiable sincerity and humility, entreat from your readers.

I am, madam,

Your much obliged servant,
H. LLANDAFF.

Mrs. Barbauld to Mrs. H. More.

Hampstead, 1799.

DEAR MADAM,

You have done me both honour and pleasure in the gratification you have indulged me with, of receiving, from the respected hands of the author, a treatise which every one who *reads* will *peruse*. I dare not speak to *you*, who write with so much higher views than those of fame, of the brilliancy of the style, or the merit of the work considered as a literary composition. You will be better pleased

if, passing over these excellences which, though every person of taste must feel them, every person solicitous for the interests of virtue and religion must consider as subordinate ones; I express my ardent wishes that your benevolent intentions towards the rising generation, and your unwearied exertions in every path where good is to be done to your fellow-creatures, may meet with ample success. The field is large, and labourers of every complexion, and who handle their tools very differently, are all called upon to co-operate in the great work. May all who have the good of mankind in view preserve for each other the esteem and affectionate wishes which virtue owes to virtue, through all those smaller* differences which must ever take place between thinking beings seeing through different mediums, and subjected to the weakness and imperfection of all human reasoning. Mr. Barbauld and myself recollect with infinite pleasure the delightful and interesting day we passed under your roof the summer before last. It was only damped by your indisposition; and the accounts I have heard of your health have not been such as to favour the hope that you have been much freer from it of late. *Spare yourself*, I entreat you, for the world cannot *spare you*; and consider that, in the most indolent day you can possibly spend, you are in every drawing-room, and every closet, and every parlour-window, gliding from place to place with wonderful celerity, and talking good things to hundreds and hundreds of auditors. I do not know where you are at this moment, but if at home, I beg you will give Mr.

* The differences, however, were by no means small between Mrs. More's and Mrs. Barbauld's religious opinions.

Barbauld's and my affectionate respects to all and every one of your sisters, and accept, my dear madam, the assurance of high esteem, with which
I am your obliged and affectionate

A. L. BARBAULD.

Miss Jane Porter to Mrs. H. More.

Long Ditton, Surrey, Easter Day.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I SEEM to have too long delayed thanking you for the rich present you conveyed to me through the hands of Sir William Pepys; but my heart has never been silent in its acknowledgments for so invaluable an instance of your remembrance. And how can I express my gratitude better for the gift, and the kind as well as honouring recollection of the author, than by uttering my conviction of the blessing her pen has been to her country and to distant lands? I need only call to the mind of Mrs. Hannah More what was the state of morals and religious opinions, among all ranks of persons in this country, twenty years ago. The poor were in profligate ignorance—the rich in presumptuous apostasy. I cannot give the latter a milder name; for I remember that about that period (then a very young person,) I burst into tears at a large table after dinner, from horror and pity of some persons present, who were scoffing at religion without a reprimand from any one. Such conduct now would not be tolerated a moment in any company; and the one I speak of was then what was called a most respectable circle. You were then, dearest madam, “sowing seeds in the Lord's vineyard.” And the pious Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, was

"bringing little children unto Christ" by the opening of Sunday-schools. From you and from him, under Heaven, I date the regeneration of the people of this country. Your pen addressed the young, the old, the high and the low; and, most happily, your former literary fame was a bright forerunner to your promulgation of the gospel. It made it fashionable to read your works; and by that word, they passed into all hands, and gradually infused their contents into all hearts. Mr. Raikes's Sunday-schools (in which effectual scheme for giving eyes to the blind you also assisted) empowered the poor to read the Scriptures, and your practical tales upon their precepts. Thus the "wilderness" by degrees brought out its verdure, till now (dearest madam; do I say too much?) "it blossoms as the rose!" On the foundation of the Sunday-schools, and those pious tracts, have arisen the Lancasterian and Bell establishments; and all which the laity now so abundantly do by their pens, their personal exertions, and their individual examples, for the growth of Christianity in this land! and all the plans which are to bring into the paths of Christ *all the distant nations*. My dear, dear madam, when you think of this, must you not devoutly feel that you are indeed "blessed above other women!"

I write under a double impression of the present happiness and future reward that must attend the performance of so high a duty; I write, too, with a heart full of sorrow for the recent death of one of the sincerest and most active labourers in the cause of Christianity, Mr. Joseph Fox, of Argyle-street. He died last week, a victim to bodily and mental fatigue in the sacred duties he has so ably fulfilled. I never knew a man of purer simplicity in thought, word, and deed. He had but one

aim—the love of God. The eternal happiness of his creatures was the toil of his mind, and his heart, and his body; and yet the world had no part in him. He is taken to the blessedness of his Redeemer; and you are yet spared to “lead many” into the same heavenly course!

I have written all this, without apologizing for my long delay of writing, to say how honoured and happy I am in possessing the Essay on St. Paul from you, and by Sir William Pepys. It has a triple value with me. I have been very unwell, and am still an invalid—but never ungrateful. My mother and sister present their respects, with those of, dearest madam,

Your obliged and affectionate

JANE PORTER.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE AND CONSOLATION.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinston.

Sept. 25, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

You have, as I find, by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother, and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mr. Strahan; and think I do myself honour when I tell you that I read them with tears; but tears are neither to me nor to you of any further use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from

useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit, which one friend can confer upon another, is to guide, and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death: a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent; and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I can not forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope that you may increase her happiness by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instructions or example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God: yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that that union, which has received the divine approbation, shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient, by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I can not but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come: for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear sir, your, &c.

G. JOHNSON.

From Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, on the Death of
Mr. Thrale.

London, April 5, 1781.

DEAREST MADAM,

OF your injunctions to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobserved; and I hope to find you willing in a short time to alleviate your trouble by some other exercise of the mind. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death since that of my wife has ever oppressed me like this. But let us remember, that we are in the hands of him, who knows when to give and when to take away; who will look upon us with mercy through all our variations of existence, and who invites us to call on him in the day of trouble. Call upon him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the past, and support for the future. He that has given you happiness in marriage, to a degree of which, without personal knowledge, I should have thought the description fabulous, can give another mode of happiness as a mother; and, at last, the happiness of losing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven.

I do not exhort you to reason yourself into tranquillity. We must first pray, and then labour; first implore the blessing of God, and then use those means which he puts into our hands. Cultivated ground has few weeds; a mind occupied by lawful business has little room for useless neglect.

We read the will to-day; but I will not fill my first letter with any other account than that, with all my zeal for your advantage, I am satisfied; and that the other executors, more used to consider property than I, commend it for wisdom and equity. Yet why should I not tell you, that you have five

hundred pounds for your immediate expenses, and two thousand pounds a year, with both the houses and all the goods?

Let us pray for one another, that the time, whether long or short, that shall yet be granted us, may be well spent; and that when this life, which at the longest is very short, shall come to an end, a better may begin, which shall never end.

I am, dearest madam, your, &c.

S. JOHNSON.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Mrs. Cowper.

May 10, 1780.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I DO not write to comfort you; that office is not likely to be well performed by one who has no comfort for himself; nor to comply with an impertinent ceremony, which in general might well be spared upon such occasions: but because I would not seem indifferent to the concerns of those I have so much reason to esteem and love. If I did not sorrow for your brother's death, I should expect that nobody would for mine; when I knew him, he was much beloved, and, I doubt not, continued to be so. To live and die together is the lot of a few happy families, who hardly know what a separation means, and one sepulchre serves them all; but the ashes of our kindred are dispersed indeed. Whether the American gulf has swallowed up any other of my relations, I know not; it has made many mourners.

Believe me, my dear cousin, though after a long silence, which perhaps nothing less than the present concern could have prevailed with me to interrupt, as much as ever, your affectionate kinsman,

Wm. COWPER.

Dr. Tillotson (afterwards archbishop of Canterbury) to Mr. Nicholas Hunt, when near the close of life.

SIR,

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. Janeway's letter to my son, that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice, in the case of another, than to take it in our own. I have been exercised, of late, with a very severe trial, in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do perfectly submit to God's good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does what is best. And yet, though reason is satisfied, passion is not so soon appeased; and when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that, God has thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy: which yet, I thank God, has occasioned no very melancholy reflections: but this, perhaps, is more owing to natural disposition, than to philosophy and wise consideration. Your case, I know, is very different: you are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it; for both which great allowances are to be made.

And yet, I think, that the following considerations, which both reason and religion offer us, are of such solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits, under all the frailties and infirmities of the flesh. God is perfect love and goodness. We are not only his creatures, but his children; and we are as dear to him as to ourselves. He does not willingly grieve us. All the afflictions which befall us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils, of sin and

punishment; therefore, we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us; but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of Him and ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done. The sufferings of this present life are but short and slight, compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved; and with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which we hope for in the other world. If we are careful to make the best preparation we can for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end, brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way may be, our comfort is, that it leads to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish. When we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more, in order to obtain happiness, and that eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, has promised? Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a longer continuance here. And yet a long life, with its usual burthens and infirmities, is seldom desirable: it is but the same thing over again or worse; so many more days and nights, summers and winters; a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less relish; a return of the same, or greater, pains and trouble, but with less strength to bear them.

These, and the like considerations, I entertain myself with, not only with contentment, but comfort; though with great inequality of temper, and with much mixture of human frailty, which will always adhere to us whilst we are in this world.

However, by these thoughts, death becomes more familiar to us; and we shall be able, by degrees, to bring our minds close to it, without startling. The greatest tenderness I find in myself, is with regard to some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life; which, I must confess, does very sensibly touch me. But I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be only for a little while; and that I shall leave them, though in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and who will certainly be so to them who love him, and hope in his mercy.

I need not advise you what to do, and what use to make of your visitation. I have reason to believe, that you have been careful, in the time of health, to prepare for the day, which is now fast approaching; that you have been conversant in those books, which give the best directions for this purpose; and that you have not, as so many do, put off the great work of life to the end of it. Therefore, you have nothing now to do, but, as you can under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance for all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's forgiveness of them, for His sake who is the propitiation for our sins; to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and in the hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter into; and, in the mean time, to exercise faith and patience, and be of good courage.

I am not accustomed to write so long a letter: but I heartily compassionate your case; and I should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make the

sharp and rugged way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray to God to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo; and, if we are in good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the Father of Mercies, and the God of all consolation; beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; that, when you "walk through the valley of the shadow of death," you may fear no evil; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him "the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever."

Farewell, my good friend! Whilst we are here, let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world.

I remain,

Your truly affectionate
friend and servant,
JOHN TILLOTSON.

Dr. Swift to the lord treasurer of Oxford.—On the death of his daughter.

November 21, 1713.

Your lordship is the person in the world to whom everybody ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind; in which, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer our thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we have been wholly

strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, must want a comforter as much as your lordship; because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence, to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactress, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death, upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not, with all submission to God Almighty's will, wish himself in her condition. But your lordship, who has lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which has lost such an example, have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private person before; for, my lord, I sat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the composition of a lady, and I could not single out one, which she did not possess in as high a degree as human nature is capable of. But as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of, to have such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship, that I never knew any one by many degrees so happy in his family as you; and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees: whence it is very obvious, that your lordship should reflect on what you have left, as well as what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of pre-

servng your country from foreign and domestic ruin : you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince : by your courage and abilities, you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies ; and by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps, your lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself, upon this universal success ; and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed ; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding, in a better life, that excellent creature whom he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing : I am sure, it is not from any compliance with form ; it is not from supposing that I can give your lordship any ease ; I think it was an impulse upon me, that I should say something : and whether I shall send you what I have written, I am yet in doubt.

I am, my lord, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dr. Hough, bishop of Worcester, to Mrs. Knightley. On the death of her son.

February 2, 1713.

MADAM,

I SHOULD not have been altogether silent on a subject that has set heavy on my own mind, much more on yours, were I not sure that your better

sense will suggest all, and more than I am able to say.

You know very well, that the true character of a man does not depend on the length of his days, but on the measure of his good qualities; and when that measure is complete, the Almighty, whose eye is always upon him, sees him fitly prepared for a more exalted state, and graciously admits him into it; while others advance more slowly to perfection, and are suffered to have their course. As some sorts of fruits are long in ripening; others make haste to maturity: and both are gathered accordingly. It has of old been frequently observed that the lustre of those accomplishments which, in some persons, breaks out to our amazement, when we apprehended it to be only in the dawn, shows itself in this world but a little while: we gaze, and it disappears. Such people finish their part quickly; and, with full applause, the scene closes upon them. How infinitely valuable are they, above those who, in a long series of life, never distinguish themselves! who are no sooner out of sight than they are forgotten: but the memory of the others is precious.

We think doubtfully of some who are gone, and uncomfortably of others; but of the good and virtuous we can have only pleasing reflections: for, will it be allowed a reasonable cause of grief, that one whom I love is promoted out of my reach, to the height of his most laudable ambition? Would it be friendly in me to keep him back, and postpone his happiness to my own inclinations? I can easily answer: No, by no means; I know he is happy, and I rejoice in it. But he is taken from me; his conversation was extremely endearing; and I lament my own loss. This will not be denied

me in a moderate manner ; some allowance is due to human frailty ; but if I carry my grief to excess, I must bear to be told, that my natural affection is too strong for my reason, much more for my faith. Reason, by a thousand undeniable arguments, is ready to prove, that what cannot be remedied, must be submitted to with the utmost equanimity : and Faith, were it lively and active, would open the regions of eternal bliss, and discover those, who have been bright examples in this world, in so glorious a state there, as would animate my hope, abate my regret for their absence, and invigorate my endeavours to follow them. Who can conceive that transport of joy which will attend such a meeting ? and how insignificant will the former short separation then appear !

Indeed, madam, there was a time when I possessed one, who was the desire of my eyes, and the delight of my heart. I relished everything with her, and nothing without her. We both knew the common fate of mankind, that a parting was unavoidable. It was very often the subject of our discourse. I will not say what convulsions attended it ; but, I thank God ! I had the hope of a Christian ; and *that* supported me. And let you and me keep up our spirits, in this confidence, that the variable and transitory state in which we now live, will soon pass away ; and then, we and our friends shall find ourselves together again, inseparably and unalterably happy for ever !

I am, madam,

Your affectionate and

Faithful servant,

JOHN WORCESTER.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

Dr. Johnson to the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

February, 1755.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been lately informed by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; —that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the very verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one

smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

S. JOHNSON.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.

September 21, 1779.

Amico mio, be pleased to buy me a glazier's diamond pencil. I have glazed the two frames designed to receive my pine-plants. But I can not mend the kitchen windows, till by the help of that implement I can reduce the glass to its proper dimensions. If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier; and possibly the happy time may

come, when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax upon that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. A Chinese, of ten times my fortune, would avail himself of such an opportunity without scruple; and why should not I, who want money as much as any mandarin in China? Rousseau would have been charmed to see me so occupied, and would have exclaimed, with rapture, "that he had found the Emilius, who (he supposed) had subsisted only in his own idea." I would recommend it to you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task; and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place.

I have eight pair of tame pigeons. When I first enter the garden in the morning, I find them perched upon the wall, waiting for their breakfast, for I feed them always upon the gravel walk. If your wish should be accomplished, and you should find yourself furnished with the wings of a dove, I shall undoubtedly find you among them; only be so good, if that should be the case, to announce yourself by some means or other, for I imagine your crop will require something better than tares to fill it.

Your mother and I, last week, made a trip in a post-chaise to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his

servant on purpose to inform me, that he was going into Leicestershire, and that if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself, without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there. The situation is happy, the gardens elegantly disposed the hot-house in the most flourishing state, and the orange-trees the most captivating creatures of the kind I ever saw. A man, in short, had need have the talents of Cox or Langford, the auctioneers, to do the whole scene justice. Our love attends you all.

Yours,

WM. COWPER.

-Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.

October 31, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WROTE my last letter merely to inform you, that I had nothing to say, in answer to which you have said nothing. I admire the propriety of your conduct, though I am a loser by it. I will endeavour to say something now, and shall hope for something in return.

I have been well entertained with Johnson's biography, for which I thank you; with one exception, and that a swinging one, I think he has acquitted himself with his usual good sense and sufficiency. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. He has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man he has hardly left him the shadow of one quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of every thing royal in his public, are the two colours with which

he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the doctor's picture of him: and it is well for Milton, that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged: it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon Lycidas, and has taken occasion from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if Lycidas was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity, that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped, by prejudice, against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever any thing so delightful as the music of the Paradise Lost? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and the elegance of the Dorian flute; variety without end, and never equalled; unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the doctor has little, or nothing, to say upon this copious theme; but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation.

I could talk a good while longer, but I have no room; our love attends you.

Yours affectionately,

WM. COWPER.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.

July 27, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As two men sit silent, after having exhausted all their topics of conversation; one says, "It is very fine weather;" and the other says, "Yes;" one blows his nose, and the other rubs his eyebrows (by the way, this is very much in Homer's manner); such seems to be the case between you and me. After the silence of some days, I wrote you a long something, that (I suppose) was nothing to the purpose, because it has not afforded you materials for an answer. Nevertheless, as it often happens in the case above stated, one of the distressed parties, being deeply sensible of the awkwardness of a dumb duet, breaks silence again, and resolves to speak, though he has nothing to say; so it fares with me. I am with you again in the form of an epistle, though, considering my present emptiness, I have reason to fear that your only joy upon the occasion will be, that it is conveyed to you in a frank.

When I began, I expected no interruption. But if I had expected interruptions without end, I should have been less disappointed. First came the barber; who, after having embellished the outside of my head, has left the inside just as unfurnished as he found it. Then came Olney bridge, not into the house, but into the conversation. The cause relating to it was tried on Tuesday at Buckingham. The judge directed the jury to find a verdict favourable to Olney. The jury consisted of one knave, and eleven fools. The last mentioned followed the aforementioned, as sheep follow a bell-wether, and decided in direct opposition to the

said judge. Then a flaw was discovered in the indictment. The indictment was quashed, and an order made for a new trial. The new trial will be in the King's Bench, where said knave and said fools will have nothing to do with it. So the men of Olney fling up their caps, and assure themselves of a complete victory. A victory will save me and your mother many shillings, perhaps some pounds, which, except that it has afforded me a subject to write upon, was the only reason why I said so much about it. I know you take an interest in all that concerns us, and will consequently rejoice with us, in the prospect of an event in which we are concerned so nearly.

Yours affectionately,

WM. COWPER.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.

August 6, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You like to hear from me. This is a very good reason why I should write; but I have nothing to say. This seems equally a good reason why I should not; yet if you had alighted from your horse at our door this morning, and at this present writing, being five o'clock in the afternoon, had found occasion to say to me; "Mr. Cowper, you have not spoke since I came in; have you resolved never to speak again?" it would be but a poor reply, if, in answer to the summons, I should plead inability as my best and only excuse. And this, by the way, suggests to me a seasonable piece of instruction, and reminds me of what I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business in

hand; that a letter may be written upon anything or nothing, just as that anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate, and doubt, whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it; for he knows, that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before; but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop, till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say; "My good sir, a man has no right to do either." But is to be hoped, that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so, good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the mean time to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high

walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable, now, that we can hardly believe it possible, that a people, who resembled us so little in their taste, should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear perhaps a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but, in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

Yours,

WM. COWPER.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.

June 12, 1782.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

EVERY extraordinary occurrence in our lives affords us an opportunity to learn, if we will, something more of our own hearts and tempers than we were before aware of. It is easy to promise ourselves beforehand, that our conduct shall be wise, or moderate, or resolute, on any given occasion. But when that occasion occurs, we do not always find it easy to make good the promise: such a difference there is between theory and practice. Perhaps this is no new remark; but it is not a whit the worse for being old, if it be true.

Before I had published, I said to myself—You and I, Mr. Cowper, will not concern ourselves much about what the critics may say of our book. But having once sent my wits for a venture, I soon became anxious about the issue, and found that I could not be satisfied with a warm place in my own good graces, unless my friends were pleased with me as much as I pleased myself. Meeting with their approbation, I began to feel the workings of ambition. It is well, said I, that my friends are pleased, but friends are sometimes partial; and mine, I have reason to think, are not altogether free from bias. Methinks I should like to hear a stranger or two speak well of me. I was presently gratified by the approbation of the London Magazine, and the Gentleman's, particularly by that of the former, and by the plaudit of Dr. Franklin. By the way, magazines are publications we have but little respect for, till we ourselves are chronicled in them; and then they assume an importance in our esteem, which before we could not allow them. But the Monthly Review, the most formidable of all my judges, is still behind. What will that critical Rhadamanthus say, when my shivering genius shall appear before him? Still he keeps me in hot water, and I must wait another month for his award. Alas! when I wish for a favourable sentence from that quarter, (to confess a weakness that I should not confess to all,) I feel myself not a little influenced by a tender regard to my reputation here, even among my neighbours at Olney. Here are watchmakers, who themselves are wits, and who at present, perhaps, think me one. Here is a carpenter, and a baker; and, not to mention others, here is your idol, Mr. ———, whose smile is fame. All these read the Monthly

Review, and all these will set me down for a dunce, if those terrible critics should show them the example. But oh! wherever else I am accounted dull, dear Mr. Griffith, let me pass for a genius at Olney.

We are sorry for little William's illness. It is, however, the privilege of infancy to recover, almost immediately, what it has lost by sickness. We are sorry, too, for Mr. ———'s dangerous condition; but he that is well prepared for the great journey can not enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will weep for his departure.

Yours,

WM. COWPER.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Lady Hesketh.

Olney, April 24, 1786.

Your letters are so much my comfort, that I often tremble, lest by any accident I should be disappointed; and the more because you have been, more than once, so engaged in company on the writing day, that I have had a narrow escape. Let me give you a piece of good counsel, my cousin: Follow my laudable example—write when you can; take Time's forelock in one hand and a pen in the other, and so make sure of your opportunity. It is well for me that you write faster than anybody, and more in an hour than other people in two, else I know not what would become of me. When I read your letters, I hear you talk; and I love talking letters dearly, especially from you. Well! the middle of June will not be always a thousand years off; and when it comes I shall hear you, and see you too, and shall not care a farthing then if you do not touch a pen in a month. By

the way, you must either send me or bring me some more paper; for before the moon shall have performed a few more revolutions, I shall not have a scrap left; and tedious revolutions they are just now, that is certain.

I give you leave to be as peremptory as you please, especially at a distance; but when you say that you are a Cowper, (and the better it is for the Cowpers that such you are, and I give them joy of you, with all my heart,) you must not forget, that I boast myself a Cowper too, and have my humours, and fancies, and purposes, and determinations, as well as others of my name, and hold them as fast as they can. You indeed tell me how often I shall see you when you come. A pretty story, truly. I am an *he* Cowper, my dear, and claim the privileges that belong to my noble sex. But these matters shall be settled, as my cousin Agamemnon used to say, at a more convenient time.

I shall rejoice to see the letter you promise me; for though I met with a morsel of praise last week, I do not know that the week current is likely to produce me any; and having lately been pretty much pampered with that diet, I expect to find myself rather hungry by the time when your next letter shall arrive. It will therefore be very opportune. The morsel above alluded to, came from—whom do you think? From ———, but she desires that her authorship may be a secret. And in my answer I promised not to divulge it, except to you. It is a pretty copy of verses, neatly written, and well turned; and when you come, you shall see them. I intend to keep all pretty things to myself till then, that they may serve me as a bait to lure you here more effectually. The last letter that I

had from —, I received so many years since, that it seems as if it had reached me a good while before I was born.

I was grieved at the heart that the general could not come, and that illness was in part the cause that hindered him. I have sent him, by his express desire, a new edition of the first book, and half the second. He would not suffer me to send it to you, my dear, lest you should post it away to Maty at once. He did not give that reason, but being shrewd I found it.

The grass begins to grow, and the leaves to bud, and everything is preparing to be beautiful against you come. Adieu!

You inquire of our walks, I perceive, as well as our rides. They are beautiful. You inquire also concerning a cellar. You have two cellars. Oh! what years have passed since we took the same walks, and drank out of the same bottle! But a few weeks more, and then!

WM. COWPER.

Dr. Franklin to Miss Stevenson.

Craven Street, June 17, 1767.

We were greatly disappointed yesterday, that we had not the pleasure, promised us, of our dear Polly's company.

Your good mother would have me write a line in answer to your letter. A muse, you must know, visited me this morning! I see you are surprised, as I was. I never saw one before—and shall never see another,—so I took the opportunity of her help to put the answer into verse, because I was some verse in your debt ever since you sent me the last pair of garters.

This muse appeared to be no housewife. I suppose few of them are. She was *dressed* (if the expression is allowable) in an *undress*, a kind of slatternly *negligé*, neither neat and clean, nor well made; and she has given the same sort of dress to my piece. On reviewing it, I would have reformed the lines, and made them all of a length, as I am told lines ought to be; but I find I can't lengthen the short ones without stretching them on the rack, and I think it would be equally cruel to cut off any part of the long ones. Besides, the superfluity of *these* makes up for the deficiency of *those*; and so, from a principle of justice, I leave them at full length, that I may give you, at least in one sense of the word, *good measure*.

Adieu, my dear good girl, and believe me ever

Your affectionate, faithful friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Beattie to Robert Arbuthnot, Esq.

Aberdeen, December 12, 1763.

SINCE you left us, I have been reading Tasso's "Jerusalem," in the translation lately published by Hoole. I was not a little anxious to peruse a poem which is so famous over all Europe, and has so often been mentioned as a rival to the "Iliad," "Æneid," and "Paradise Lost." It is certainly a noble work; and though it seems to me to be inferior to the three poems just mentioned, yet I can not help thinking it in the rank next to these. As for the other modern attempts at the "Epopée," the "Henriade" of Voltaire, the "Epigoniad" of Wilkie, the "Leonidas" of Glover, not to mention the "Arthur" of Blackmore, they are not to be compared with it. Tasso possesses an exuberant

and sublime imagination; though in exuberance it seems, in my opinion, inferior to our Spenser, and in sublimity inferior to Milton. Were I to compare Milton's genius with Tasso's, I would say, that the sublime of the latter is flashy and fluctuating, while that of the former diffuses an uniform, steady, and vigorous blaze: Milton is more majestic, Tasso more dazzling. Dryden, it seems, was of opinion, that the "Jerusalem Delivered" was the only poem of modern times that deserved the name of epic; but it is certain that criticism was not this writer's talent; and I think it is evident, from some passages of his works, that he either did not, or would not, understand the "Paradise Lost." Tasso borrows his plot and principal characters from Homer, but his manner resembles Virgil's. He is certainly much obliged to Virgil, and scruples not to imitate, nor to translate him on many occasions. In the *pathetic*, he is far inferior both to Homer, Virgil, and to Milton. His characters, though different, are not always distinct, and want those masterly and distinguished strokes, which the genius of Homer and Shakespeare, and of them only, knows how to delineate. Tasso excels in describing pleasurable scenes, and seems peculiarly fond of such as have a reference to the passion of love. Yet, in characterizing this passion, he is far inferior, not only to Milton, but also to Virgil, whose fourth book he has been at great pains to imitate. The translation is smooth and flowing; but in dignity, and variety of numbers, is often defective, and oftens labours under a feebleness and prolixity of phrase, evidently proceeding either from want of skill, or from want of leisure in the versifier.

JAMES BEATTIE.

Dr. Beattie to the Honourable Charles Boyd.

Aberdeen, November 16, 1766.

Of all the chagrins with which my present infirm state of health is attended, none afflicts me more than my inability to perform the duties of friendship. The offer which you were generously pleased to make me of your correspondence, flatters me extremely: but alas! I have not as yet been able to avail myself of it. While the good weather continued, I strolled about the country, and made many strenuous attempts to run away from this odious giddiness; but the more I struggled, the more closely it seemed to stick to me. About a fortnight ago the hurry of my winter business began; and at the same time my malady recurred with more violence than ever, rendering me at once incapable of reading, writing, and thinking. Luckily I am now a little better, so as to be able to read a page, and write a sentence or two without stopping; which, I assure you, is a very great matter. My hopes and my spirits begin to revive once more. I flatter myself I shall soon get rid of this infirmity; nay, that I shall ere long be in the way of becoming a *great man*. For have I not head-aches, like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? gray hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes (for fear of corns,) like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes (though not *lipitude*,) like Horace? Am I not at this present writing invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles (in the air.) I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quix-

ote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rosinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil. This last sentence I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclined to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd. I might compare myself, in relation to many other infirmities, to many other *great men*; but if Fortune is not influenced in my favour by the particulars already enumerated, I shall despair of ever recommending myself to her good graces. I once had some thought of soliciting her patronage on the score of my resembling great men in their good qualities; but I had so little to say on that subject, that I could not for my life furnish matter for one well-rounded period: and you know a short ill-turned speech is very improper to be used in an address to a female deity.

Do not you think there is a sort of antipathy between philosophical and poetical genius? I question whether any one person was ever eminent for both. Lucretius lays aside the poet when he assumes the philosopher, and the philosopher when he assumes the poet: in the one character he is truly excellent, in the other he is absolutely nonsensical. Hobbes was a tolerable metaphysician, but his poetry is the worst that ever was. Pope's "Essay on Man" is the finest philosophical poem in the world; but it seems to me to do more honour to the imagination than to the understanding of its author: I mean its sentiments are noble and affecting, its images and allusions apposite, beautiful, and new; its wit transcendently excellent: but the scientific part of it is very exceptionable. Whatever Pope borrows from Leibnitz, like most

other metaphysical theories, is frivolous and unsatisfying: what Pope gives us of his own, is energetic, irresistible, and divine. The incompatibility of philosophical and poetical genius is, I think, no unaccountable thing. Poetry exhibits the general qualities of a species; philosophy the particular qualities of individuals. *This* forms its conclusions from a painful and minute examination of single instances: *that* decides instantaneously, either from its own instinctive sagacity, or from a singular and unaccountable penetration, which at one glance sees all the instances which the philosopher must leisurely and progressively scrutinize, one by one. This persuades you gradually, and by detail; the other overpowers you in an instant by a single effort. Observe the effect of argumentation in poetry; we have too many instances of it in Milton: it transforms the noblest thoughts into drawing inferences, and the most beautiful language into prose: it checks the tide of passion, by giving the mind a different employment in the comparison of ideas. A little philosophical acquaintance with the most beautiful parts of nature, both in the material and immaterial system, is of use to a poet, and gives grace and solidity to poetry; as may be seen in the "Georgics," the "Seasons," and the "Pleasures of Imagination:" but this acquaintance, if it is any thing more than superficial, will do a poet rather harm than good; and will give his mind that turn for minute observation which enfeebles the fancy by restraining it, and counteracts the native energy of judgment, by rendering it fearful and suspicious.

JAMES BEATTIE.

Dr. Beattie to the Duchess of Gordon.

Aberdeen, 5th July, 1779.

I now sit down to make good the threatening denounced in the conclusion of a letter which I had the honour to write to your grace about ten days ago. The request I am going to make I should preface with many apologies, if I did not know, that the personage to whom I address myself is too well acquainted with all the good emotions of the human heart to blame the warmth of a schoolboy attachment, and too generous to think the worse of me for wishing to assist an unfortunate friend.

Three weeks ago, as I was scribbling in my garret, a man entered, whom at first I did not know; but, on his desiring me to look him in the face, I soon recollected an old friend, whom I had not seen and scarcely heard of these twenty years. He and I lodged in the same house, when we attended the school of Laurencekirk, in the year 1747. I was then about ten years old, and he about fifteen. As he took a great liking to me, he had many opportunities of obliging me; having much more knowledge of the world, as well as more bodily strength, than I. He was, besides, an ingenious mechanic, and made for me many little things; and it must not be forgotten, that he first put a violin in my hands, and gave me the only lessons in music I ever received. Four years after this period I went to college, and he engaged in farming. But our acquaintance was renewed about five years after, when I remember he made me the confidant of a passion he had for the greatest beauty in that part of the country, whom he soon after married.

I was very glad to see my old friend so unex-

pectedly; and we talked over many old stories which, though interesting to us, would have given little pleasure to anybody else. But my satisfaction was soon changed to regret, when, upon inquiring into the particulars of his fortune during these twenty years, I found he had been very unsuccessful. His farming projects had miscarried; and happening to give some offence to a young woman, who was called the housekeeper of a gentleman on whom he depended, she swore she would be revenged, to his ruin; and was as good as her word. He satisfied his creditors by giving them all his substance; and, retiring to a small house in Johnshaven, made a shift to support his family by working as a joiner; a trade which, when a boy, he had picked up for his amusement. But a consumptive complaint overtook him; and, though he got the better of it, he has never since been able to do anything that requires labour, and can now only make fiddles, and some such little matters, for which there is no great demand in the place where he lives. He told me he had come to Aberdeen on purpose to put me in mind of our old acquaintance, and see whether I could do anything for him. I asked, in what respect he wished me to serve him. He would do anything, he said, for his family, that was not dishonourable: and, on pressing him a little further, I found that the height of his ambition was to be a tide-waiter, a land-waiter, or an officer of excise. I told him, it was particularly unlucky that I had not the least influence, or even acquaintance, with any one commissioner, either of the excise or customs: but, as I did not care to discourage him, I promised to think of his case, and to do what I could. I have since

seen a clergyman, who knows my friend very well, and describes his condition as still more forlorn than he had represented it.

It is in behalf of this poor man, that I now venture to implore your grace's advice and assistance. I am well aware, that though his case is very interesting to me, there is nothing extraordinary in it, and that your grace must often be solicited for others in like circumstances. It is, therefore, with the utmost reluctance that I have taken this liberty. If your grace thinks that an application from me to Mr. Baron Gordon might be sufficient to procure one of the offices in question for my friend, I would not wish you to have any trouble; but if my application were enforced by yours, it would have a better chance to succeed. This, however, I do not request, if it is not so easy to your grace as to be almost a matter of indifference.

By the first convenient opportunity I hope to send your grace a sort of curiosity—four elegant Pastorals, by a Quaker; not one of our Quakers of Scotland, but a true English Quaker, who says *thee* and *thou*, and comes into a room, and sits down in company, without taking off his hat. For all this, he is a very worthy man, an elegant scholar, a cheerful companion, and a particular friend of mine. His name is John Scott, of Amwell, near Ware, Hertfordshire, where he lives in an elegant retirement (for his fortune is very good); and has dug in a chalk-hill, near his house, one of the most curious grottos I have ever seen. As it is only twenty miles from London, I would recommend it to your grace, when you are there, as worth going to visit. Your grace will be pleased with his Pastorals, not only on account of their

morality and sweet versification, but also for their images and descriptions, which are a very exact picture of the groves, woods, waters, and windmills, of that part of England where he resides.

JAMES BEATTIE.

Mr. Jones, (afterwards Sir William,) at the age of fourteen, to his sister.

DEAR SISTER,

WHEN I received your letter, I was very much concerned to hear the death of your friend Mr. Reynolds, which I consider as a piece of affliction common to us both. For although my knowledge of his name or character is of no long date, and though I never had any personal acquaintance with him, yet (as you observe) we ought to regret the loss of every honourable man; and if I had the pleasure of conversation I would certainly give you any consolatory advice that lay in my power, and make it my business to convince you what a real share I take in your chagrin. And yet, to reason philosophically, I can not help thinking any grief upon a person's death very superfluous, and inconsistent with sense; for what is the cause of our sorrow? Is it because we hate the person deceased? that were to imply strange contradiction, to express our joy by the common signs of sorrow. If, on the other hand, we grieve for one who was dear to us, I should reply that we should, on the contrary, rejoice at his having left a state so perilous and uncertain as life is. The common strain is, "Tis pity so virtuous a man should die:"—but I assert the contrary; and when I hear the death of a person of merit, I can not help reflecting, how

happy he must be who now takes the reward of his excellencies without the possibility of falling away from them, and losing the virtue which he professed; on whose character death has fixed a kind of seal, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; for death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as either good or bad. On the contrary, in life nothing is certain; whilst any one is liable to alteration, we may possibly be forced to retract our esteem for him, and some time or other he may appear to us as under a different light than what he does at present; for the life of no man can be pronounced either happy or miserable, virtuous or abandoned, before the conclusion of it. It was upon this reflection that Solon, being asked by Cræsus, a monarch of immense riches, Who was the happiest man? answered, After your death I shall be able to determine. Besides, though a man should pursue a constant and determinate course of virtue, though he were to keep a regular symmetry and uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his reputation to the last, yet (while he lives) his very virtue may incur some evil imputation, and provoke a thousand murmurs of detraction; for, believe me, my dear sister, there is no instance of any virtue, or social excellence, which has not excited the envy of innumerable assailants, whose acrimony is raised barely by seeing others pleased, and by hearing commendation which another enjoys. It is not easy in this life for any man to escape censure; and infamy requires very little labour to assist its circulation. But there is a kind of sanction in the characters of the dead, which gives due force and reward to their merits, and defends them from the suggestions of calumny. But to return to the point: What reason is there

to disturb yourself on this melancholy occasion ? do but reflect that thousands die every moment of time ; that even while we speak, some unhappy wretch or other is either pining with hunger or pinched with poverty, sometimes giving up his life to the point of the sword, torn with convulsive agonies, and undergoing many miseries which it were superfluous to mention. We should therefore compare our afflictions with those who are more miserable, and not with those who are more happy. I am ashamed to add more, lest I should seem to mistrust your prudence ; but next week, when I understand your mind is more composed, I shall write you word how all things go here. I designed to write you this letter in French, but I thought I could express my thoughts with more energy in my own language.

I come now, after a long interval, to mention some more private circumstances. Pray give my duty to my mamma, and thank her for my shirts. They fit, in my opinion, very well, though Biddy says they are two little in the arms. You may expect a letter from me every day in the week till I come home ; for Mrs. Biscoe has desired it, and has given me some franks. When you see her, you may tell her that her little boy sends his duty to her, and Mr. Biscoe his love to his sister, and desires to be remembered to Miss Cleve : he also sends his compliments to my mamma and you. Upon my word, I never thought our bleak air would have so good an effect upon him. His complexion is now ruddy, which before was sallow and pale, and he is indeed much grown ; but I now speak of trifles, I mean in comparison of his learning ; and indeed he takes that with wonderful acuteness ; besides, his excessive high spirits increase

mine, and give me comfort, since, after Parnell's departure, he is almost the only company I keep. As for news, the only article I know is, that Mrs. Par is dead and buried. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are well: the latter thanks you for bringing the letter from your old acquaintance, and the former has made an elegant present. I am now very much taken up with study; am to speak Antony's speech in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, (which play I will read to you when I come to town,) and am this week to make a declamation. I add no more than the sincere well wishes of your faithful friend, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Dr. Hunt to Mr. Jones.

Ch. Church, March 2, 1774.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your most acceptable present of your excellent book on the Asiatic Poetry. I should have made you my acknowledgments for this great favour before, but I have been so entirely engaged in reading the book (which I have done from the beginning to the end,) that I have not had time to think of its worthy author, any otherwise than by tacitly admiring, as I went along, his exquisitely fine parts, and wonderful learning. Indeed, so engaging is the beautiful style of this admirable performance, and so striking the observations it contains, that it is next to impossible for a person, who has any taste for this branch of literature, when he has once taken it into his hand, to lay it aside again, without giving it a thorough perusal. I find you have enriched this work with a great variety of curious quotations

and judicious criticisms, as well as with the addition of several valuable new pieces, since you favoured me with the sight of it before, and the pleasure which I have now had in reading it has been in proportion. I hope this new key to the Asiatic poetry, with which you have obliged the world, will not be suffered to rust for want of use; but that it will prove, what you intended it to be, a happy instrument in the hands of learned and inquisitive men, for unlocking the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge, which have been preserved in the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, and the other Oriental languages; and especially the Hebrew, that venerable channel, through which the sacred compositions of the divinely inspired poets have been conveyed down to us. I hope this will find you well, and am, &c.

P. S. I have seen your proposals for printing the mathematical works of my worthy friend your late father, and beg to be of the number of your subscribers.

Mr. Jones to F. P. Bayer.

October 4, 1774.

I CAN scarcely find words to express my thanks for your obliging present of a most beautiful and splendid copy of Sallust, with an elegant Spanish translation. You have bestowed upon me, a private, untitled individual, an honour which heretofore has only been conferred upon great monarchs, and illustrious universities. I really was at a loss to decide whether I should begin my letter by congratulating you on having so excellent a translator,

or by thanking you for this agreeable proof of your remembrance. I look forward to the increasing splendour, which the arts and sciences must attain in a country, where the son of the king possesses genius and erudition capable of translating and illustrating with learned notes the first of the Roman historians. How few youths amongst the nobility in other countries possess the requisite ability or inclination for such a task! The history of Sallust is a performance of great depth, wisdom, and dignity: to understand it well is no small praise; to explain it properly is still more commendable; but to translate it elegantly, excites admiration. If all this had been accomplished by a private individual, he would have merited applause; if by a youth, he would have had a claim to literary honours; but when to the title of youth that of Prince is added, we cannot too highly extol, or too loudly applaud, his distinguished merit. Many years are elapsed since I applied myself to the study of your learned language, but I well remember to have read in it, with great delight, the heroic poem of Alonzo, the odes of Garcilasso, and the humorous stories of Cervantes: but I most sincerely declare, that I never perused a more elegant or polished composition than the translation of Sallust; and I readily subscribe to the opinion of the learned author in his preface, that the Spanish language approaches very nearly to the dignity of the Latin.

May the accomplished youth continue to deserve well of his country and mankind, and establish his claim to distinction above all the princes of the age! If I may be allowed to offer my sentiments, I would advise him to study most diligently the divine works of Cicero, which no man, in my opinion,

ever perused without improving in eloquence and wisdom. The epistle which he wrote to his brother Quintus, on the government of a province, deserves to be daily repeated by every sovereign in the world; his books on offices, on moral ends, and the Tusculan question, merit a hundred perusals; and his orations, nearly sixty in number, deserve to be translated into every European language; nor do I scruple to affirm, that his sixteen books of letters to Atticus are superior to almost all histories, that of Sallust excepted. With respect to your own compositions, I have read with great attention, and will again read, your most agreeable book. I am informed that you propose giving a Latin translation of it, and I hope you will do it for the benefit of foreigners. I see nothing in it which requires alteration—nothing which is not entitled to praise. I much wish that you would publish more of your treatises on the antiquities of Asia and Africa. I am confident they would be most acceptable to such as study those subjects. I have only for the present to conclude, by bidding you farewell in my own name, and that of the republic of letters. Farewell.

WILLIAM JONES.

Edmund Burke to Mr. Jones.

March 12, 1779.

MY DEAR SIR,

I GIVE you many thanks for your most obliging and valuable present, and feel myself extremely honoured by this mark of your friendship. My first leisure will be employed in an attentive perusal of an author, who had merit enough to fill up a part of yours, and whom you have made accessible

to me with an ease and advantage, which one so many years disused to Greek literature as I have been, could not otherwise have. Isæus is an author of whom I know nothing but by fame: I am sure that any idea I had from thence conceived of him will not be at all lessened by seeing him in your translation. I do not know how it has happened, that orators have hitherto fared worse in the hands of the translators than even the poets; I never could bear to read a translation of Cicero. Demosthenes suffers I think somewhat less; but he suffers greatly; so much, that I must say, that no English reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the first of orators. I am satisfied that there is now an eminent exception to this rule, and I sincerely congratulate the public on that acquisition. I am, with the greatest truth and regard, my dear sir, your, &c.

EDMUND BURKE.

Sir William Jones to Sir Joseph Banks.

September 17, 1789.

DEAR SIR JOSEPH,

THE season for paying my annual epistolary rents being returned with the rough gales of the autumnal equinox, I am eager to offer my tribute where it is most due, to my best landlord, who, instead of claiming, like the India company, sixteen shillings in the pound for the neat profits of my farm (I speak correctly, though metaphorically,) voluntarily offers me indulgences, even if I should run in arrears.

You have received, I trust, the pods of the finest Dacca cotton, with which the commercial resident at that station supplied me, and which I sent by

different conveyances, some inclosed to yourself, some to Sir George Young, and some by private hands. But I have always found it safer to send letters and small parcels by the public packet, than by careless and inconsiderate individuals. I am not particular to the *pryangu*, which I now find is its true name; but Mr. Shore found benefit from it, and procured the fresh plants from Arracan, which died unluckily in their way to Calcutta. But, seriously, it deserves a longer trial before its tonic virtues, if it have any, can be ascertained. It is certainly not so fine a bitter as camomile or columbo root.

I wish politics at the devil, but hope that, when the king recovered, science revived. It gives me great pain to know, that *party*, as it is called (I call it faction, because I hold party to be grounded on principles, and faction on self-interest, which excludes all principle,) has found its way into a literary club, who meet reciprocally to impart and receive new ideas. I have deep-rooted political principles, which the law taught me; but I should never think of introducing them among men of science; and if, on my return to Europe, ten or twelve years hence, I should not find more science than politics in the club, my seat in it will be at the service of any politician, who may wish to be one of the party.

An intimate friend of Mr. Blane has written to him, at my request, for the newly discovered fragrant grass; and should the plants be sent before the last ships of the season sail, they shall be sent to you. Whether they be the nard of the ancients, I must doubt, because we have sweet grasses here of innumerable species; and Reuben Burrow brought me an odoriferous grass from the place

where the Ganges enters India, and where it covers whole acres, and perfumes the whole country. From his account of it, I suspect it to be Mr. Blane's; but I could make nothing of the dry specimens, except that they differed widely from the *Jatamansi*, which I am persuaded is the Indian nard of Ptolemy. I can only procure the dry *Jatamansi*, but if I can get the stalks, roots, and flowers from Butan, I will send them to you. Since the death of Kœnig, we are in great want of a professed botanist. I have twice read with rapture the '*Philosophia Botanica*,' and have Murray's edition of the '*Genera et Species Plantarum*' always with me; but as I am no lynx, like Linnæus, I cannot examine minute blossoms, especially those of grasses.

We are far advanced in the second volume of our '*Transactions*.'

WILLIAM JONES.

Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq.

October 6, 1771.

DEAR HOLROYD,

I sit down to answer your epistle, after taking a very pleasant ride.—A ride! and upon what? Upon a horse.—*You lie!*—I don't.—I have got a droll little poney, and intend to renew the long forgotten practice of equitation, as it was known in the world before the second of June of the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three. As I used to reason against riding, so I can now argue for it; and indeed the principal use I know in human reason is, when called upon, to furnish arguments for what we have an inclination to do.

What do you mean by presuming to affirm that I am of no use here? Farmer Gibbon of no use? *Last week* I sold all my hops, and I believe well, at nine guineas a hundred, to a very responsible man. Some people think I might have got more at Weyhill fair, but that would have been an additional expense, and a great uncertainty. Our quantity has disappointed us very much: but I think, that, besides hops for the family, there will not be less than 500*l.*; no contemptible sum off thirteen small acres, and two of them planted last year only. *This week* I let a little farm in Petersfield by auction, and propose raising it from 25*l.* to 35*l. per annum*;—and farmer Gibbon of no use!

To be serious, I have but one reason for resisting your invitation and my own wishes; that is, Mrs. Gibbon I left nearly alone all last winter, and shall do the same this. She submits very cheerfully to that state of solitude; but, on sounding her, I am convinced that she would think it unkind were I to leave her at present. I know you so well, that I am sure you will acquiesce in this reason; and let me make my next visit to Sheffield Place from town, which I think may be a little before Christmas. I should like to hear something of the precise time, duration, and extent of your intended tour to Bucks. Adieu.

EDWARD GIBBON.

Edward Gibbon, Esq. to J. Holroyd, Esq.

Paris, August 13, 1777.

WELL, and who is the culprit now?—Thus far had I written in the pride of my heart, and fully determined to inflict an epistle upon you, even be-

fore I received any answer to my former; I was very near a bull. But this forward half line lays ten days barren and inactive, till its generative powers were excited by the missive which I received yesterday. What a wretched piece of work do we seem to be making of it in America! The greatest force, which any European power ever ventured to transport into that continent, is not strong enough even to attack the enemy; the naval strength of Great Britain is not sufficient to prevent the Americans (they have almost lost the appellation of rebels) from receiving every assistance that they wanted; and in the mean time you are obliged to call out the militia to defend your own coasts against their privateers. You possibly may expect from me some account of the designs and policy of the French court; but I choose to decline that task for two reasons: 1st, Because you may find them laid open in every newspaper; and 2dly, Because I live too much with their courtiers and ministers to know any thing about them. I shall only say, that I am not under any immediate apprehensions of a war with France. It is much more pleasant, as well as profitable, to view in safety the raging of the tempest, occasionally to pick up some pieces of the wreck, and to improve their trade, their agriculture, and their finances, while the two countries are *lento collisa duello*. Far from taking any step to put a speedy end to this astonishing dispute, I should not be surprised if next summer they were to lend their cordial assistance to England, as to the weaker party. As to my personal engagement with the D. of R., I recollect a few slight skirmishes, but nothing that deserves the name of a general engagement. The extravagance of some disputants, both French and English,

who have espoused the cause of America, sometimes inspires me with an extraordinary vigour. Upon the whole, I find it much easier to defend the justice than the policy of our measures; but there are certain cases, where whatever is repugnant to sound policy ceases to be just.

The more I see of Paris, the more I like it. The regular course of the society in which I live is easy, polite, and entertaining; and almost every day is marked by the acquisition of some new acquaintance, who is worth cultivating, or who at least is worth remembering. To the great admiration of the French, I regularly dine and regularly sup, drink a dish of strong coffee after each meal, and find my stomach a citizen of the world. The spectacles (particularly the Italian, and above all the French Comedies,) which are open the whole summer, afford me an agreeable relaxation from company; and to show you that I frequent them from taste, and not from idleness, I have not yet seen the Colisée, the Vauxhall, the Boulevards, or any of those places of entertainment which constitute Paris to most of our countrymen. Occasional trips to dine or sup in some of the thousand country houses, which are scattered round the environs of Paris, serve to vary the scene. In the mean time the summer insensibly glides away, and the fatal month of October approaches, when I must change the house of madam Necker for the House of Commons. I regret that I could not choose the winter, instead of the summer, for this excursion: I should have found many valuable persons, and should have preserved others whom I have lost as I began to know them. The duke de Choiseul, who deserves attention both for himself and for keeping the best house in Paris, passes seven

months of the year in Touraine; and though I have been tempted, I consider with horror a journey of sixty leagues into the country. The princess of Beauveau, who is a most superior woman, has been absent about six weeks, and does not return till the twenty-fourth of this month. A large body of recruits will be assembled by the Fontainebleau journey; but, in order to have a thorough knowledge of this splendid country, I ought to stay till the month of January; and if I could be sure, that opposition would be as tranquil as they were last year——. I think your life has been as animated, or, at least, as tumultuous; and I envy you lady Payne, &c., much more than either the primate or the chief justice. Let not the generous breast of my lady be torn by the black serpents of envy. She still possesses the first place in the sentiments of her slave: but the adventure of the fan was a mere accident, owing to lord Carmarthen. Adieu. I think you may be satisfied. I say nothing of my terrestrial affairs.

EDWARD GIBBON.

Anna Seward to Thomas Christie, Esq.

July 1, 1790.

Yes, my kind friend, Heaven has at length deprived me of that dear parent, to whom I was ever most tenderly attached, and whose infirmities, exciting my hourly pity, increased the pangs of final separation. It was in vain that my reason reproached the selfishness of my sorrow.

I can not receive, as my due, the praise you so lavish upon my final attentions. Too passionate was my affection to have had any merit in devoting myself to its duties. All was irresistible im-

pulse. I made no sacrifices, for pleasure lost its nature and its name, when I was absent from him. I studied his ease and comfort, because I delighted to see him cheerful; and, when every energy of spirit had sunk in languor, to see him tranquil. It was my assiduous endeavour to guard him from every pain and every danger, because his sufferings gave me misery, and the thoughts of losing him anguish.

And thus did strong affection leave nothing to be performed by the sense of duty. I hope it would have produced the same attentions on my part; but I am not entitled to say that it would, or to accept of commendation for tenderness so involuntary.

It gives me pleasure that your prospects are so bright. A liberal and extended commerce may be as favourable to the expansion of superior abilities, as any other profession; and it is certainly a much more cheerful employment than that of medicine. The humane physician must have his quiet perpetually invaded by the sorrows of those who look anxiously up to him for relief, which no human art can, perhaps, administer.

I have uniformly beheld, with reverence and delight, the efforts of France to throw off the iron yoke of her slavery; not the less oppressive for having been bound with ribands and lilies. Ill betide the degenerate English heart, that does not wish her prosperity.

You ask me after Mrs. Cowley. I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance, but am familiar with her ingenious writings. This age has produced few better comedies than hers.

You are very good to wish to see me in London: but I have no near view of going thither.

You will be sorry to hear that I have lost my health, and am oppressed with symptoms of an hereditary and dangerous disease.

Litchfield has been my home since I was seven years old—this house since I was thirteen; for I am still in the palace, and do not think of moving at present. It is certainly much too large for my wants, and for my income; yet is my attachment so strong to the scene, that I am tempted to try, if I recover, what strict economy, in other respects, will do towards enabling me to remain in a mansion, endeared to me as the tablet on which the pleasures of my youth are impressed, and the image of those that are everlastingly absent. Adieu.

Yours, ANNA SEWARD.

Anna Seward to Walter Scott, Esq.

Litchfield, April 29, 1802.

ACCEPT my warmest thanks for the so far overpaying bounty of your literary present. In speaking of its contents, I shall demonstrate that my sincerity may be trusted, whatever cause I may give you to distrust my judgment. In saying that you dare not hope your works will entertain me, you evince the existence of a deep preconceived distrust of the latter faculty in my mind. That distrust is not, I flatter myself, entirely founded, at least if I may so gather from the delight with which I peruse all that is yours, whether prose or verse, in these volumes.

Your dissertations place us in Scotland, in the midst of the feudal period. They throw the strongest light on a part of history indistinctly sketched, and partially mentioned by the English historians, and which, till now, has not been suf-

ficiently elucidated, and rescued by those of your country from the imputed guilt of unprovoked depredation on the part of the Scots.

The old border ballads of your first volume are so far interesting as they corroborate your historic essays; so far valuable as that they form the basis of them. Poetically considered, little surely is their worth; and I must think it more to the credit of Mrs. Brown's memory than of her taste, that she could take pains to commit to remembrance, and to retain there, such a quantity of uncouth rhymes, almost totally destitute of all which gives metre a right to the name of poetry.

Poetry is like personal beauty; the homeliest and roughest language cannot conceal the first, any more than coarse and mean apparel the second. But grovelling colloquial phrase, in numbers inharmonious; verse that gives no picture to the reader's eye, no light to his understanding, no magnet to his affections, is, as composition, no more deserving his praise, than coarse forms and features in a beggar's raiment are worth his attention. Yet are these critics who seem to mistake the squalid dress of language for poetic excellence, provided the verse and its mean garb be ancient.

Of that number seems Mr. Pinkerton, in some of his notes to those old Scottish ballads which he published in 1781; and the late Mr. Headley more than so seems in that collection of ancient English ballads, which he soon after gave to the press. We find there an idiot preference of the rude, and, in itself, valueless, foundation on which Prior raised one of the loveliest poetic edifices in our language, the *Henry and Emma*. With equal insolence and stupidity, Mr. Headley terms it "*Matt's versifica-*

tion Piece," extolling the imputed superiority of the worthless model. It is preferring a barber's block to the head of Antinous.

Mr. Pinkerton, in his note to the eldest Flowers of the Forest, calls it, very justly, an exquisite poetic dirge; but, unfortunately for his decisions in praise of ancient above modern Scottish verse, he adds, "The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of versifiers to mingle stanzas of their own composition; but it is the painful, though necessary duty of an editor, by the touch stone of truth, to discriminate such dross from the gold of antiquity;" and, in the note to that pathetic and truly beautiful elegy, Lady Bothwell's Lament, he says the four stanzas he has given appear to be all that are genuine. It has since, as you observe, been proved, that both the Flodden Dirges, even as he has given them, are modern. Their beauty was a touchstone, as he expresses it, which might have shown their younger birth to any critic, whose taste had not received the broad impression of that torpedo, antiquarianism.

You, with all your strength, originality, and richness of imagination, had a slight touch of that torpedo, when you observed, that the manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated in the first Flowers of the Forest, that it required the strongest positive evidence to convince you that the song was of modern date. The phraseology, indeed, is of their texture; but, comparing it with the border ballads, in your first volume, I should have pronounced it modern, from its so much more lively pictures.

Permit me, too, to confess, that I can discover very little of all which constitutes poetry in the first old tale, which you call beautiful, excepting the

second stanza, which gives the unicorns at the gate, and the portraits, "with holly aboon their brie." To give them, no great reach of fancy was requisite; but still they are pictured, and, as such, poetry.

Lord Maxwell's Good Night is but a sort of inventory in rhyme of his property, interspersed with some portion of tenderness for his wife, and some expressions of regard for his friends; but the first has no picture, and the latter little pathos. That ballad induced me, by what appeared its deficiencies, to attempt a somewhat more poetic leave-taking of house, land, and live-stock. My ballad does not attempt the pathetic, and you will smile at my glossary Scotch.

Mr. Erskine's supplemental stanzas to the poem, asserted to have been written by Collins, on the Highland superstitions, have great merit, and no inferiority to those whose manner they assume.

In the border ballads, the first strong rays from the Delphic orb illuminate Jellom Grame, in the 4th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 20th stanzas. There is a good corpse-picture in Clerk Saunders, the rude original, as you observe, of a ballad in Percy, which I have thought furnished Burger with the hint for his Leonore. How little delicate touches have improved this verse in Percy's imitation!

"O! if I come within thy bower
I am no mortal man!
And if I kiss thy rosy lip
Thy days will not be long."

And now, in these border ballads, the dawn of poesy, which broke over Jellom Grame, strengthens on its progress. Lord Thomas and fair Annie has more beauty than Percy's ballad of that title. It seems injudiciously altered from this in your collection; but the Binnorie, of endless repetition,

has nothing truly pathetic; and the ludicrous use made of the drowned sister's body, by the harper making a harp of it, to which he sung her dirge in her father's hall, is contemptible.

Your dissertation preceding Tam Lane, in the second volume, is a little mine of mythologic information and ingenious conjecture, however melancholy the proofs it gives of dark and cruel superstition. Always partial to the fairies, I am charmed to learn that Shakspeare civilized the elfins, and, so doing, endeared their memory on English ground. It is curious to find the Grecian Orpheus metamorphosed into a king of Winchelsea.

The Terrible Graces look through a couple of stanzas in the first part of Thomas the Rhymer, "O they rade on," &c.; also, "It was mirk, mirk, night;" and potent are the poetic charms of the second part of this oracular ballad, which you confess to have been modernized; yet more potent is the third. Both of them exhibit tender touches of sentiment, vivid pictures, landscapes from nature, not from books, and all of them worthy the author of Glenfinlas.

"O tell me how to woo thee," is a pretty ballad of those times, in which it was the fashion for lovers to worship their mistresses, and when ballads, as you beautifully observe, reflected the setting rays of chivalry. Mr. Leyden's *Cout Keelder* pleases me much. The first is a sublime stanza, and sweet are the landscape-touches in the third, tenth, and eleventh, and striking the winter simile in the ninth. The picture of the fern is new in poetry, and to the eye, thus,

"The next blast that young Keelder blew,
The wind grew deadly still:
Yet the sleek fern, with singery leaves,
Wav'd wildy o'er the hill."

The "wee demon" is admirably imagined.

And now the poetic day, which had gradually risen into beauty and strength through this second volume, sets nobly amidst the sombre yet often-illuminated grandeur of Glenfinlas.

Permit me to add one observation to this already long epistle. The battle of Flodden field, so disastrous to Scotland, has been, by two poetic females, beautifully mourned; but your boasted James the Fourth deserved his fate, from the ungenerous advantage he sought to take of Henry the Eighth, by breaking the peace, without provocation, when that monarch was engaged in war with France. So deserve all the rulers of nations, who, unstimulated by recent injuries, thus unclasp "the purple testament of bleeding war."

Perhaps this voluminous intrusion on your time will be thought merciless; but it seemed to me that barren thanks, and indiscriminate praise, was an unworthy acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon me by the gift of these highly curious and ingenious books.

A bright luminary in this neighbourhood recently shot from its sphere, with awful and deplored suddenness.—Dr. Darwin, on whose philosophical talents and dissertations, so ingeniously conjectural, the adepts in that science looked with admiring, if not always acquiescent respect; in whose creative, gay, luxuriant, and polished imagination, and harmonious numbers, the votaries of poetry basked delighted; and on whose discernment into the causes of disease, and skill in curing them, his own and the neighbouring counties reposed. He was born to confute, by his example, a frequent assertion, that the poetic fancy loses its fine efflorescence after middle life. The Botanic

Garden, one of the most highly imaginative poems in our language, was begun after its author had passed his forty-sixth year. I have the honour to remain, sir, &c.

ANNA SEWARD.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.

Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1763.

I FEEL happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I mean no offence to Park Place; but the bitterness of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milkmaids should be wrapped in the *motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat*. In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north wind to-day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to Lord Bute. I don't know whether I should not have written a North Briton against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, *tout de bon*. The new ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a *coup d' eclat*. As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine; but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by Lord Halifax's warrant for treason: vide the North Briton of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers,

telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his *habeas corpus*, which was refused. He then went to Lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord chief justice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books of architecture, nor care to put you to expense, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour, young Mr. Thomas Pitt, my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a greenhouse. For the former, you should send me your idēa, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty greenhouse I never saw; nor, without immoderate expense, can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind, which you liked, at Sir Charles Cotterel's at Rousham? But a fine greenhouse must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammersmith yesterday about lady Ailesbury's tubs; one of them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good-night to her ladyship and you, and the infant, whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstrow's old man. Do you know, that, though apprized of what

I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such impression on my mind, that, thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman steadfastly at work in a window in Pall Mall, it made me start to see her move. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

Henry Kirke White to his Brother Neville.

Nottingham, September, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

IN consequence of your repeated solicitations, I now sit down to write to you, although I never received an answer to the last letter which I wrote, nearly six months ago; but as I never heard you mention it in any of my mother's letters, I am induced to think it has miscarried, or been mislaid in your office.

It is now nearly four months since I entered into Mr. Coldham's office, and it is with pleasure I can assure you, that I never yet found any thing disagreeable, but, on the contrary, every thing I do seems a pleasure to me, and for a very obvious reason; it is a business which I like, a business which I chose before all others; and I have two good-tempered, easy masters, but who will, nevertheless, see that their business is done in a neat and proper manner. The study of the law is well known to be a dry, difficult task, and requires a comprehensive, good understanding, and I hope you will allow me (without charging me with egotism) to have a tolerable one; and I trust, with perseverance, and a very large law library to refer to, I

shall be able to accomplish the study of so much of the laws of England, and our system of jurisprudence, in less than five years, as to enable me to be a country attorney, and then, as I shall have two more years to serve, I hope I shall attain so much knowledge in all parts of the law, as to enable me, with a little study at the inns of court, to hold an argument, on the nice points in the law, with the best attorney in the kingdom. A man that understands the law is sure to have business; and in case I have no thoughts, in case, that is, that I do not aspire to hold the honorable place of a barrister, I shall feel sure of gaining a genteel livelihood at the business to which I am articled.

I attend at the office at eight in the morning, and leave at eight in the evening; then attend my Latin until nine; which, you may be sure, is pretty close confinement.

Mr. Coldham is clerk to the commercial commissioners, which has occasioned us a deal of extraordinary work. I worked all Sunday, and until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when they were hurried to give in the certificates to the bank. We had also a very troublesome cause the last assizes,—the corporation versus Gee,—which we (the attorneys for the corporation) lost. It was really a very fatiguing day, (I mean the day on which it was tried.) I never got any thing to eat, from five in the afternoon the preceding day, until twelve the next night, when the trial ended.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Henry Kirke White to his Brother Neville.

Nottingham, 25th June, 1800.

DEAR NEVILLE,

* * * * *

You are inclined to flatter me, when you compare my application with yours; in truth, I am not half so assiduous as you, and I am conscious I waste a deal of time unwittingly. But, in reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement: I thirst after knowledge, and, though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading a useful book. The plan which I pursued, in order to subdue my disinclination for dry books, was this—to begin *attentively* to peruse it, and continue thus one hour every day: the book insensibly, by this means, becomes pleasing to you: and, even when reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret.

With regard to the Monthly Preceptor, I certainly shall be agreeable to your taking it in, as my only objection was the extreme impatience which I feel to see whether my essays have been successful; but this may be obviated by your speedy perusal, and not neglecting to forward it. But you must have the goodness not to begin till August, as my bookseller can not stop it this month.

* * * * *

I had a ticket given me, to the boxes, on Monday night, for the benefit of Campbell, from Drury Lane, and there was such a riot as never was experienced here before. He is a democrat, and the soldiers planned a riot in conjunction with the *mob*. We heard the shouting of the rabble in the street before the *play* was over: the moment the curtain dropt, an officer went into the front box, and gave

the word of command: immediately about sixty troopers started up, and six trumpeters in the pit played 'God save the King.' The noise was astonishing. The officers in the boxes then drew their swords; and, at another signal, the privates in the pit drew their bludgeons, which they had hitherto concealed, and attacked all, indiscriminately, that had not an uniform: the officers did the same with their swords, and the house was one continued scene of confusion: one pistol was fired, and the ladies were fainting in the lobby. The outer doors were shut, to keep out the mob, and the people jumped on the stage as a last resource. One of these noble officers, seeing one man stand in the pit with his hat on, jumped over the division, and cut him with his sword, which the man instantly wrenched from him, and broke, while the officer sneaked back in disgrace. They then formed a troop, and, having emptied the play-house, they scoured the streets with their swords, and returned home victorious. The players are, in consequence, dismissed; and we have information in our office against the officers.

* * * * *

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Henry Kirke White to his Brother Neville.

Nottingham, Michaelmas-day, 1800.

DEAR NEVILLE,

I cannot divine what, in an epistolary correspondence, can have such charms (with people who write only common-place occurrences) as to detach a man from his usual affairs, and make him waste time and paper on what cannot be of the least real benefit to his correspondent. Amongst relatives,

certainly, there is always an incitement: we always feel an anxiety for their welfare. But I have no *friend* so dear to me, as to cause me to take the trouble of reading his letters, if they only contained an account of his health, and the mere nothings of the day; indeed, such an one would be unworthy of friendship. What then is requisite to make one's correspondence valuable? I answer, *sound sense*. Nothing more is requisite: as to the style, one may very readily excuse its faults, if repaid by the sentiments. You have better natural abilities than many youth, but it is with regret I see that you will not give yourself the trouble of writing a good letter. There is hardly any species of composition (in my opinion), easier than the epistolary; but, my friend, you never found any art, however trivial, that did not require some application at first. For, if an artist, instead of endeavouring to surmount the difficulties which presented themselves, were to rest contented with mediocrity, how could he possibly ever arrive at excellence? Thus it is with you: instead of that indefatigable perseverance which, in other cases, is a leading trait in your character, I hear you say, 'Ah, my poor brains were never formed for letter-writing—I shall never write a good letter,'—or some such phrases; and thus, by despairing of ever arriving at excellence, you render yourself hardly tolerable. You may, perhaps, think this art beneath your notice, or unworthy of your pains: if so, you are assuredly mistaken; for there is hardly any thing which would contribute more to the advancement of a young man, or which is more engaging.

You read, I believe, a good deal; nothing could be more acceptable to me, or more improving to you, than making a part of your letters to consist

of your sentiments, and opinion of the books you peruse : you have no idea how beneficial this would be to yourself ; and that you are able to do it, I am certain. One of the greatest impediments to good writing, is the thinking too much before you note down. This, I think, you are not entirely free from. I hope that, by always writing the first idea that presents itself, you will soon conquer it ; my letters are always the rough first draft — of course there are many alterations : these you will excuse.

I have written most of my letters to you in so negligent a manner, that, if you would have the goodness to return all you have preserved *sealed*, I will peruse them, and all sentences worth preserving I will extract and return.

You observe, in your last, that your letters are read with contempt. Do you speak as you think ?

You had better write again to Mr. —. Between friends, the common forms of the world, in writing letter for letter, need not be observed ; but never write three without receiving one in return, because, in that case, they must be thought unworthy of answer.

We have been so busy lately, I could not answer yours sooner. Once a month, suppose we write to each other. If you ever find that my correspondence is not worth the trouble of carrying on, inform me of it, and it shall cease.

* * * * *

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

P. S.—If any expression in this be too harsh, excuse it—I am not in an ill humour, recollect.

Henry Kirke White to Mr. R. A.....

Nottingham, May 6, 1804.

DEAR ROBERT,

* * * * *

You don't know how I long to hear how your declamation was received; and "all about it," as we say in these parts. I hope to see it when I see its author and pronouncer. Themistocles, no doubt, received due praise from you for his valour and *subtlety*, but I trust you poured down a torrent of eloquent indignation upon the ruling principles of his actions and the motive of his conduct; while you exalted the mild and unassuming virtues of his more amiable rival. The object of Themistocles was the aggrandizement of himself; that of Aristides the welfare and prosperity of the state. The one endeavoured to swell the *glory* of his country; the other to promote its security, external and internal, foreign and domestic. While you estimated the services which Themistocles rendered to the state, in opposition to those of Aristides, you of course remembered that the former had the largest scope for action, and that he influenced his countrymen to fall into all his plans, while they banished his competitor, not by his superior wisdom or goodness, but by those intrigues and factious artifices which Aristides would have disdained. Themistocles certainly did use *bad* means to a desirable end: and, if we may assume it as an axiom, that Providence will forward the designs of a good, sooner than those of a bad man, whatever inequality of abilities there may be between the two characters, it will follow that, had Athens remained under the guidance of Aristides, it would have been better for her. The difference between The-

mistocles and Aristides seems to me to be this: that the former was a wise and a *fortunate* man; and that the latter, though he had equal wisdom, had not equal good fortune. We may admire the heroic qualities and the crafty policy of the one, but to the temperate and disinterested patriotism, the good and virtuous dispositions of the other, we can alone give the meed of heart-felt *praise*.

I only mean by this, that we must not infer Themistocles to have been *the better or the greater* man, because he rendered more essential services to the state than Aristides, nor even that his system was the most judicious; but only that, by decision of character, and by good fortune, his measures succeeded best.

* * * * *

The rules of composition are, in my opinion, very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought, provided we have had *some little* experience in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is perspicuity. *That* is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously, we should have a *perfect* knowledge of the topic on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings and dependencies. We should think well, beforehand, what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what painters call the *massing*, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind—and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings, and illustrations, so as they shall all conduce to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation—we may sit down, and express our

ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words as are most suited to our purpose, and when two modes of expression, equally luminous, present themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, overreach themselves, by employing too many words, and perplex the mind by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocution seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim, that when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind, and diminish the effect.

When you have once learned to express yourself with clearness and propriety, you will soon arrive at elegance. Every thing else, in fact, will follow as of course. But I warn you not to invert the order of things, and be paying your addresses to the graces when you ought to be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence the feeble pleonasm, and the idle repetitions, which deform their pages. If you would have your compositions vigorous and masculine in their tone, let every word TELL; and when you detect yourself polishing off a sentence with expletives, regard yourself in exactly the same predicament with a poet who should eke out the measure of his verses with "titum, titum, tee, sir."

So much for style——

* * * * *

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Henry Kirke White to Mr. Robert Southey, the Editor
of his Works.

Nottingham, July 9, 1804.

* * * * *

I CAN *now* inform you that I have reason to believe my way through college is clear before me. From what source I know not, but through the hands of Mr. Simeon I am provided with £30 per annum; and while things go on so prosperously as they do now, I can command £20 or £30 more from my friends, and this, in all probability, until I take my degree. The friends to whom I allude are my *mother* and *brother*.

My mother has, for these five years past, kept a boarding-school in Nottingham; and, so long as her school continues in its present state, she can supply me with £15 or £20 per annum, without inconvenience; but should she die, (and her health is, I fear, but infirm,) that resource will altogether fail. Still, I think, my prospect is so good as to preclude any anxiety on my part; and perhaps my income will be more than adequate to my wants, as I shall be a Sizar of St. John's, where the college emoluments are more than commonly large.

In this situation of my affairs, you will perhaps agree with me in thinking that a subscription for a volume of poems will not be necessary; and certainly that measure is one which will be better avoided, if it may be. I have lately looked over what poems I have by me in manuscript, and find them more numerous than I expected; but many of them would, perhaps, be styled *mopish* and *maudish*, and even *misanthropic*, in the language of the world; though from the latter sentiment, I

am sure I can say, no one is more opposite than I am. These poems, therefore, will never see the light, as, from a teacher of that word which gives all strength to the feeble, more fortitude and Christian philosophy may with justice be expected than they display. The remainder of my verses would not possess any very great interest: mere description is often mere nonsense; and I have acquired a strange habit, whenever I do point out a train of moral sentiment from the contemplation of a picture, to give it a gloomy and querulous cast, when there is nothing in the occasion but what ought to inspire joy and gratitude. I have one poem, however, of some length, which I shall preserve; and I have another of considerable magnitude in design, but of which only a part is written, which I am fairly at a loss whether to commit to the flames, or, at some future opportunity, to finish. The subject is the death of Christ. I have no friend whose opinion is at all to be relied on to whom I could submit it; and perhaps, after all, it may be absolutely worthless.

With regard to that part of my provision which is derived from my unknown friend, it is of course conditional; and as it is not a provision for a *poet*, but for a *candidate for orders*, I believe it is expected, and, indeed, it has been hinted as a thing advisable, that I should barter the muses for mathematics, and abstain from writing verses, at least until I take my degree. If I find that all my time will be requisite, in order to *prepare* for the important office I am destined to fill, I shall certainly do my duty, however severely it may cost me; but if I find I may lawfully and conscientiously relax myself at intervals with those delightful reveries

which have hitherto formed the chief leisure of my life, I shall, without scruple, indulge myself in them.

I know the pursuit of truth is a much more important business than the exercise of the imagination; and amid all the quaintness and stiff method of the mathematicians, I can even discover a source of chaste and exalted pleasure. To their severe, but salutary discipline, I must now "subdue the vivid shapings of my youth;" and though I shall cast many a fond, lingering look to Fancy's more alluring paths, yet I shall be repaid by the anticipation of days when I may enjoy the sweet satisfaction of being useful, in no ordinary degree, to my fellow-mortals.

* * * * *

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Dr. Franklin to Mrs. Thomas, at Lisle.

Paris, February 8, 1777.

You are too early, *hussy*, as well as too saucy, in calling me *rebel*; you should wait for the event, which will determine whether it is a *rebellion* or only a *revolution*. Here the ladies are more civil: they call us *les insurgens*; a character that usually pleases them: and methinks all other women who smart, or have smarted, under the tyranny of a bad husband, ought to be fixed in *revolution* principles, and act accordingly.

In my way to Canada, last spring, I saw dear Mrs. Barrow at New-York. Mr. Barrow had been from her two or three months, to keep Governor Tryon and other tories company on board the *Asia*, one of the king's ships, which lay in the harbour; and in all that time, that naughty man had not

ventured once on shore to see her. Our troops were then pouring into the town, and she was packing up to leave it, fearing, as she had a large house, they would incommode her by quartering officers in it. As she appeared in great perplexity, scarce knowing where to go, I persuaded her to stay; and I went to the general officers then commanding there, and recommended her to their protection, which they promised and performed. On my return from Canada, where I was a piece of a-governor (and I think a very good one) for a fortnight, and might have been so till this time, if your wicked army, enemies to all good government, had not come and driven me out, I found her still in quiet possession of her house. I inquired how our people had behaved to her: she spoke in high terms of the respectful attention they had paid her, and the quiet and security they had procured her. I said I was glad of it; and that, if they had used her ill, I would have turned tory. Then, said she, (with that pleasing gaiety so natural to her,) *I wish they had.* For you must know she is a *toryess*, as well as you, and can as flip-pantly call *rebel*. I drank tea with her; we talked affectionately of you and our other friends the Wilkes's, of whom she had received no intelligence. What became of her since, I have not heard. The street she lived in was some months after chiefly burnt down; but as the town was then, and ever since has been, in the possession of the king's troops, I have had no opportunity of knowing whether she suffered any loss in the conflagration. I hope she did not, as, if she did, I should wish I had not persuaded her to stay there. I am glad to learn from you that that unhappy, though deserving family, the W.'s, are getting into

some business that may afford them subsistence. I pray that God will bless them, and that they may see happier days. Mr. Cheap's and Dr. H.'s good fortunes please me. Pray learn, if you have not already learnt, like me, to be pleased with other people's pleasures, and happy with their happiness, when none occur of your own; then, perhaps, you will not so soon be weary of the place you chance to be in, and so fond of rambling to get rid of your *ennui*. I fancy you have hit upon the right reason of your being weary of St. Omer's, *viz.* that you are out of temper, which is the effect of full living and idleness. A month in bridewell, beating hemp, upon bread and water, would give you health and spirits, and subsequent cheerfulness and contentment with every other situation. I prescribe that regimen for you, my dear, in pure good will, without a fee. And let me tell you, if you do not get into temper, neither Brussels nor Lisle will suit you. I know nothing of the price of living in either of those places; but I am sure a single woman (as you are) might, with economy, upon two hundred pounds a year, maintain herself comfortably anywhere; and me into the bargain. Do not invite me in earnest, however, to come and live with you; for, being posted here, I ought not to comply, and I am not sure I should be able to refuse. Present my respects to Mrs. Payne and to Mrs. Heathcot; for, though I have not the honour of knowing them, yet, as you say they are friends to the American cause, I am sure they must be women of good understanding. I know you wish you could see me; but as you can't, I will describe myself to you. Figure me in your mind as jolly as formerly, and as strong and hearty, only a few years older; very plainly dressed, wearing my thin, gray, straight

hair, that peeps out under my only *coiffure*, a fine fur cap, which comes down my forehead almost to my spectacles. Think how this must appear among the powdered heads of Paris! I wish every lady and gentleman in France would only be so obliging as to follow my fashion, comb their own heads as I do mine, dismiss their *friseurs*, and pay me one half the money they pay to them. You see the gentry might well afford this, and I could then enlist these *friseurs*, who are at least one hundred thousand; and with the money, I would maintain them, make a visit with them to England, and dress the heads of your ministers and privy counsellors, which I conceive at present to be *un peu dérangées*.

Adieu, madcap! and believe me ever your affectionate friend and humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S.—Don't be proud of this long letter. A fit of the gout, which has confined me five days, and made me refuse to see company, has given me a little time to trifle; otherwise it would have been very short: visitors and business would have interrupted: and, perhaps, with Mrs. Barrow, you wish they had.

Dr. Franklin to Dr. Cooper, Boston.

Paris, May 1, 1777.

I THANK you for your kind congratulations on my safe arrival here, and for your good wishes. I am, as you supposed, treated with great civility and respect by all orders of people; but it gives me still greater satisfaction to find that our being

here is of some use to our country. On that head I can not be more explicit at present.

I rejoice with you in the happy change of affairs in America last winter: I hope the same train of success will continue through the summer. Our enemies are disappointed in the number of additional troops they purposed to send over. What they have been able to muster will not probably recruit their army to the state it was in the beginning of the last campaign; and ours I hope will be equally numerous, better armed, and better clothed than they have been heretofore.

All Europe is on our side of the question, as far as applause and good wishes can carry them. Those who live under arbitrary power do nevertheless approve of liberty, and wish for it: they almost despair of recovering it in Europe; they read the translations of our separate colony constitutions with rapture; and there are such numbers everywhere, who talk of removing to America, with their families and fortunes, as soon as peace and our independence shall be established, that it is generally believed we shall have a prodigious addition of strength, wealth, and arts, from the emigrations of Europe; and it is thought, that, to lessen and prevent such emigrations, the tyrannies established here must relax and allow more liberty to their people. Hence it is a common observation here, that our cause is *the cause of all mankind*; and that we are fighting for their liberty in defending our own. It is a glorious task assigned us by Providence; which has, I trust, given us spirit and virtue equal to it, and will at last crown it with success.

I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately.

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Gen. Washington.

Passy, March 5, 1780.

SIR,

I HAVE received but lately the letter your excellency did me the honour of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de la Fayette. His modesty detained it long in his own hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honour of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause, and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that your excellency's letter would have done had it been immediately delivered to me.

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see your excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavouring to cast over living merit. Here you would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington: for a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect as a thousand years. The feeble voice of those grovelling passions can not extend so far either in time or distance. At present I enjoy that pleasure for you: as I frequently hear the old generals of this martial country (who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations) speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct; and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age.

I must soon quit the scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over; like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discoloured, and which, in that weak state, by a thundergust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet, the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigour, and delights the eye not of its owner only, but of every observing traveller.

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honour, and happiness, ever attend you,
from yours, &c. B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to the Rev. Wm. Nixon.

Passy, Sept. 5, 1781.

REV. SIR,

I DULY received the letter you did me the honour of writing to me the 25th past, together with the valuable little book, of which you are the author. There can be no doubt but that a gentleman of your learning and abilities might make a very useful member of society in our new Country, and meet with encouragement there, either as an instructor in one of our universities, or a clergyman of the church of Ireland. But I am not empowered to engage any person to go over thither, and my abilities to assist the distressed are very limited. I suppose you will soon be set at liberty in England by the cartel for the exchange of prisoners: in the mean time, if *five Louis d'ors* may be of present service to you, please to draw on me for that sum, and your bill shall be paid on sight. Some time or other, you may have an opportunity

of assisting with an equal sum a stranger who has equal need of it. Do so. By that means you will discharge any obligation you may suppose yourself under to me. Enjoin him to do the same on occasion. By pursuing such a practice, much good may be done with little money. Let kind offices go round: mankind are all of a family. I have the honour to be, Rev. sir, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Edmund Burke, Esq.

Passy, October 15, 1781.

SIR,

I RECEIVED but a few days since your very friendly letter of August last, on the subject of General Burgoyne.

Since the foolish part of mankind will make wars from time to time with each other,—not having sense enough otherwise to settle their differences,—it certainly becomes the wiser part, who can not prevent those wars, to alleviate as much as possible the calamities attending them. Mr. Burke always stood high in my esteem; but his affectionate concern for his friend renders him still more amiable, and makes the honour he does me, of admitting me of the number, still more precious.

I do not think the congress have any wish to persecute General Burgoyne. I never heard, till I received your letter, that they had recalled him: if they have made such a resolution, it must be, I suppose, a conditional one, to take place in case their offer of exchanging him for Mr. Laurens should not be accepted; a resolution intended merely to enforce that offer.

I have just received an authentic copy of the resolve containing that offer, and authorizing me to make it. As I have no communication with your ministers, I send it inclosed to you. If you can find any means of negotiating this business, I am sure the restoring another worthy man to his family and friends, will be an addition to your pleasure.

With great and invariable respect and affection,
I am, sir, your most obedient and humble servant,
B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Sir Joseph Banks.

Passy, July 27, 1783.

DEAR SIR,

I received your very kind letter by Dr. Blagden, and esteem myself much honoured by your friendly remembrance. I have been too much and too closely engaged in public affairs since his being here, to enjoy all the benefit of his conversation you were so good as to intend me. I hope soon to have more leisure, and to spend a part of it in those studies that are much more agreeable to me than political operations.

I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason and sense enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, *there never was a good war, or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility! What an exten-

sion of agriculture, even to the tops of our mountains! what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals! what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices, and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief; in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many thousands of working people, who might have performed the useful labour!

I am pleased with the late astronomical discoveries made by our society. Furnished as all Europe now is with academies of science, with nice instruments and the spirit of experiment, the progress of human knowledge will be rapid, and discoveries made, of which we have at present no conception. I begin to be almost sorry I was born so soon, since I cannot have the happiness of knowing what will be known one hundred years hence.

I wish continued success to the labours of the Royal Society, and that you may long adorn their chair; being, with the highest esteem, dear sir, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Blagden will acquaint you with the experiment of a vast globe sent up into the air, much talked of here, and which, if prosecuted, may furnish means of new knowledge.

Dr. Franklin to B. Vaughan, Esq.

Passy, July 26, 1784.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have received several letters from you lately, dated June 16, June 30, and July 13. I thank

you for the information respecting the proceedings of your West India merchants, or rather planters. The restraints, whatever they may be, upon our commerce with your islands, will prejudice their inhabitants, I apprehend, more than us. It is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed. Naturally, one would imagine, that the interests of a few particulars should give way to general interest. But particulars manage their affairs with so much more application, industry, and address, than the public do theirs, that general interest most commonly gives way to particular. We assemble parliaments and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices, and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower the wisdom, and dupe its possessors; and, if we may judge by the acts, decrees, and edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of wise men is the greatest fool upon earth. I have received Cook's Voyages, which you put Mr. Oswald in the way of sending to me. By some mistake, the first volume was omitted; and, instead of it, a duplicate sent of the third. If there is a good print of Cook, I should be glad to have it, being personally acquainted with him. I thank you for the pamphlets by Mr. Estlin. Every thing you send me gives me pleasure; to receive your account would give me more than all.

I am told that the little pamphlet of *Advice to such as would remove to America*, is reprinted in London, with my name to it, which I would rather had been omitted; but wish to see a copy when you have an opportunity of sending it.

Mr. Hartley has long continued here, in expect-

ation of instructions for making a treaty of commerce, but they do not come, and I begin to suspect none are intended; though, perhaps, the delay is only occasioned by the over-great burthen of business at present on the shoulders of your ministers. We do not press the matter, but are content to wait till they can see their interest respecting America more clearly, being certain that we can shift as well as you without a treaty.

The conjectures I sent you, concerning the cold of last winter, still appear to me probable: the moderate season in Russia and Canada does not weaken them. I think our frost here began about the 24th of December, in America the 12th of January. I thank you for recommending to me Mr. Arbuthnot; I have had pleasure in his conversation. I wish much to see the pieces you had in hand. I congratulate you on the return of your wedding-day, and wish, for your sake and Mrs. Vaughan's, that you may see a great many of them, all as happy as the first.

I like the young stranger very much: he seems sensible, ingenious, and modest, has a good deal of instruction, and makes judicious remarks. He will probably distinguish himself advantageously.

I have not yet heard from Mr. Nairne.

Dr. Price's pamphlet of Advice to America is a good one, and will do good. You ask 'what remedy I have for the growing luxury of my country, which gives so much *offence* to all *English travellers* without exception?' I answer, that I think it exaggerated, and that travellers are no good judges, whether our luxury is growing or diminishing. Our people are hospitable, and have, indeed, too much pride in displaying upon their tables before strangers the plenty and variety that our country

affords. They have the vanity too of sometimes borrowing one another's plate, to entertain more splendidly. Strangers, being invited from house to house, and meeting every day with a feast, imagine what they see is the ordinary way of living of all the families where they dine; when perhaps each family lives a week after upon the remains of the dinner given. It is, I own, a folly in our people to give *such offence to English travellers*. The first part of the proverb is thereby verified, that *fools make feasts*. I wish in this case the other were as true, *and wise men eat them*. These travellers might, one would think, find some fault they could more decently reproach us with, than that of our excessive civility to them as strangers.

I have not, indeed, yet thought of a remedy for luxury: I am not sure that in a great state it is capable of a remedy; nor that the evil is, in itself, always so great as it is represented. Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all unnecessary expense, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country; and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer. Is not the hope of one day being able to purchase and enjoy luxuries a great spur to labour and industry? May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? To this purpose I remember a circumstance. The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused pay. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her as a present a new-fashioned cap. Three years after, this skip-

per being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it; but, said he, it proved a dear cap to our congregation. How so? When my daughter appeared in it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia; and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than one hundred pounds. True, said the farmer, but you do not tell all the story: I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that set our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribands there; and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes. Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens.

In our commercial towns upon the sea-coast, fortunes will occasionally be made. Some of those who grow rich will be prudent, live within bounds, and preserve what they have gained for their posterity. Others, fond of showing their wealth, will be extravagant, and ruin themselves. Laws can not prevent this, and perhaps it is not always an evil to the public. A shilling spent idly by a fool, may be picked up by a wiser person, who knows better what to do with it: it is, therefore, not lost. A vain, silly fellow builds a fine house, furnishes it richly, lives in it expensively, and in a few years ruins himself; but the masons, carpenters, smiths, and other honest tradesmen, have been, by his employ, assisted in maintaining and raising their

families; the farmer has been paid for his labour, and encouraged, and the estate is now in better hands. In some cases, indeed, certain modes of luxury may be a public evil, in the same manner as it is a private one. If there be a nation, for instance, that exports its beef and linen to pay for importations of claret and porter, while a great part of its people live upon potatoes, and wear no shirts, wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve, and sells his clothes to buy drink? Our American commerce is, I confess, a little in this way. We sell our victuals to your islands for rum and sugar; the substantial necessities of life for its superfluities. But we have plenty, and live well, nevertheless; though, by being soberer, we might be richer. By the by, here is just issued an *arrêt* of council taking off all the duties upon the exportation of brandies, which, it is said, will render them cheaper in America than your rum: in which case there is no doubt but they will be preferred, and we shall be better able to bear your restrictions on our commerce. There are views here, by augmenting their sentiments, of being able to supply the growing people of America with the sugar that may be wanted there. On the whole, I believe, England will get as little by the commercial war she has begun with us as she did by the military. But to return to luxury.

The vast quantity of forest lands we have yet to clear and put in order for cultivation, will for a long time keep the body of our nation laborious and frugal. Forming an opinion of our people and their manners, by what is seen among the inhabitants of the sea-ports, is judging from an improper sample. The people of the trading towns may be

rich and luxurious, while the country possesses all the virtues which tend to private happiness and public prosperity. Those towns are not much regarded by the country; they are hardly considered as an essential part of these states. And the experience of the last war has shown, that their being in the possession of the enemy did not necessarily draw on the subjection of the country, which bravely continued to maintain its freedom and independence notwithstanding.

It has been computed by some political arithmetician, that, if every man and woman would work four hours each day in something useful, that labour would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life; want and misery would be banished out of the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

What then occasions so much want and misery? It is the employment of men and women in works that produce neither the necessaries nor conveniences of life; who, with those who do nothing, consume the necessaries raised by the laborious. To explain this,—

The first elements of wealth are obtained by labour from the earth and waters. I have land, and raise corn: with this I feed a family that does nothing: my corn will be consumed; and, at the end of the year, I shall be no richer than I was at the beginning. But if, while I feed them, I employ them, some in spinning, others in hewing timber and sawing boards, others in making bricks, &c. for building, the value of my corn will be arrested, and remain with me; and, at the end of the year, we may all be better clothed and better lodged. And if, instead of employing a man I feed in making bricks, I employ him in fiddling for me,

the corn he eats is gone, and no part of his manufacture remains to augment the wealth and the conveniences of the family. I shall therefore be the poorer for this fiddling man, unless the rest of my family work more or eat less to make up the deficiency he occasions.

Look round the world, and see the millions employed in doing nothing, or in something that amounts to nothing, when the necessaries and conveniences of life are in question. What is the bulk of commerce, for which we fight and destroy each other, but the toil of millions for superfluities, to the great hazard and loss of many lives by the constant dangers of the sea? How much labour spent in building and fitting great ships to go to China and Arabia for tea and for coffee, to the West Indies for sugar, to America for tobacco! These things can not be called the necessaries of life, for our ancestors lived very comfortably without them.

A question may be asked: Could all these people, now employed in raising, making, or carrying superfluities, be subsisted by raising necessaries? I think they might. The world is large, and a great part of it still uncultivated. Many hundred millions of acres in Asia, Africa, and America, are still forest, and a great deal even in Europe. On one hundred acres of this forest a man might become a substantial farmer; and one hundred thousand men employed in clearing each his one hundred acres (instead of being, as they are, French hair-dressers) would hardly brighten a spot big enough to be visible by the moon, (unless with Herschell's telescope,) so vast are the regions still in the world unimproved.

*T is, however, some comfort to reflect, that, upon

the whole, the quantity of industry and prudence among mankind exceeds the quantity of idleness and folly. Hence the increase of good buildings, farms cultivated, and populous cities filled with wealth all over Europe, which, a few ages since, were only to be found on the coasts of the Mediterranean. And this, notwithstanding the mad wars continually raging, by which are often destroyed in one year the works of many years' peace. So that we may hope the luxury of a few merchants on the sea-coast, will not be the ruin of America.

One reflection more, and I will end this long, rambling letter. Almost all parts of our bodies require some expense. The feet demand shoes, the legs stockings, the rest of the body clothing, and the belly a good deal of victuals. *Our eyes*, though exceedingly useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of *spectacles*, which could not much impair our finances. But the *eyes of other people* are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture. Adieu, my dear friend. I am yours ever.

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. This will be in deliverance to you by my grandson. I am persuaded you will afford him your civilities and counsels. Please to accept a little present of books I send by him, curious for the beauty of the impression.

Dr. Franklin to David Hartley, Esq. M. P.

Passy, July 5, 1785.

I CAN not quit the coasts of Europe without taking leave of my ever dear friend Mr. Hartley. We were long fellow labourers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field; but, having finished my day's task, I am going home *to go to bed!* Wish me a good night's rest, as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu! And believe me ever yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph.

Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1786.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED lately your kind letter of November 27. My reception here was, as you have heard, very honourable indeed; but I was betrayed by it, and by some remains of ambition, from which I had imagined myself free, to accept of the chair of government for the state of Pennsylvania, when the proper thing for me was repose and private life. I hope, however, to be able to bear the fatigue for one year, and then to retire.

I have much regretted our having so little opportunity for conversation when we last met. You could have given me informations and counsels that I wanted; but we were scarce a minute together without being broken in upon. I am to thank you, however, for the pleasure I had after our parting, in reading the new book you gave me, which I think generally well written and likely to do good; though the reading time of most people is of late so taken up with newspapers and little periodical pamphlets, that few now-a-days ven-

ture to attempt reading a quarto volume. I have admired to see, that, in the last century, a folio, *Burton on Melancholy*, went through six editions in about forty years. We have, I believe, more readers now, but not of such large books.

You seem desirous of knowing what progress we make here in improving our governments. We are, I think, in the right road of improvement, for we are making experiments. I do not oppose all that seem wrong, for the multitude are more effectually set right by experience, than kept from going wrong by reasoning with them: and I think we are daily more and more enlightened; so that I have no doubt of our obtaining, in a few years, as much public felicity as good government is capable of affording. Your newspapers are filled with fictitious accounts of anarchy, confusion, distresses, and miseries, we are supposed to be involved in, as consequences of the revolution; and the few remaining friends of the old government among us take pains to magnify every little inconvenience a change in the course of commerce may have occasioned. To obviate the complaints they endeavour to excite, was written the inclosed little piece, from which you may form a truer idea of our situation than your own public prints would give you: and I can assure you, that the great body of our nation find themselves happy in the change, and have not the smallest inclination to return to the domination of Britain. There could not be a stronger proof of the general approbation of the measures that promoted the change, and of the change itself, than has been given by the assembly and council of this state, in the nearly unanimous choice for their governor, of one who had been so much concerned in those measures;

the assembly being themselves the unbribed choice of the people, and therefore may be truly supposed of the same sentiments. I say nearly unanimous, because, of between seventy and eighty votes, there were only my own and one other in the negative.

As to my domestic circumstances, of which you kindly desire to hear something, they are at present as happy as I could wish them. I am surrounded by my offspring, a dutiful and affectionate daughter in my house, with six grandchildren, the eldest of which you have seen, who is now at college in the next street, finishing the learned part of his education; the others promising, both for parts and good dispositions. What their conduct may be when they grow up, and enter the important scenes of life, I shall not live to *see*, and I can not *foresee*. I therefore enjoy among them the present hour, and leave the future to Providence.

He that raises a large family does indeed, while he lives to observe them, *stand*, as Watts says, *a broader mark for sorrow*; but then he stands a broader mark for pleasure too. When we launch our little fleet of barks into the ocean, bound to different ports, we hope for each a prosperous voyage; but contrary winds, hidden shoals, storms, and enemies, come in for a share in the disposition of events; and, though these occasion a mixture of disappointment, yet, considering the risk where we can make no insurance, we should think ourselves happy if some return with success. My son's son (Temple Franklin,) whom you have also seen, having had a fine farm of six hundred acres conveyed to him by his father when we were at Southampton, has dropped, for the present, his

views of acting in the political line, and applies himself ardently to the study and practice of agriculture. This is much more agreeable to me, who esteem it the most useful, the most independent, and, therefore, the noblest of employments. His lands are on navigable water, communicating with the Delaware, and but about sixteen miles from this city. He has associated to himself a very skilful English farmer, lately arrived here, who is to instruct him in the business, and partakes for a term of the profits; so that there is a great apparent probability of their success. You will kindly expect a word or two concerning myself. My health and spirits continue, thanks to God, as when you saw me. The only complaint I then had, does not grow worse, and is tolerable. I still have enjoyment in the company of my friends; and, being easy in my circumstances, have many reasons to like living. But the course of nature must soon put a period to my present mode of existence. This I shall submit to with less regret, as, having seen, during a long life, a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind who created it, and who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to the present hour. Wherever I am, I hope always to retain the pleasing remembrance of your friendship; being with sincere and great esteem, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

We all join in respects to Mrs. Shipley, and best wishes for the whole amiable family

Dr. Franklin to M. la Marquis de la Fayette.

Philadelphia, April 17, 1787.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED the kind letter you did me the honour of writing in February, 1786. The indolence of old age, and the perpetual teasing of too much business, have made me so bad a correspondent, that I have hardly written a letter to any friend in Europe during the last twelve-month: but, as I have always a pleasure in hearing from them, which I can not expect will be continued if I do not write to them, I again take up my pen and begin with those whose correspondence is of the greatest value; among which I reckon that of the Marquis de la Fayette.

I was glad to hear of your safe return to Paris, after so long and fatiguing a journey. That is the place where your enlightened zeal for the welfare of our country can employ itself most to our advantage; and I know it is always at work, and indefatigable. Our enemies are, as you observe, very industrious in depreciating our national character. Their abuse sometimes provokes me, and I am almost ready to retaliate; but I have held my hand, though there is abundant room for recrimination; because I would do nothing that might hasten another quarrel, by exasperating those who are still sore from their late disgraces. Perhaps it may be best that they should please themselves with fancying us weak, and poor, and divided, and friendless; they may then not be jealous of our growing strength (which, since the peace, does really make rapid progress,) and may be less intent on interrupting it.

I do not wonder that the Germans, who know little of free constitutions, should be ready to sup-

pose that such can not support themselves. We think they may, and we hope to prove it. That there should be faults in our first sketches or plans of government is not surprising; rather, considering the times and the circumstances under which they were formed, it is surprising that the faults are so few. Those in the general confederating articles are about to be considered in a convention called for that express purpose; these will indeed be the most difficult to rectify. Those of particular states will undoubtedly be rectified, as their inconveniences shall by experience be made manifest. And, whatever difference of sentiment there may be among us respecting particular regulations, the enthusiastic rejoicings, with which the day of declared independence is annually celebrated, demonstrate the universal satisfaction of the people with the revolution and its grand principles.

I inclose the vocabulary you sent me, with the words of the Shawanese and Delaware language, which Colonel Harmar has procured for me. He is promised one more complete, which I shall send you as soon as it comes to my hands.

My grandson, whom you so kindly inquire after, is at his estate in the Jerseys, and amuses himself with cultivating his lands. I wish he would seriously make a business of it, and renounce all thoughts of public employment; for I think agriculture the most honourable, because the most independent of all professions. But I believe he hankers a little after Paris, or some other of the polished cities of Europe, thinking the society there preferable to what he meets with in the woods of Ancocas; as it certainly is. If he was now here, he would undoubtedly join with me and the rest of my family (who are much flattered by

your remembrance of them) in best wishes for your health and prosperity, and that of your whole amiable fireside. You will allow an old friend of fourscore to say he *loves* your wife, when he adds, and children, and prays God to bless them all. Adieu! and believe me, ever, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Count de Buffon, Paris.

Philadelphia, Nov. 19, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I AM honoured by your letter desiring to know by what means I am relieved in a disorder with which you are also unfortunately afflicted. I have tried all the noted prescriptions for *diminishing* the stone, without perceiving any good effect. But observing temperance in eating, avoiding wine and cider, and using daily the dumb-bell, which exercises the upper part of the body, without much moving the parts in contact with the stone, I think I have prevented its *increase*. As the roughness of the stone lacerates a little the neck of the bladder, I find that, when the urine happens to be sharp, I have much pain in making water, and frequent urgencies. For relief under this circumstance, I take (going to bed) the bigness of a pigeon's egg of jelly of blackberries: the receipt for making it is inclosed. While I continue to do this every night, I am generally easy the day following, making water pretty freely, and with long intervals. I wish most sincerely that this simple remedy may have the same happy effect with you. Perhaps currant jelly, or the jelly of apples or of raspberries, may be equally serviceable; for I suspect the virtue of the jelly may lie principally in the boiled

sugar, which is in some degree candied by the boiling of the jelly. Wishing you, for your own sake, much more ease, and, for the sake of mankind, many more years, I remain, with the greatest esteem and respect, dear sir, your most obedient and affectionate servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to Dr. Rush.

Philadelphia, [without date, but supposed to be in 1789.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

DURING our long acquaintance, you have shown many instances of your regard for me; yet I must now desire you to add one more to the number, which is, that, if you publish your ingenious discourse on the *moral sense*, you will totally omit and suppress that most extravagant encomium on your friend Franklin, which hurt me exceedingly in the unexpected hearing, and will mortify me beyond conception if it should appear from the press. Confiding in your compliance with this earnest request, I am ever, my dear friend, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to David Hartley, Esq.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1789.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your favour of August last. Your kind condolences on the painful state of my health are very obliging. I am thankful to God, however that, among the numerous ill human life is subject to, one only of any importance is fallen to my lot;

and that so late as almost to insure that it can be but of short duration.

The convulsions in France are attended with some disagreeable circumstances; but, if by the struggle, she obtains and secures for the nation, its future liberty and a good constitution, a few years' enjoyment of those blessings will amply repair all the damages their acquisition may have occasioned. God grant, that not only the love of liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man, may pervade all the nations of the earth; so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface, and say, This is my country! Your wishes for a cordial and perpetual friendship between Britain and her ancient colonies are manifested continually in every one of your letters to me. Something of my disposition on the same subject may appear to you, in casting your eye over the inclosed paper. I do not by this opportunity send you any of our gazettes; because the postage from Liverpool would be more than they are worth. I can now only add my best wishes of every kind of felicity for the three amiable Hartleys, to whom I have the honour of being an affectionate friend and most obedient humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

—————
To —————

[Without date.] /

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion. For, without the belief of a Providence that

takes cognizance of, guards and guides, and may favour particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present, I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtle, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face. But, were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion—you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally—that is, to your religious education—for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For, among us, it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men,

should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be if *without it*! I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it, but subscribe simply yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

Lord Howe to Dr. Franklin.

Eagle, June the 20th, 1776.

I CANNOT, my worthy friend, permit the letters and parcels, which I have sent, (in the state I received them,) to be landed, without adding a word upon the subject of the injurious extremities in which our unhappy disputes have engaged us.

You will learn the nature of my mission from the official dispatches which I have recommended to be forwarded by the same conveyance. Retaining all the earnestness I ever expressed to see our differences accommodated, I shall conceive, if I meet with the disposition in the colonies which I was once taught to expect, the most flattering hopes of proving serviceable in the objects of the king's paternal solicitude, by promoting the establishment of lasting peace and union with the colonies. But, if the deep-rooted prejudices of America, and the necessity of preventing her trade from passing into foreign channels, must keep us still a divided people, I shall, from every private, as well as public motive, most heartily lament that this is not the

moment wherein those great objects of my ambition are to be attained, and that I am to be longer deprived of an opportunity to assure you, personally, of the regard with which I am your sincere and faithful humble servant,

HOWE.

P. S.—I was disappointed of the opportunity I expected for sending this letter at the time it was dated; and have ever since been prevented, by calms and contrary winds, from getting here to inform General Howe of the commission with which I have the satisfaction to be charged, and of his being joined in it.

Superscribed, HOWE.

*Off of Sandy Hook, }
12th of July. }*

Dr. Franklin to Lord Howe.

Philadelphia, July 30, 1776.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED, safe, the letters your lordship so kindly forwarded to me, and beg you to accept my thanks.

The official dispatches, to which you refer me, contain nothing more than what we had seen in the act of parliament, viz. "Offers of pardon upon submission," which I was sorry to find, as it must give your lordship pain to be sent so far on so hopeless a business.

Directing pardons to be offered to the colonies, who are the very parties injured, expresses, indeed, that opinion of our ignorance, baseness, and insensibility, which your uninformed and proud nation has long been pleased to entertain of us; but it

can have no other effect than that of increasing our resentments. It is impossible we should think of submission to a government that has, with the most wanton barbarity and cruelty, burned our defenceless towns in the midst of winter; excited the savages to massacre our (peaceful) farmers, and our slaves to murder their masters; and is even now bringing foreign mercenaries to deluge our settlements with blood. These atrocious injuries have extinguished every spark of affection for that parent country we once held so dear: but were it possible for *us* to forget and forgive them, it is not possible for *you* (I mean the British nation) to forgive the people you have so heavily injured; you can never confide again in those as fellow-subjects, and permit them to enjoy equal freedom, to whom you know you have given such just causes of lasting enmity; and this must impel you, were we again under your government, to endeavour the breaking our spirit by the severest tyranny, and obstructing, by every means in your power, our growing strength and prosperity.

But your lordship mentions "the king's paternal solicitude for promoting the establishment of lasting peace and union with the colonies." If, by *peace*, is here meant, a peace to be entered into by distinct states, now at war, and his majesty has given your lordship powers to treat with us of such a peace, I may venture to say, though without authority, that I think a treaty for that purpose not quite impracticable, before we enter into foreign alliances. But I am persuaded you have no such powers. Your nation though, by punishing those American governors who have fomented the discord, rebuilding our burnt towns, and repairing, as far as possible, the mischiefs done us, she might

recover a great share of our regard, and the greatest share of our growing commerce, with all the advantages of that additional strength to be derived from a friendship with us; yet I know too well her abounding pride and deficient wisdom, to believe she will ever take such salutary measures. Her fondness for conquest, as a warlike nation—her lust of dominion, as an ambitious one—and her thirst for a gainful monopoly, as a commercial one (none of them legitimate causes of war)—will join to hide from her eyes every view of her true interest, and continually goad her on in these ruinous, distant expeditions, so destructive both of lives and of treasure, that they must prove as pernicious to her, in the end, as the Croisades formerly were to most of the nations of Europe.

I have not the vanity, my lord, to think of intimidating, by thus predicting the effects of this war, for I know it will in England have the fate of all my former predictions—not to be believed till the event shall verify it.

Long did I endeavour, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble porcelain vase—the British empire; for I knew that, being once broken, the separate parts could not retain even their *share* of the strength and value that existed in the whole; and that a perfect *reunion* of those parts could scarce ever be hoped for. Your lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wetted my cheek when, at your good sister's in London, you once gave me expectations that a reconciliation would soon take place. I had the misfortune to find these expectations disappointed, and to be treated as the cause of the mischief I was labouring to prevent. My consolation, under that groundless and malevolent

treatment, was, that I retained the friendship of many wise and good men in that country; and, among the rest, some share in the regard of Lord Howe.

The well-founded esteem, and, permit me to say, affection, which I shall always have for your lordship, make it painful to me to see you engaged in conducting a war, the great ground of which (as described in your letter) is "the necessity of preventing the American *trade* from passing into foreign channels." To me, it seems that neither the obtaining nor retaining any trade, how valuable soever, is an object for which men may justly spill each other's blood; that the true and sure means of extending and securing commerce are the goodness and cheapness of commodities; and that the profits of no trade can ever be equal to the expense of compelling it, and holding it by fleets and armies. I consider this war against us, therefore, as both unjust and unwise; and I am persuaded that cool and dispassionate posterity will condemn to infamy those who advised it; and that even success will not save from some degree of dishonour those who have voluntarily engaged to conduct it.

I know your great motive in coming hither was the hope of being instrumental in a reconciliation; and I believe, when you find that to be impossible on any terms given you to propose, you will then relinquish so odious a command, and return to a more honourable private station.

With the greatest and most sincere respect, I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin's Letter respecting Captain Cook.

To all Captains and Commanders of armed ships, acting by commission from the Congress of the United States of America, now in war with Great Britain.

GENTLEMEN,

A SHIP having been fitted out from England, before the commencement of this war, to make discoveries of new countries in unknown seas, under the conduct of that most celebrated navigator, Captain Cook—an undertaking truly laudable in itself, as the increase of geographical knowledge facilitates the communication between distant nations, in the exchange of useful products and manufactures, and the extension of arts, whereby the common enjoyments of life are multiplied and augmented, and science of other kinds increased, to the benefit of mankind in general: This is therefore most earnestly to recommend to every one of you, that in case the said ship, which is now expected to be soon in the European seas, on her return, should happen to fall into your hands, you would not consider her as an enemy, nor suffer any plunder to be made of the effects contained in her, nor obstruct her immediate return to England by detaining her, or sending her into any other part of Europe or America; but that you would treat the said Captain Cook and his people with all civility and kindness, affording them, as common friends to mankind, all the assistance in your power, which they may happen to stand in need of. In so doing, you will not only gratify the generosity of your own dispositions, but there is no doubt of your obtaining the approbation of the Congress, and your own American owners.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient, &c.

B. FRANKLIN,

Minister Plenipotentiary from the Congress of the United States to the Court of France.

*At Passy, near Paris,
this 10th day of March, 1779.* }

Dr. Franklin to George Whatley, Esq., Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, London.

Passy, near Paris, Aug. 21, 1784.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of May 3, 1783. I am ashamed that it has been so long unanswered. The indolence of old age, frequent indisposition, and too much business, are my only excuses. I had great pleasure in reading it, as it informed me of your welfare.

Your excellent little work, "The Principles of Trade," is too little known. I wish you would send me a copy of it by the bearer, my grandson and secretary, whom I beg leave to recommend to your civilities. I would get it translated and printed here; and, if your bookseller has any quantity of them left, I should be glad he would send them to America. The ideas of our people there, though rather better than those that prevail in Europe, are not so good as they should be: and that piece might be of service among them.

Since, and soon after the date of your letter, we lost, unaccountably, as well as unfortunately, that worthy, valuable young man you mention, your namesake Maddeson. He was infinitely regretted by all that knew him.

I am sorry your favourite charity does not go

on as you could wish it. It is shrunk, indeed, by your admitting only sixty children in a year. What you have told your brethren respecting America is true. If you find it difficult to dispose of your children in England, it looks as if you had too many people. And yet you are afraid of emigration. A subscription is lately set on foot here to encourage and assist mothers in nursing their infants themselves at home; the practice of sending them to the *Enfans Trouves* having risen here to a monstrous excess, as by the annual bills it appears they amount to near one third of the children born in Paris. This subscription is likely to succeed, and may do a great deal of good, though it cannot answer all the purposes of a foundling hospital.

Your eyes must continue very good, since you are able to write so small a hand without spectacles. I cannot distinguish a letter, even of large print; but am happy in the invention of double spectacles, which, serving for distant objects as well as near ones, make my eyes as useful to me as ever they were. If all the other defects and infirmities of old age could be as easily and cheaply remedied, it would be worth while, my friend, to live a good deal longer. But I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitutions as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning,—Adieu; and believe me, ever, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin to George Whatley, Esq.

Passy, May 19, 1785.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I RECEIVED the very good letter you sent me by my grandson, together with your resemblance, which is placed in my chamber, and gives me great pleasure. There is no trade, they say, without returns; and therefore I am punctual in making those you have ordered. I intended this should have been a long epistle; but I am interrupted, and can only add, that I am, ever, yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

My grandson presents his most affectionate respects.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, April 20, 1784.

BELIEVE me, good doctor, I find myself uneasy at reading your short letter of the eighth of April, before I had answered yours of the eleventh of March. I have several times taken a pen in my hand to do it, and I have been prevented by dispatching less pleasing business first; and so my time was spent before I came to that which I intended to perform before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass as I would choose. Sense has been long enough gratified; indeed so long, that I know not how to live by faith: yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living Fountain whence all comfort flows. I am undone, irrecoverably so as to my temporal

desires and concerns. Time runs on; and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable from my circumstances: but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition. But the same merciful Hand which has held me up from sinking in extreme calamities, will, I verily believe, do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor, by discontent, add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows. You observe, I doubt not, that I let my pen run too eagerly upon this subject: indeed it is very hard for me to restrain it; especially when I am writing to those who pity my distress, and would afford me relief any way in their power. I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to induce you to continue the course you have begun with me, by setting before me plainly my duty of every kind.

I entertain some thoughts of going for a few days to that now desolate Stratton, where I must expect new and sorrowful reflections at the first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: but I must pass no more such days on earth. However, places are indeed nothing: where can I dwell that this figure is not present to me? Nor would I have it otherwise: so I resolve that shall be no bar to the acquitting of any obligation upon me. The immediate one, is the settling, and indeed the giving up of the trust which my dear lord had from my sister. Fain would I see that performed, as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire, I will, by God's permission, infallibly go, but not to stay more than two or three

weeks: my children will remain here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance; therefore I shall hasten back to them.

I take, if I do go, my sister Margaret; and I believe lady Shaftsbury will meet me at Stratton. This I choose, as thinking that persons being there, to whom I must observe some rules, I shall be induced to restrain myself, and to keep in better bounds my wild and sad thoughts.—Blessed be the good prayers of others for me; they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation.

I am most cordially, good doctor,
Your ever mournful,
But ever faithful friend,
RACHEL RUSSEL.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woburns Abbey, Oct. 11, 1785.

Now I know where to find you, good doctor, (which I do by your letters written at my cousin Spencer's) you will be sure to hear from me, who am not ashamed to be on the receiving hand with you. What am I that I should say, why is it not otherwise? No, I do not; nor do I grudge or envy you the pious and ingenuous pleasure you have in it. My part in this world is of another nature. I thank you, sir, (God must give you the recompense,) you instruct me admirably how to overcome, and to make the application from Rev. iii. 12. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart in the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations which he sees best. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the

end? But who can praise his goodness more than wretched I, that he has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments! The stroke was of the fiercest kind surely: but had I not then a reasonable ground to hope, that he whom I loved as I did my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows, that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? How were my sinking spirits supported by the compassion of excellent and wise Christians, who, without ceasing, admonished me of my duty, instructed, reproved, and comforted me! You know, doctor, I was not destitute; and I must acknowledge that many, like yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together of my scattered spirits, and to the subjecting of them to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity. And further, God has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, given them hopeful understandings, and very tractable and sweet dispositions; has spared my life, in usefulness, I trust, to them; and, as I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I scarcely ever knew. This calls for praises, in which my dead heart is not exercised; but I bewail my infirmity. He who took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows my weakness, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

I know not if you have heard that some unlooked-for accidents in my family have hurried me into new trouble. A young lady, whom my uncle Ruvigny brought with him, falling ill of the small-pox, I removed my children to Bedford-house, then

followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would have it so: thence I brought my little tribe down to Woborne; and when I heard how fatal the young lady's distemper was, I returned to Bedford-house, to take my last leave of as kind a relation, and as zealous and tender a friend, as ever any body had. To my uncle and aunt, the death of their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself it was the contrary: she died, as she had lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong: she comforted her comforters; edified all about her; and magnified the goodness of God, that she died in a country, where she could, in peace, give up her soul to HIM who made it. What a glorious thing, doctor, it is to live and die as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in the seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in piety or worldly prudence; yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look them over. I keep them together; and I will send them to you.

I am,

Your much obliged servant,

RACHEL RUSSEL.

Lady Russel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

Woborne Abbey, Nov. 27, 1785.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from a desire to promote my welfare, so do I in receiving them as testimonies of your regard for me, both in my worldly and my spiritual concerns; and I need not waste my time

nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. You say things sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned, or rather tainted, with being so much where compliment or praise is best learned: but I conclude, that what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so; and I endeavour to have a true not a false title to the least virtue which you are disposed to attribute to me.

If I could contemplate the conduct of Providence in the manner you do, it would give me ease indeed, and no disastrous events would much affect me. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity. Doubtless he is at rest; though I find none without him, for he was a true partner in my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity. I was too rich in possessions, whilst I possessed my dear lord. From the enticing delights of the world I can now be better weaned. All relish for them is gone: I bless God for it: and I pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually that either his glory, justice, or power, is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day behold with ravishing delight. In the mean time, I endeavour to suppress all the wild imaginations which a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and to say with the man in the Gospel, 'I believe; help thou my unbelief!'

I expect it will be near Christmas before my

lord Bedford removes for the winter; but I have not yet discoursed with him about it, nor how long he desires our company. So that whether I shall come before him, or with him, I know not. He shall please himself: for I have no will in these matters; nor can I like one thing or way better than another, if the convenience and advantage are alike to the young creatures, in whose service, and for whose good, I shall use all the diligence that is in my power.

I am, sir,

Your obliged friend,

RACHEL RUSSEL.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

April 30, 1705.

I CANNOT contend with you: therefore, give me leave at once to waive all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that paragraph or two in which you make me so warm an offer of your friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholesome advices and free sentiments, which might make me wiser and happier. I know it is the general opinion, that friendship is best contracted betwixt persons of equal age; but I have so much interest to be of another mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in opposition to that opinion.

In the first place, it is observable, that the love we bear to our friends, is generally caused by our

finding the same dispositions in them, which we feel in ourselves. This is only self-love at the bottom: but the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be so, the inclinations of such being commonly various. The friendship of two young men is often occasioned by love of pleasure, each being desirous for his own sake of one to assist or encourage him in the course he pursues; as that of two old men is frequently on the score of some profit, lucre, or design upon others. Now, as a young man, who is less acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability less of interest; and an old man, who may be weary of himself, has, or should have, less of self-love: so the friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much self-regard. One may add to this, that such a friendship is of greater use and advantage to both: for the old man will probably become agreeable to please the young one, and the young man more discreet and prudent by the help of the old one; so it may prove a cure of those epidemical diseases of age and youth, sourness and madness. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the possibility of this: one alone abundantly satisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that young as I am, and old as you are, I am

Your entirely affectionate, &c.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Mr. Pope to Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steel.

July 15, 1712.

DEAR SIR,

You formerly observed to me, that nothing makes a more ridiculous figure in a man's life,

than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the alternate weakness of his mind, and of his body. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views; and I hope, I have received some advantage by it. If what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;

then surely sickness, contributing not less than old age to shake down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age. It teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life, in a gentler and smoother manner than age. It is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon its bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me. It has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures.

When a smart fit of sickness tells me that this

poor tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, I think it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of so trivial an animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green; the world will proceed in its old course; people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. 'The memory of man' (as it is elegantly expressed in the book of wisdom) 'passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day.' There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make a young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men; and an unspotted life is old age.—He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.'

I am your, &c.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Mr. Pope to the Honourable ———.

July 13, 1714.

I CAN not tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reason you pass it in silence. I there launched into some account of my temporal affairs; and I intend now to give you some hints of my spiritual. The conclusion of your letter, in which you tell me you prayed for me, drawing this upon me. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed, I have, for some years past, looked upon all of them as no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here; and, even in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the summit of your desires that way, those who envy you, will do you harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. And at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself: and that the same or less industry might have gained you a friendship, that can never deceive or end; a satisfaction, which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel; and a glory, which though, in one respect like fame, not to be had till after death, yet shall be felt and enjoyed to

eternity. These, dear sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads, deserve not the name of thoughts; they are only stronger dreams of impressions upon the imaginations. Our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images, and airy prospects, which arise to us so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The same thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry; long habit and weariness of the same track. I should be sorry and ashamed, to go on jingling to the last step, like a wagoner's horse, in the same road; and so leave my bells to the next silly animal that will be proud of them. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of Reason, who is measuring syllable and coupling rhymes, when he should be mending his own soul, and securing his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I should be unworthy even of these small and limited parts which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendship of such a man as you.

I am your, &c.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, to Mr. Pope.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I HAD much ado to get hither last night, the water being so rough that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The first thing I saw this morning, after my eyes were open, was your letter; for

the freedom and kindness of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aside between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things in my power, as one who truly values you, and wishes you all manner of happiness. I thank you and your mother for my kind reception; which has left a pleasing impression upon me, that will not soon be effaced.

Lord —— has pressed me to see him at ——; and told me in a manner betwixt kindness and resentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twickenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it: and I must expect that ill health will render a good share of it useless; and, therefore, what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cherished, and not thrown away in compliment. You know the motto of my sun-dial; 'Vivite, ait, fugio.' I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unnecessary avocations and amusements. There are those who intended to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: if they persist in their intentions, I must apply myself, as well as I can, to the work which they cut out for me. But that shall not hinder me from employing myself also in a way which they do not like; that at last they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myself, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for this is the point, the single point I now aim at; though I know, the generality of the world, who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverse of this character belongs to me. I do not know how I have rambled into this account of myself: when I sat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been sure, without my telling you, that my right hand is at ease, else I should not have overflowed at this rate: and yet I have not done; for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I understood, because it seems to tend towards employing me in something that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourself, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earnest on such an occasion than I; for I love you, as well as esteem you.

All the while I have been writing, pain, and a fine thrush, have been severally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor should I yet part with you, only that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me resolve to break through a new temptation, before it has taken too fast hold of me. I am, &c.

ATTERBURY.

John Dryden to the Right Hon. Charles Montagu.

October, 1699.

SIR,

THESE verses* had waited on you with the former, but that they wanted that correction which I have given them, that they may the better endure the sight of so great a judge and poet. I am now in fear that I have purged them out of their spirit; as our master Busby used to whip a boy so long, till he made him a confirmed blockhead. My cousin Dryden saw them in the country; and the greatest exception he made to them was, a satire

*The Epistle to his cousin, John Dryden, Esq. of Chesterton.

against the Dutch valour in the last war. He desired me to omit it (to use his own words) "out of the respect he had to his sovereign." I obeyed his commands, and left only the praises, which I think are due to the gallantry of my own countrymen. In the description which I have made of a parliament man, I think I have not only drawn the features of my worthy kinsman, but have also given my opinion of what an Englishman in parliament ought to be; and deliver it as a memorial of my own principles to all posterity. I have consulted the judgment of my unbiassed friends, who have some of them the honour to be known to you; and they think there is nothing which can justly give offence in that part of the poem. I say not this to cast a blind on your judgment, (which I could not do, if I endeavoured it,) but to assure you, that nothing relating to the public shall stand without your permission: for it were to want common sense to desire your patronage, and resolve to disoblige you: and as I will not hazard my hopes of your protection, by refusing to obey you in anything I can perform with my conscience and my honour, so I am very confident you will never impose any other terms on me.—My thoughts at present are fixed on Homer; and by my translation of the first Iliad, I find him a poet more according to my genius than Virgil, and consequently hope I may do him more justice, in his fiery way of writing; which, as it is liable to more faults, so it is capable of more beauties than the exactness and sobriety of Virgil. Since 'tis for my country's honour as well as for my own, that I undertake this task, I despair not of being encouraged in it by your favour, who am, sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

William Congreve to Mr. Porter

August 21.

SIR,

I AM forced to borrow lady's paper, but I think it will contain all that I can well tell you from this place, which is so much out of the world, that nothing but the last great news could have reached it. I have a little tried what solitude and retirement can afford, which are here in perfection. I am now writing to you from before a black mountain nodding over me, and a whole river in cascade falling so near me, that even I can distinctly see it. I can only tell you of the situation I am in; which would be better expressed by Mr. Grace, if he were here. I hope all our friends are well, both at Salisbury and Windsor, where I suppose you spent the last week. Pray, whenever you write to them, give them my humble service. I think to go the next week to Mansfield race alone. I am told I shall see all the country. If I see any of your acquaintance, I will do you right to them. I hope Mr. Longueville's picture has been well finished.

I am, dear sir,

Your most humble servant,

WILL. CONGREGVE.

Ilam, near Ashbourn, in Derbyshire,
between six and seven in the morning.
Birds singing jolly; breezes whistling, &c.

James Thomson to Mr. Lyttelton.

London, July 14, 1743.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD the pleasure of yours some posts ago, and have delayed answering it hitherto, that I might be able to determine when I could have the happiness of waiting upon you.

Hagley is the place in England I most desire to see; I imagine it to be greatly delightful in itself, and I know it to be so in the highest degree by the company it is animated with. Some reasons prevent my waiting upon you immediately; but if you will be so good as to let me know how long you design to stay in the country, nothing shall hinder me from passing three weeks or a month with you before you leave it.

As this will fall in autumn, I shall like it the better; for I think that season of the year the most pleasing, and the most poetical; the spirits are not then dissipated with the gaiety of spring, and the glaring light of summer, but composed into a serious and tempered joy.

The year is perfect. In the mean time I will go on with correcting the Seasons, and hope to carry down more than one of them with me.

The Muses, whom you obligingly say I shall bring along with me, I shall find with you: the muses of the great simple country, not the little fine-lady muses of Richmond-hill. I have lived so long in the noise, or at least the distant din of the town, that I begin to forget what retirement is, with you I shall enjoy it in its highest elegance and purest simplicity.

The mind will not only be soothed into peace,

but enlivened into harmony. My compliments attend all at Hagley, and particularly her (*Lady Lyttelton*) who gives it charms to you it never had before. Believe me to be ever with the greatest respect, most affectionately yours,

JAMES THOMSON.

Miss Talbot to the Hon. Miss Campbell.

Sept. 17, 1736.

O MIRTH! where is thy joy? O Pleasure! how far art thou removed from real happiness! 'T is after three hours' experience that I make this reflection. So long have I been laughing immoderately in the midst of a gay crowd; and the moment I quitted it, these sober thoughts came rushing upon my mind with so much violence, that I could not help sitting down to give you an account of them; especially as I knew it would suit your present philosophical state of mind, and might, perhaps, help to make my peace for all I said yesterday in the gaiety of my heart, and much against my conscience. Yes, indeed, my dear Miss Campbell, 't is now my turn to *lever le masque*; when I have done so, I must assure you that I do really believe there is more true and unmixed satisfaction in the company of a few friends, or a few well chosen books. These are what I must place next to friends, those silent and faithful friends, who brighten our most gloomy moments, and to whom we cannot even then be disagreeable. Then walks and woods, and quiet and early hours, quiet sleep, healthy looks, high spirits, cheerful mirth, (and that is a very uncommon thing, I assure you,) then a great deal of leisure for improvement, and a great deal of good

inclination to make use of it. "O care salve beate!" There is no real happiness in any other way of life. This is truly living; everything else is only giggling and sighing away a short disagreeable time.—Here is a wonderful inundation of wisdom; and yet I do not quite renounce all happiness anywhere else. For instance, last night I enjoyed a great deal, that was very sincere, in seeing our long wished for traveller safely arrived. Here is my lady duchess come to sup here, and the bishop of Bristol telling her that she is very perverse. Apocops, she is very much obliged to Lady Mary for a very pretty letter; but as she writes to ——— to-night, will at present thank her no otherwise than by bidding me say this; 't is from her I send the inclosed. She met two young gentlemen in Sandy Lane, and overheard the speech. I am in haste, and your obliged

C. TALBOT.

Dr. Smollett to an American Gentleman.

London, May 8, 1763.

Sir,

I AM favoured with yours of the 26th of February, and can not but be pleased to find myself, as a writer, so high in your esteem. The curiosity you express with regard to the particulars of my life, and the variety of situations in which I may have been, cannot be gratified within the compass of a letter; besides, there are some particulars of my life which it would ill become me to relate. The only similitude between the circumstances of my own fortune, and those I have attributed to Roderick Random, consists in my being born of a respectable family in Scotland; in my being bred

a surgeon, and having served as a surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war during the expedition to Carthage. The low situations in which I have exhibited Roderick I never experienced in my own person. I married, very young, a native of Jamaica, a young lady well known and universally respected under the name of Miss Nancy Lascelles, and by her I enjoy a comfortable, though moderate estate in that island. I practised surgery in London, after having improved myself by travelling in France and other foreign countries, till the year 1749, when I took my degree of doctor in medicine, and have lived ever since in Chelsea (I hope) with credit and reputation. No man knows better than Mr. — what time I employed in writing the four first volumes of the History of England; and, indeed, the short period in which that work was finished appears almost incredible to myself, when I recollect that I turned over and consulted above three hundred volumes in the course of my labour. Mr. — likewise knows that I spent the greatest part of a year in revising, correcting, and improving the quarto edition which is now going to the press, and will be continued in the same size to the last piece. Whatever reputation I may have got by this work, has been dearly bought by the loss of health, which I am of opinion I shall never retrieve. I am going to the south of France, in order to try the effects of that climate, and very probably I shall never return. I am much obliged to you for the hope you express that I have obtained some provision from his majesty; but the truth is, I have neither pension nor place, nor am I of that disposition which can stoop to solicit either. I have always piqued myself upon my independency, and I trust in God I shall preserve

it till my dying day. Exclusive of some small detached performances that have been published occasionally in papers and magazines, the following is a genuine list of my productions:—Roderick Random; the Regicide, a tragedy; a translation of Gil Blas; a translation of Don Quixote; an Essay upon the external Use of Water; Peregrine Pickle; Ferdinand Count Fathom; a great part of the Critical Review; a small part of the Compendium of Voyages; the Complete History of England, and Continuation; a small part of the Modern Universal History; some pieces of the British Magazine, comprehending the whole of Sir Launcelot Greaves; a small part of the translation of Voltaire's Works, including all the Notes, Historical and Critical, to be found in that translation. I am much mortified to find it is believed in America that I have lent my name to booksellers; that is a species of prostitution of which I am altogether incapable. I had engaged with Mr. —, and had made some progress in a work exhibiting the present state of the world, which work I shall finish if I recover my health. If you should see Mr. —, please give my kindest compliments to him; tell him I wish him all manner of happiness, though I have little to expect for my own share, having lost my only child, a fine girl of fifteen, whose death has overwhelmed myself and my wife with unutterable sorrow.

I have now complied with your request, and beg, in my turn, you will commend me to all my friends in America. I have endeavoured, more than once, to do the colonies some service. I am, sir, &c.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. Wm. Unwin.

Feb. 6, 1781.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MUCH good may your humanity do you, as it does so much good to others. You can nowhere find objects more entitled to your pity than where your pity seeks them. A man whose vices and irregularities have brought his liberty and life into danger, will always be viewed with an eye of compassion by those who understand what human nature is made of. And while we acknowledge the severity of the law to be founded upon principles of necessity and justice, and are glad that there is such a barrier provided for the peace of society, if we consider that the difference between ourselves and the culprit is not of our own making, we shall be, as you are, tenderly affected with the view of his misery, and not the less so because he has brought it upon himself. I look upon the worst man in Chelmsford gaol with a more favourable eye than upon —, who claims a servant's wages from one who never was his master.

I give you joy of your own hair. No doubt you are a considerable gainer in your appearance by being disperiwigged. The best wig is that which most resembles the natural hair; why then should he that has hair enough of his own have recourse to imitation? I have little doubt, but that if an arm or a leg could have been taken off with as little pain as attends the amputation of a curl or a lock of hair, the natural limb would have been thought less becoming, or less convenient, by some men, than a wooden one, and been disposed of accordingly. Yours ever,

WILLIAM COWPER.

William Cowper, Esq. to the Rev. John Newton.

August 16, 1781.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MIGHT date my letter from the green-house, which we have converted into a summer parlour. The walls hung with garden mats, and the floor covered with a carpet, the sun too in a great manner excluded, by an awning of mats, which forbids him to shine anywhere except upon the carpet, it affords us by far the pleasantest retreat in Olney. We eat, drink, and sleep, where we always did; but here we spend all the rest of our time, and find that the sound of the wind in the trees, and the singing of birds, are much more agreeable to our ears than the incessant barking of dogs and screaming of children. It is an observation that naturally occurs upon the occasion, and which many other occasions furnish an opportunity to make, that people long for what they have not, and overlook the good in their possession. This is so true in the present instance, that for years past I should have thought myself happy to enjoy a retirement even less flattering to my natural taste than this in which I am now writing; and have often looked wistfully at a snug cottage, which on account of its situation at a distance from noise and disagreeable objects, seemed to promise me all I could wish or expect, so far as happiness may be said to be local; never once adverting to this comfortable nook, which affords me all that could be found in the most sequestered hermitage, with the advantage of having all those accommodations near at hand which no hermitage could possibly afford me.—People imagine they should be happy in circumstances, which they would find insup-

portably burthensome in less than a week. A man that has been clothed in fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, envies the peasant under a thatched hovel; who, in return, envies him as much his palace and his pleasure-ground. Could they change situations, the fine gentleman would find his ceilings were too low, and that his casements admitted too much wind; and that he had no cellar for his wine, and no wine to put in his cellar. These, with a thousand other mortifying deficiencies, would shatter his romantic project into innumerable fragments in a moment. The clown, at the same time, would find the accession of so much unwieldy treasure an incumbrance quite incompatible with an hour's ease. His choice would be puzzled by variety. He would drink to excess, because he would foresee no end of his abundance; and he would eat himself sick for the same reason. He would have no idea of any other happiness than sensual gratification; would make himself a beast, and die of his good fortune. The rich gentleman had, perhaps, or might have had, if he pleased, at the shortest notice, just such a recess as this; but if he had it, he overlooked it, or, if he had it not, forgot that he might command it whenever he would. The rustic, too, was actually in possession of some blessings, which he was a fool to relinquish, but which he could neither see nor feel, because he had the daily and constant use of them; such as good health, bodily strength, a head and a heart that never ached, and temperance, to the practice of which he was bound by necessity, that, humanly speaking, was a pledge and a security for the continuance of them all.

Thus I have sent you a schoolboy's theme. When I write to you, I do not write without think-

ing, but always without premeditation: the consequence is, that such thoughts as pass through my head when I am not writing, make the subject of my letters to you.

Johnson sent me lately a sort of apology for his printer's negligence, with his promise of greater diligence for the future. There was need enough of both. I have received but one sheet since you left us. Still, indeed, I see that there is time enough before us: but I see likewise that no length of time can be sufficient for the accomplishment of a work that does not go forward. I know not yet whether he will add *Conversation* to those poems already in his hands, nor do I care much. No man ever wrote such quantities of verse, as I have written this last year, with so much indifference about the event, or rather, with so little ambition of public praise. My pieces are such as may possibly be made useful. The more they are approved, the more likely they are to spread, and consequently the more likely to attain the end of usefulness: which, as I said once before, except my present amusement, is the only end I propose. And even in the pursuit of this purpose, commendable as it is in itself, I have not the spur I should once have had;—my labour must go unrewarded, and as Mr. R—— once said, I am raising a scaffold before a house that others are to live in, and not I.

I have left myself no room for politics, which I thought, when I began, would have been my principal theme. Yours, my dear sir,

W. C.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Right Hon. W. Pitt.

November 19, 1759.

SIR,

ON my coming to town I did myself the honour of waiting on you and Lady Hester Pitt, and though I think myself extremely distinguished by your obliging note, I should be sorry to have given you the trouble of writing it, if it did not lend me a very pardonable opportunity of saying what I much wished to express, but thought myself too private a person, and of too little consequence, to take the liberty to say. In short, sir, I was eager to congratulate you on the lustre you have thrown on this country; I wished to thank you for the security you have fixed to me of enjoying the happiness I do enjoy. You have placed England in a situation in which it never saw itself,—a task the more difficult, as you had not to improve but to recover. In a trifling book, written two or three years ago, I said (speaking of the name in the world the most venerable to me,) “sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years, since his removal, have already written his eulogium.” It is but justice to you, sir, to add, that that period ended when your administration began. Sir, don’t take this for flattery; there is nothing in your power to give that I would accept,—nay, there is nothing I could envy, but what I believe you would scarce offer me—your glory. This may sound very vain and insolent, but consider, sir, what a monarch is a man who wants nothing; consider how he looks down on one who is only the most illustrious man in Britain. But, sir, freedoms apart, insignificant as I am, probably it must be some satisfaction to a great mind like yours, to receive incense when

you are sure there is no flattery blended with it : and what must any Englishman be that could give you a minute's satisfaction, and would hesitate !

Adieu, sir,—I am unambitious, I am disinterested—but I am vain. You have by your notice, uncanvassed, unexpected, and at the period when you certainly could have the least temptation to stoop down to me, flattered me in the most agreeable manner. If there could arrive a moment, when you could be nobody, and I anybody, you cannot imagine how grateful I would be. In the mean time permit me to be, as I have been ever since I had the honour of knowing you, sir, your obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

The Hon. H. Walpole to the Rev. W. Cole.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1772.

MR. MASON has shown me the relics of poor Mr. Gray. I am sadly disappointed at finding them so very inconsiderable. He always persisted, when I inquired about his writing, that he had nothing by him. I own I doubted. I am grieved he was so very near exact. Since given to the world for twelve guineas ! Gray valued them as "nothing," and Mason would not publish even a scrap. I speak of my own satisfaction. As to his genius, what he published during his life will establish his fame as long as our language lasts, and there is a man of genius left. There is a silly fellow, I do not know who, that has published a volume of letters on the English nation, with characters of our modern authors. He has talked such nonsense of Mr. Gray, that I have no patience with the compliments he has paid me. He must have an excellent

taste! and gives me a woful opinion of my own trifles, when he likes them, and cannot see the beauties of a poet that ought to be ranked in the first line. I am more humbled by any applause in the present age, then by hosts of such critics as Dr. Milles. Is not Garrick reckoned a tolerable author, though he has proved how little sense is necessary to form a great actor! His *Cymon*, his prologues and epilogues, and forty such pieces of trash, are below mediocrity, and yet delight the mob in the boxes, as well as in the footman's gallery. I do not mention the things written in his praise, because he writes most of them himself. But you know any one popular merit can confer all merit. Two women talking of Wilkes, one said he squinted; the other replied, "Well, if he does, it is not more than a man should squint." For my part, I can see extremely well how Garrick acts, without thinking him six feet high. It is said that Shakspeare was a bad actor. Why do not his divine plays make our wise judges conclude that he was a good one? They have not a proof of the contrary, as they have in Garrick's works—but what is it to you or me what he is? We may see him act with pleasure, and nothing obliges us to read his writings. Adieu, dear sir, yours most truly,

H. W.

Mr. Garrick to Miss H. More.

MY DEAR NINE,

WE have been upon the ramble for near three weeks, and your ode did not reach me till Monday last. Good, and very good—partial, and very par-

tial. Mrs. Garrick (who sends her best wishes) and her lord and master set out for Bath the beginning of next month. Though my doctors have extorted a vow from me that I shall neither dine out nor give dinners while I stay at Bath, yet I had a mental reservation with regard to Bristol. However, if I continue sick and peevish, I had better keep my ill-humours at home, and for my wife alone. She is bound to them, and so reconciled to them by long use, that she can go to sleep in the midst of a good scolding, as a good sailor can while the guns are firing.

Mrs. Garrick is studying your two acts. We shall bring them with us, and she will criticize you to the bone. A German commentator (Montaigne says) will suck an author dry. She is resolved to dry you up to a slender shape, and has all her wits at work upon you.

I am really tired—my thumb is guilty, but my heart is free. I could write till midnight, but if I don't finish directly, I shall be obliged, from pain, to stop short at what I have most pleasure in declaring, that I am, please your Nineship, most truly yours,

D. GARRICK.

Have you kindly excused me to Dr. Stonehouse? My friend Walker intends trying his lecturing acumen upon you very soon. Why should not I come one day, and kill two birds with one stone?

The same to the same.

Adelpht, Oct. 17, 1777.

Shame! shame! shame!

You may well say so, my dear madam; but indeed I have been so disagreeably entertained with

the gout running all about me, from head to heel, that I have been unfit for the duties of friendship, and very often for those which a good husband, and a good friend, should never fail performing. I must gallop over this small piece of paper : it was the first I snatched up, to tell you that my wife has your letter, and thinks it a fine one and a sweet one.

I was at court to-day, and such work they made with me, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Page of the Back Stairs, that I have been suffocated with compliments. We have wanted you at some of our private hours. Where's the Nine? we want the Nine! Silent was every muse.

Cambridge said yesterday, in a large company at the Bishop of Durham's, where I dined, that your ode to my house-dog was a very witty production; and he thought there was nothing to be altered or amended except in the last stanza, which he thought the only weak one. I am afraid that you asked me to do something for you about the parliament, which, in my multitude of matters, was overlooked; pray, if it is of consequence, let me know it again, and you may be assured of the intelligence you want.

The last new tragedy, "*Semiramis*," has, though a bare translation, met with great success. The prologue is a bad one, as you may read in the papers by the author; the epilogue is grave, but a sweet pretty elegant morsel, by Mr. Sheridan; it had deservedly great success. Mr. Mason's *Caractacus* is not crowded, but the men of taste, and classical men, admire it much. Mrs. Garrick sends a large parcel of love to you all. I send mine in the same bundle. Pray write soon, and forgive me all my delinquencies. I really have not time to

read over my scrawl, so pray decipher her, and excuse me,

Ever yours, most affectionately,
D. GARRICK.

Mr. Mackenzie to Miss H. More.

Edinburgh, Oct. 12, 1778.

MADAM,

I DON'T know whether I am entitled to continue our correspondence—it is certain I am unwilling to lose it; and I should have much sooner answered yours of a date so distant as the 18th of July, had I not, ever since the receipt of it, been wandering over the Highlands of Scotland, my ideas as unsettled as my residence. When I returned home, I found a good deal of business in arrear; your letter was among other papers. We generally find time soonest to do what we like to do, so I take the earliest opportunity of making a return to it.

We are perfectly agreed about the *pleasure of the pains* of sensibility; I may therefore say, without trespassing against the accuracy of a compliment, that I am proud of having had it in my power to confer that pleasure on you; but you are less in my debt than you imagine; though a man, and a man of business, I too can shed tears and feel the luxury of shedding them; your *Percy* has cleared scores between us in that respect.

I will not say to yourself what I think of that tragedy. Before I knew anything of its author but the name, I could not resist the desire I felt of giving my warmest suffrage in its favour, to somebody who had an interest in it; so, for want of a nearer relation, I communicated my sentiments to

Mr. Cadell. Perhaps, however, either from his knowledge of your modesty, or of the insignificance of my opinion, he never informed you of my thoughts of it. They were indeed of no importance; but the public judged as I did, and made amends for their applause of some other plays, by that which they bestowed on Percy.

Do write again, that they may once more be in the right, and (since you wish to break my heart) that I may have another opportunity of fooling at a tragedy. To some late ones I can just reverse the answer given to Romeo—"Good Coz, I had rather weep." I will also take comfort, and hope, at some future period, to have the pleasure of paying you my respects at Bristol, though at present I have no prospect of being again in that quarter. I shall not be in the neighbourhood a second time without availing myself of your very obliging invitation.

I beg my best compliments to the Misses Erskine when you see them. I wish them to know the remembrance I entertain of the civilities I received from them at Bath.

I am, madam,

With much respect and regard,

Your most obedient servant,

HENRY MACKENZIE.

Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

1784.

MACBETH has murdered sleep, and Pitt has murdered scribbling! What becomes of the damsels with ah's! and oh's! who tell some dear Miss Willis all their woes! And what becomes of me when

after many delays, I find leisure to scribble to my dear friend at Bristol any nonsense *qui plait à ma plume*? Why, she will generously tell me that she has postage in her pocket, but we have been used to franks, and besides the post is bewitched, and charges nobody knows what for letters; two shillings and ninepence, I think, Mrs. Leveson says she paid for a letter free, Falmouth, but no date of the day. Now he seems to have got his lesson, and remembers it. The duke is gone to Badminton, with sons of all sizes, and Dr. Penny *le fidel Achate*, so that I am left *chargée d'affair*; I am so happy with my two daughters, that I do by no means find out that London is unpleasant in September; indeed, sometimes I rise with the lark, and run down to breakfast at Glanvilla, where I must own that Mrs. Keeble gives me better cream and butter, raspberries, and fruit of all sorts, than I find here. I walk and sit in my garden, get an early dinner, and repair at sunset to the working party (not a bit like a lying-in-room, but with sashes open) in Grosvenor-square. Yesterday we saw there, and the duchess saw it, just as well as if we had been at Moorfields, the great balloon which had so many thousand spectators, that I assure you they were as little to be imagined as counted. Where all came from that I saw running, walking, crawling towards the spot, was to me incomprehensible. Admiral Barrington is hurt to think that no Englishman has gone up yet either in France or England: and indeed I thought it so suitable to English daring, that when first I heard of Messrs. Charles and Robert, I affirmed they must have had English mothers. Lunardi's nest, when I saw it yesterday looking like a peg-top, seemed, I assure

you, higher than the moon "riding towards her highest noon."

All this while I have not thanked you for your charming epistle, my dear friend; whenever you are disposed so to treat me, you have only to direct to Lord F., in Audley-street, and without enclosing, for I cannot mistake your hand. I can easily believe you spent your time very agreeably with Mrs. Montagu at Sandlesford, and how glad you must be to see Mrs. Garrick arrive. The cathedral window and Gothic Grove I delighted in, and could hardly eat my dinner for gazing at it by moon-light; they must be charming, but for pity's sake no fairies. I don't believe I ever was young enough to like Mab or Oberon, so much do I differ from you; *ah qui en doute!* Adieu, my dear friend, another odious revolution of the post is, that it rides in coaches, so, as I go out of town to-morrow, I shall not be back time enough to send it on the day it is marked for, and it will keep no more than a roasting pig; whereas I used to write all my letters of a night, after that eight o'clock which parted us, and as to covers, I had them safe in a bag. These were the halcyon days of scribbling; now I am sitting up till past midnight, that this may be ready for to-morrow. Can you help saying, *Ah elle ne vaut pas la peine?* Yes, for it tells, and it proves, that

I am most affectionately,

Yours,

F. B.

The Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Coleman-street Buildings, May 11, 1787.

MY DEAR MADAM,

A FAMILIAR style of address, you may say, upon so short an acquaintance; but may I not use it by anticipation? Thus, at this season of the year, we speak of a field of wheat, because, though there may be some Londoners who, from its green appearance, would pronounce it to be mere grass, we expect that it will produce ears of wheat before the harvest arrives. So, from yesterday's specimen, Mrs. Newton and I judge that if you and we were so situated as that our present slight acquaintance could be cultivated by frequent interviews, you would soon be very dear to us. And even now, from what I have seen, superadded to what I have read and heard, my heart will not allow me to make a serious apology for taking the liberty to say—My dear Madam.

This waits upon you to thank you for your obliging call—to request your acceptance of the Fast Sermon—and to express my best wishes for your welfare, and to assure you that I am, with great sincerity,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

P. S.—I wrote a preface to the first volume of Cowper's Poems. His name was not then known among the booksellers, and they were afraid to bind up my preface with the book, lest it should operate like a death's-head at a feast, and, by its gravity, hinder the sale it was designed to recommend: but I am not afraid to send you a copy.

Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

Cowslip Green, June, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

It is no encouragement to be good, when it is so profitable to do evil: and I shall grow wicked upon principle, and ungrateful by system. If I thought that not answering one letter would always procure me two such, I would be as silent as ingratitude, bad taste, and an unfeeling heart can cause the most undeserving to be. I did, indeed, receive your first obliging letter, and intended, in the true spirit of a Bristol trader, to send you some of my worthless beads and bits of glass, in exchange for your ivory and gold-dust, but a very tedious nervous headache has made me less than ever qualified to traffic with you in this dishonest way, and I have been so little accustomed to connect your idea with that of pain and uneasiness, that I know not how to set about the strange association; but I am now better, and would not have named being sick at all, if there were any other apology in the world that would have justified my not writing. Mrs. Carter and I have a thousand times agreed that your wit was by no means the cause of our esteem for you: because you cannot *help* having it if you would; and I never in my life could be attached to any one for their wit, if wit was the best thing they had. It is an established maxim with me, that the truest objects of warm attachment are the small parts of great characters. I never considered the patriotic Brutus with any delight as the assertor of freedom, and as "refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate;" no, it is the gentle, compassionate Brutus that engages my affection, who refused to disturb the slumbers

of the poor boy who attended him in that anxious night, when he destroyed himself, and so much needed his services. So when I sit in a little hermitage I have built in my garden, *not to be melancholy in*, but to think upon my friends, and to read their works—and their letters, Mr. Walpole seldom presents himself to my mind as the man of wit than as the tender-hearted and humane friend of my dear, infirm, broken-spirited Mrs. Vesey. One only admires talents, and admiration is a cold sentiment, with which affection, has commonly nothing to do; but one does more than admire them when they are devoted to such gentle purposes. My very heart is softened when I consider that she is now out of the way of your kind attentions, and I fear that nothing else on earth gives her the smallest pleasure. But I shall make you sad, and myself too, if I talk any longer in this strain, for I do love her with a tender affection, and cannot but take a warm interest in every thing that is either useful or pleasant to her. Even in this affecting decay of her sweet mind, her heart retains all its unimpaired amiableness.— Her purity rather resembles that innocence which is the ignorance of evil, than that virtue which is the conquest over it. But I am running on just as if you did not know and love her as well as I do; I hope she is gone to Tunbridge, which will amuse her a little, though it can do her no good.

I am become a perfect outlaw from all civil society and orderly life. I spend almost my whole time in my little garden, which “mocks my scant manuring.” From “morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,” I am employed in raising dejected pinks, and reforming disorderly honeysuckles.

Yours, dear sir, very faithfully, H. M

Mr. H. Walpole to Miss H. More.

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1787.

In your note, on going out of town, you desired me to remember you; but as I do not like the mere servile merit of obedience, I took time, my dear madam, to try to forget you; and having failed as to my wish, I have the free-born pleasure of thinking of you in spite of my teeth, and without any regard to your injunction. No queen upon earth, as fond as royal persons are of their prerogative, but would prefer being loved for herself rather than for her power; and I hope you have not more majesty

“Than a whole race of queens.”

Perhaps the spirit of your command did not mean that I should give you such manual proof of my remembrance, and you may not know what to make of a subject that avows a mutinous spirit, and at the same time exceeds the measure of his duty. It is, I own, a kind of Irish loyalty; and, to keep up the Irish character, I will confess that I never was disposed to be so loyal to any sovereign that was not a subject. If you collect from all this galimatias that I am cordially your humble servant, I shall be content. The Irish have the best hearts in the three kingdoms, and they never blunder more than when they attempt to express their zeal and affections; the reason, I suppose is, that cool sense never thinks of attempting impossibilities; but a warm heart feels itself ready to do more than is possible for those it loves. I am sure our poor friend in Clarges-street would subscribe to this last sentence. What English heart ever excelled hers? I

should almost have said equalled, if I were not writing to one that rivals her.

The last time I saw her before I left London, Miss Burney passed the evening there, looking quite recovered and well, and so cheerful and agreeable, that the court seems only to have improved the ease of her manner, instead of stamping more reserve on it, as I feared; but what slight graces it can give will not compensate to us and the world for the loss of her company and her writings—not but *some young ladies* who can write can stifle their talent as much as if they were under lock and key in the royal library. I do not see but a *cottage* is as pernicious to genius as the queen's waiting-room. Why should one *remember* people that forget themselves? Oh! I am sorry I used that expression, as it is commonly applied to such self-oblivion as Mrs. —, and light and darkness are not more opposite than the forgetfulness to which I alluded and hers. The former forgetfulness can forget its own powers and the injuries of others; the latter can forget its own defects and the obligations and services it has received. How poor is language that has not distinct terms for modesty and virtue, and for excess of vanity and ingratitude! The Arabic tongue, I suppose, has specific words for all the shades of oblivion, which, you see, has its extremes. I think I have heard that there are some score of different terms for a lion in Arabic, each expressive of a different quality, and consequently its generosity and its appetite for blood are not confounded in one general word. But if an Arabian vocabulary were as numerous in proportion for all the qualities that can enter into a human composition, it would be more difficult

to be learned therein than to master all the characters of the Chinese.

You did me the honour of asking me for my "Castle of Otranto" for your library at Cowalip Green. May I, as a printer, rather than as an author, beg leave to furnish part of a shelf there? and as I must fetch some of the books from Strawberry Hill, will you wait till I can send them all together? And will you be so good as to tell me whither I shall send them, or how direct and convey them to you at Bristol? I shall have a satisfaction in thinking that they will remain in your rising cottage (in which, I hope, you will enjoy a long series of happy hours), and that they will sometimes, when they and I shall be forgotten in other places, recall to Miss More's memory

Her very sincere humble servant,

H. WALPOLE.

Mrs. Chapone to Miss More.

1799.

DEAR MADAM,

THE same good gentleman who some time ago gave his excellent thoughts to "the Great" has again made a powerful effort for their reformation, which they receive with as much avidity as if they meant to be amended by it; indeed he has wisely recommended it to their taste by every charm and ornament of eloquence.

He has been so obliging as to send me a copy of his admirable book, and as I do not know his name and address, I take the liberty of applying to you (who are, I believe pretty well acquainted with him, though probably not aware of half his merits), to beg you will convey to him my grateful acknow-

ledgments for his favour, and assure him that he continually rises in my esteem, by the faithful zeal with which he lays out the talents intrusted to him at the highest interest; and I will venture to confess (gentleman though he be) that I sincerely love and honour him, and wish the most perfect success to all his laudable undertakings.

We long for you in town, my dear Miss More: hasten and enjoy the applause your lay friend has gained, and to which his own heart must bear testimony.

I am, my dear madam,
 Your much obliged
 and affectionate servant,
 H. CHAPONE.

The Bishop of London to Miss H. More.

St. James's-square, 1790.

Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus, was, you know, the laconic and expressive speech of Sir Thomas More to a certain stranger who had astonished him with a torrent of wit, eloquence, and learning. *Aut Morus, aut Angelus*, exclaimed the Bishop of London, before he had read six pages of a certain delicate *little book* that was sent to him a few days ago. Such precisely was the note I was sitting down to write to you, at the very moment I received your full and true confession of that mortal sin, of presuming once more to disturb the sweet repose and tranquillity of the fashionable world.

Indeed, my dear friend (if you will allow me to call you so), it is in vain to think of concealing yourself. Your style and manner are so marked, and so confessedly superior to those of any other

moral writer of the present age, that you will be immediately detected by every one that pretends to any taste in judging of composition, or any skill in discriminating the characteristic excellences of one author from another. You have certainly taken that wise bird the ostrich for your model on this occasion, who, in order to conceal himself from his pursuers, runs his head into the sands, and though his whole body stands out behind him, is perfectly convinced that nobody can see him.— There are but few persons, I will venture to say, in Great Britain, that could write such a book—that could convey so much sound, evangelical morality, and so much genuine Christianity, in such neat and elegant language. It will, if I mistake not, soon find its way into every fine lady's library, and if it does not find its way into her heart and her manners, the fault will be her own.

Mrs. Kennicott has been in town for a day, and has just called here. She means to come soon and make a little stay. Pray bring with you some "Bonner's Ghosts." Mrs. Porteus desires to be very affectionately and gratefully remembered to you—gratefully for the pleasure she received from the "*Estimate*;" for I read it to her last night, and we thought the evening as well and as pleasantly spent as if we had been at the Pantheon.

I am, dear madam,

Your very sincere and obliged

B. LONDON.

Hon. Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.

Downing-street, May 26, 1742.

TO-DAY calls itself May the 26th, as you perceive by the date, but I am writing to you by the fire-side, instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven, *we bless our stars, and think it luxury*. And yet we have as much water-works and fresco diversions, as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago Ranelagh gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelve-pence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be *ridottos*, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better, for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; there were but three-and-forty people last night in the pit and boxes. There is a little simple farce at Drury-Lane, called *Miss Lucy in Town*, in which Mrs. Clive mimics the Muscovita admirably, and Beard, Amorevoli intolerably. But all the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player at Goodman's fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyll says, he is superior to Betterton. Now I talk of players, tell Mr. Chute, that his friend Bracegirdle breakfasted

with me this morning. As she went out and wanted her clogs, she turned to me, and said, "I remember at the playhouse, they used to call Mrs. Oldfield's chair! Mrs. Barry's clogs! and Mrs. Bracegirdle's pattens!" I did, indeed, design the letter of this post for Mr. Chute; but I have received two such charming long ones from you of the 15th and 20th of May, (N. S.) that I must answer them, and beg him to excuse me till another post; so must the Prince, Princess, the Grifona, and Countess Galli. For the Princess's letter, I am not sure I shall answer it so soon, for hitherto I have not been able to read above every third word; however, you may thank her as much as if I understood it all. I am very happy that *mes bagatelles* (for I still insist they were so) pleased. You, my dear child, are very good to be pleased with the snuff-box. I am much obliged to the superior *lumières* of old Sarasin about the Indian ink: if she meant the black, I am sorry to say I had it into the bargain with the rest of the Japan: for the coloured, it is only a curiosity, because it has seldom been brought over. I remember Sir Hans Sloane was the first who ever had any of it, and would on no account give my mother the least morsel of it. She afterwards got a good deal of it from China; and since that, more has come over; but it is even less valuable than the other, for we never could tell how to use it; however, let it make its figure.

I am sure you hate me all this time, for chatting about so many trifles, and telling you no politics. I own to you, I am so wearied, so worn with them, that I scarce know how to turn my hand to them; but you shall know all I know. I told you of the meeting at the Fountain tavern: Pultney had pro-

mised to be there, but was not ; nor Carteret. As the Lords had put off the debate on the Indemnity-bill, nothing material passed ; but the meeting was very Jacobite. Yesterday the bill came on, and Lord Carteret took the lead against it, and about seven in the evening it was flung out by almost two to one, 92 to 47, and 17 proxies to 10. To-day we had a motion by the new Lord Hillsborough, (for the father is just dead,) and seconded by Lord Barrington, to examine the Lords' votes, to see what was become of the bill: this is the form. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, and all the new ministry, were with us against it ; but they carried it, 164 to 159. It is to be reported to-morrow, and as we have notice, we may possibly throw it out ; else they will hurry on to a breach with the Lords. Pultney was not in the house ; he was riding the other day, and met the king's coach ; endeavouring to turn out of the way, his horse started, flung him, and fell upon him : he is much bruised ; but not at all dangerously. On this occasion, there was an epigram fixed to a list, which I will explain to you afterwards : it is not known who wrote it, but it was addressed to him :

Thy horse does things by halves, like thee ;
 Thou, with irresolution,
 Hurt'st friend and foe, thyself and me,
 The king and constitution.

The list I meant : you must know, some time ago, before the change, they had moved for a committee to examine and state the public accounts : it was passed. Finding how little success they had with their secret committee, they have set this on foot, and we were to ballot for seven commissioners, who are to have a thousand a year. We bal-

loted yesterday : on our list were Sir Richard Corbet, Charles Hamilton, (Lady Archibald's brother,) Sir William Middleton, Mr. West, Mr. Fonnereau, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Ellis. On theirs, Mr. Bance, George Grenville, Mr. Hooper, Sir Charles Mordaunt, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Stuart. On casting up the numbers, the four first on ours, and the three first on their list, appeared to have the majority : so no great harm will come from this, should it pass the Lords, which it is not likely to do. I have now told you, I think, all the political news, except that the troops continue going to Flanders, though we hear no good news yet from Holland.

If we can prevent any dispute between the two houses, it is believed and much hoped by the court, that the secret committee will desire to be dissolved : if it does, there is an end of all this tempest !

I must tell you an ingenuity of Lord Raymond, an epitaph on the indemnifying bill—I believe you would guess the author :

Interr'd beneath this marble stone doth lie,
The Bill of Indemnity ;
To show the good for which it was design'd,
It died itself to save mankind.

My Lady Townshend made me laugh the other night about your old acquaintance, Miss Edwin ; who, by the way, is grown almost a Methodist. My Lady says she was forced to have an issue made on one side of her head, for her eyes, and that Kent advised her to have another on the other side for symmetry.

There has lately been published one of the most impudent things that ever was printed ; it is called

The Irish Register, and is a list of all the unmarried women of any fashion in England, ranked in order, duchesses-dowager, ladies, widows, misses, &c. with their names at length, for the benefit of Irish fortune-hunters, or, as it is said, for the incorporating and manufacturing of British commodities. Miss Edwards is the only one printed with a dash, because they have placed her among the widows. I will send you this, Miss Lucy in Town, and the Magazines, by the first opportunity, as I should the other things, but your brother tells me you have had them by another hand. I received the cedrati, for which I have already thanked you; but I have been so much thanked by several people to whom I gave some, that I can very well afford to thank you again.

As to Stosch expecting any present from me, he was so extremely well paid for all I had of him, that I do not think myself at all in his debt: however, you was very good to offer to pay him.

As to my Lady Walpole, I shall say nothing now, as I have not seen either of the two persons since I received your letter, to whom I design to mention her; only that I am extremely sorry to find you still disturbed at any of the little nonsense of that cabal. I hoped that the accounts which I have sent you, and which, except in my last letter, must have been very satisfactory, would have served you as an antidote to their legends; and I think the great victory in the House of Lords, and which, I assure you, is here reckoned prodigious, will raise your spirits against them. I am happy you have taken that step about Sir Francis Dashwood; the credit it must have given you with the king, will more than counterbalance any little hurt you might apprehend from the cabal.

I am in no hurry for any of my things; as we shall be moving from hence as soon as Sir Robert has taken another house, I shall not want them till I am more settled.

Adieu! I hope to tell you soon that we are all at peace, and then I trust you will be so! A thousand loves to the Chutes. How I long to see you all!

P. S. I unseal my letter to tell you what a vast and probably final victory we have gained to-day. They moved, that the Lords flinging out the bill of indemnity, was an obstruction to justice, and might prove fatal to the liberties of this country. We have sat till this moment, seven o'clock, and have rejected this motion by 245 to 193. The call of the house, which they have kept off from fortnight to fortnight, to keep people in town, was appointed for to-day. The moment the division was over, Sir John Cotton rose and said, "As I think the inquiry is at an end, you may do what you will with the call." We have put it off for two months. There's a noble postscript!

The same to the same.

Thursday, 6 o'clock.

You will hardly divine where I am writing to you—in the Speaker's chamber. The house is examining witnesses on the Westminster election, which will not be determined to-day; I am not in haste it should, for I believe we shall lose it. A great fat fellow, a constable, on their side, has just deposed, that Lord Sundon and the high constable took him by the collar at the election, and threw him down stairs. Do you know the figure of Lord

Sundon? if you do, only think of that little old creature, throwing any man down stairs!

As I was coming down this morning, your brother brought me a long letter from you, in answer to mine of the 12th of November. You try to make me distrust the designs of Spain against Tuscany, but I will hope yet: hopes are all I have for anything now!

As to the young man, I will see his mother the first minute I can; and by next post, hope to give you a definitive answer, whether he will submit to be a servant or not: in every other respect, I am sure he will please you.

Your friend, Mr. Fane, would not come for us last night, nor will vote till after the Westminster election: he is brought into parliament by the Duke of Bedford, and is unwilling to disoblige him in this. We flattered ourselves with better success, for last Friday, after sitting till two in the morning, we carried a Cornish election in four divisions—the first by a majority of six, then of twelve, then of fourteen, and lastly by thirty-six. You can't imagine the zeal of the young men on both sides: Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Hartington, and my friend Coke on ours, are as warm as possible; Lord Quarendon and Sir Francis Dashwood are as violent on theirs: the former speaks often and well. But I am talking to you of nothing but parliament; why really all one's ideas are stuffed with it, and you yourself will not dislike to hear things so material. The opposition, who invent every method of killing Sir R., intend to make us sit on Saturdays; but how mean and dirty is it, how scandalous! when they cannot ruin him by the least plausible means, to murder him by denying him air and exercise.

There was a strange affair happened on Saturday; it was strange, yet very English. One Nourse, an old gamester, said, in the coffee-house, that Mr. Shuttleworth, a member, only pretended to be ill. This was told to Lord Windsor, his friend, who quarrelled with Nourse, and the latter challenged him. My Lord replied, he would not fight him, he was too old. The other replied, he was not too old to fight with pistols. Lord Windsor still refused: Nourse, in a rage, went home, and cut his own throat. This was one of the odd ways in which men are made.

I have scarce seen Lady Pomfret lately, but I am sure Lord Lincoln is not going to marry her daughter. I am not surprised at her sister being shy of receiving civilities from you—that was English too!

Say a great deal for me to the Chutes. How I envy your snug suppers! I never have such suppers! Trust me, if we fall, all the grandeur, the envied grandeur of our house, will not cost me a sigh: it has given me no pleasure while we have it, and will give me no pain when I part with it. My liberty, my ease, and choice of my own friends and company, will sufficiently counterbalance the crowds of Downing-street. I am so sick of it all, that if we are victorious or not, I propose leaving England in the spring. Adieu!

Yours, ever and ever.

The same to the same.

London, March 22, 1744.

I AM sorry this letter must date the era of a new correspondence; the topic of which must be blood! Yesterday came advice from Mr. Thompson that

Monsieur Amelot had sent for him, and given him notice to be gone, for a declaration of war with England was to be published in two days. Politically, I don't think it so bad, for the very name of war, though in effect on foot before, must make our governors take more precautions; and the French declaring it will range the people more on our side than on the Jacobite; besides, the latter will have their communication with France cut off. But, my dear child, what lives, what misfortunes must, and may follow all this! As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit. I feel myself more an universal man, than an Englishman! We have already lost seventy millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war—and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! for my part I would not purchase another Duke of Marlborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked, were I a hero, when I looked on my own laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans! How many such will our patriots have made!

The embarkation at Dunkirk does not seem to go on, though, to be sure, not laid aside. We received yesterday the particulars of the Mediterranean engagement from Matthews. We conclude the French squadron retired designedly, to come up to Brest, where we every day expect to hear of them. If Matthews does not follow them, adieu our triumphs in the Channel!—and then! Sir John Norris has desired leave to come back, as little satisfied with the world as the world is with him. He is certainly very unfortunate; but I can't say I think he has tried to correct his fortune. If Eng-

land is ever more to be England, this sure is the crisis to exert all her vigour. We have all the disadvantage of Queen Elizabeth's prospect without one of her ministers. Four thousand Dutch are landed, and we hope to get eight or twelve ships from them. Can we now say, "*Quatuor maria vindico?*"

I will not talk any more politically, but turn to hymeneals, with as much indifference as if I were a first minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor?—only my Lord Carteret. This very week! a drawing-room conquest. Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family! her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love she never had any. The politics, management, and pedantry of the mother, who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart. Figure the instructions she will give her daughter! Lincoln is quite indifferent, and laughs. My Lord Chesterfield says, "it is only another of Carteret's vigorous measures." I am really glad of it, for her beauty and cleverness did deserve a better fate than she was on the point of having determined for her for ever. How graceful, how charming, how haughtily condescending she will be! how, if Lincoln should ever hint past history, she will

Stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known!

I wonder I forgot to tell you that Doddington had owned a match of seventeen years' standing with Mrs. Behan, to whom the one you mention is sister.

I have this moment received yours of March 10th, and thank you much for the silver medal, which has already taken its place in my museum.

I feel almost out of pain for your situation, as by the motion of the fleets this way, I should think the expedition to Italy abandoned. We and you have had great escapes: but we have still occasion for all-providence!

I am very sorry for the young Sposa Panciatici; and wish all the other parents joy of the increase of their families. My best loves to Mr. Whithed and Mr. Chute. I except you three, out of my want of public spirit. The other day, when the Jacobites and patriots were carrying every thing to ruin, and had made me warmer than I love to be, one of them said to me, "Why don't you love your country?" I replied, "I should love my country exceedingly, if it were not for my countrymen." Adieu!

The same to the same.

Windsor, Aug. 21, 1746.

You will perceive by my date that I am got into a new scene, and that I am retired hither like an old summer-dowager; only that I have no toad-eater to take the air with me in the back part of my lozenge-coach, and to be scolded. I have taken a small house here within the Castle, and propose spending the greatest part of every week here till the Parliament meets: but my jaunts to town will prevent my news from being quite provincial and marvellous. Then I promise you I will go to no races nor assemblies, nor make comments upon couples that come in chaises to the White-Hart.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel-lords: I was not at it,

but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold ; and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath ; their bearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold ; the room forwards had benches for spectators ; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino ; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted ! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, " My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both ! " He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him ; and then asked him, " My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death ? " He replied, " My Lord, I was not present ; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken ; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, " It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us."—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate ! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-gene-

ral, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block, the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again after-

wards : he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river ; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him ; and lying down to try the block, he said, " If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman, how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock ; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, " No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud to the Warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down ; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold ; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, " Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges !"

My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to

dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W. Gordon, Lady Cromartie's father, coming down out of his death-bed, to vote against my father in the Chippenham election. If his Royal Highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels. His brother has plucked a very useful feather out of the cap of the ministry, by forbidding any application for posts in the army to be made to anybody but himself: a resolution. I dare say, he will keep as strictly and minutely as he does the discipline and dress of the army. Adieu!

P. S. I have just received yours of August 9th. You had not then heard of the second great battle of Placentia, which has already occasioned new instructions, or, in effect, a recall being sent after Lord Sandwich.

Mrs. Hannah More to Mr. Knox.

September 26, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

My friendship for Mrs. La Touche and yourself is by the length of time, the convictions of my understanding, and the affections of my heart, become so established, so much a part of myself, that it would be incapable of declension even without any overt act on the part of either of you. So agreeable a *flapper* as your kind letter was, however, such a quickener of my feelings, that it was

matter of no small regret that I have been till now physically incapable of answering it. About three weeks ago, my sister and myself were each suddenly seized with a violent attack of fever, from which we are, through the mercy of God, recovering, though very gradually. We are still confined to our chambers, and are not allowed to see any one. I believe my own illness was partly caused by too great excitement, from an influx of company, chiefly strangers, but sent recommended by friends.

You will not be sorry to hear that the last work our lamented princess read during her pupilage, (as her preceptor the bishop himself told me,) and the last she read before her death, was the one written expressly for her, in which you took so kind an interest. It was very kind and condescending in the bishop to say that he considered "The Hints" as rather intended for the teacher than the pupil, and had availed himself of them accordingly. I should not mention this but to you, who will be pleased to hear that the book, as to her, was not written altogether in vain.

I remember that my dear old friend Dr. Johnson once asked me, "What was the greatest compliment you could pay to an author?" I replied, "To quote him."—"Thou art right, my child," said he. Now, your remembering and citing two passages from poor unworthy me, at the distance of twenty years, did really gratify me.

I wish I could show Mrs. L—— a very curious present I have just received from Sir Alexander Johnstone, the Chief-Justice of Ceylon; it is one of my "Sacred Dramas" written upon palm-leaves, in the Cingalese language, the cover most beautifully painted and enriched. He writes me that the

"Essay on St. Paul," &c. &c. is translated and about to be published in the Tamul and Cingalese, partly on paper, partly on palm-leaves, and that he proposes to publish most of my writings in all such of the country languages as are generally understood throughout India. Forgive this egotism.

I agree with you, my dear sir, that the Epistle of St. James has left a subject for a fine practical commentary. Why don't you take it up yourself? It is worthy of you, and would be peculiarly in your own way. You would not only treat it morally, but holily. I want to see St. Peter also taken up in a new way. It may sound odd to use that term, but I can not help calling his a character almost dramatic; his warm affections, his undoubted confidence, his repeated falls, his fervid repentance, the forwardness of his feelings, the failure of his resolutions, the inconceivably piercing look cast upon him by his Divine Master, the consolatory message, not sent to the beloved John, but to the swearing, protesting *denier*, the "Go, tell Peter!" How touching are all these particulars! When I was very young, and learning Spanish, I translated a little poem, called "Las Lagrimas de San Pedro." I have lost the translation, and know not where I found the original.

Dear Mr. Jebb kindly sent me his valuable Dublin Sermon; but continual interruptions, and the dry and insipid task of converting commas into colons, and turning topsy-turvy letters upright, through (I blush to say it) eighteen volumes, for a new general edition, has made me very deficient in the pleasant duties of friendship. We were delighted with a short visit from him and his very interesting friend Forster, who revived a little my long-forgotten delight in the Tuscan muse.

When you see my favourite Robert Daly, assure him of my kind remembrance. I had a message from Judge Daly and his nieces, declaring an intention to visit us, before my illness, but I have not yet seen them.

I say the less about —— because I trust she will go halves in this ill-written scrawl. As long as I shall remember anything, I shall remember her virtues and her kindness; I shall love her general goodness and her particular goodness to me. I can not say all I think of and feel for her.

Adieu, my dear sir; with my sister's best regards, believe me ever,

Your faithful and obliged

H. MORE.

P. S. I venture to send you an epitaph, written for the daughter of a dear friend, though it is not worth your reading: but Mrs. L. will tolerate it; it is meant for her.

EPITAPH ON MISS G——.

(AGED EIGHTEEN.)

So fair, so young, so gentle, so sincere,
 So loved, so early lost, may claim a tear.
 Yet mourn not if the life resumed by Heaven
 Was spent to every end for which 't was giv'n:
 The part assign'd if she essay'd to fill,
 If she obey'd her heavenly Father's will,
 If humble trust in her Redeemer's love
 Matured her early for the courts above,
 Could she too soon escape a world of sin?
 Or could eternal bliss too soon begin?
 Then cease her death too fondly to deplore;
 What could the longest life have added more!

From Mrs. H. More to Sir W. Pepys.

Barley Wood, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR very kind, *too* kind letter was brought me while at dinner with Mr. Inglis and his family ; with him I had the satisfaction to converse on your subject.

And now what shall I say to *you* for the instance you are giving of your Christian philanthropy ? I cheerfully and thankfully accept the offer of your munificent bounty, which will very greatly enlarge my sphere of usefulness at the approaching dreary but joyful season, when He " who for our sakes became poor, that we through him might become rich," visited this our world, and left us his divine example, that we should in our low measure and degree (as occasions are put into our power) administer to the bodily and spiritual wants of our fellow-creatures.

I have been in the habit of giving a small assistance to the orphan sons of two deceased friends, youths of great merit, but slender means, who are just now (with a little help from friends) gone to college, and are in want of books. I hope you will not think it a departure from your benevolent intentions, if I expend a very few pounds in proper books for them ; I have done it for several years, and can now, through your bounty, make a small addition to this year's gift. One of them was son of an officer, the other of a clergyman, whose library was sold ; both of distinguished worth. I only give about five pounds' worth.

You will have the goodness to order your generous benefaction to be paid at Messrs. Pole, Thornton & Co.'s bank, with directions to send it to

Messrs. Wright & Co., bankers, in Bristol, for me. You will cause many a widow's heart to sing for joy—melody which will reach higher than that of Catalani or Miss Stephens.

I thank God, that through his mercy I am nearly restored to my usual moderate state of health, and should be much better if I could contrive to see less company. Since my recovery, however, I have seen several interesting strangers, from whom one gets surer information than from books: yesterday, Sir Nicholas Trant and his daughter, the former just returned from the Brazils, and from much conference with the king, of whose natural understanding he speaks well, but he is very ignorant. I have had more intercourse with Sir Alexander Johnstone, Chief-Justice at Ceylon, and have been writing some verses, (which are worthy of the bellman,) and which are translating into the Cingalese, by two priests he brought over here, to celebrate an annual festival in Ceylon, on the abolition of slavery for all who are born since the year 1816.

We had a few days ago a visit from the two interesting and very sensible Persians, who have been studying the literature, arts, and sciences of this country, and are returning home with great acquisitions of knowledge. I never saw any Asiatics before who had energy, spirit, or curiosity; these are all alive. In my garden is an urn to the memory of Locke, who was born in our village; when they saw it, they exclaimed in rapture, "What! Locke the metaphysician!" They go to our different places of worship, attend Bible and other public meetings, and seem to have fewer prejudices against Christianity than you would suppose. They particularly admire Job and Isaiah,

and those parts of the Old Testament which have most orientalism. Their figures and costume are striking, their manners very genteel. I was amused to see the Mahometans drink a little wine. The most literary of the two wished to have something of mine as a memento. I gave him "Practical Piety," which he said he would translate when he got home. Here, you will say, is sufficient egotism.

This has been written some days, but the illness of my sister has hindered my finishing it.

Accept my most cordial wishes that you and your beloved family may enjoy all the benefits and consolations of the gracious and hallowed season we are about to commemorate.

With my best regards to Lady Pepys,
I remain, my dear Sir William,
Your ever faithful and obliged friend,
H. MORE.

Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Barley Wood, 1816,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS glad to receive even your promissory note, though it was not followed by the prompt payment it announced. I do not mean your half bank-note of 50*l.* which came safe, but your letter. The papers told us of—not your honours—but those of the regent—for surely he never did himself so much credit as in seeking your society; and though it does you no good, yet it will do good in too many ways for me to specify.

I have been ill since my last attack of fever, my nights being not only wakeful, but harassing and

distressing. I am getting better, though I thought I was rapidly breaking up. The fever has left me a wholesome warning. Like Barzillai, I have long ceased "to hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women;" but now, though I hope I can still "discern between good and evil," "thy servant can not taste what I eat or what I drink;" that is, I have lost the two senses of smell and taste completely, for six weeks. It has given me an excellent lesson not to overlook common mercies, for I forgot to value these blessings till I had lost them; the loss, too, is a good corrective of sensuality, as I know not bread from meat.

You bid me not be silent under the pretence of living in a hermitage. Alas! Barley Wood is nothing less. Thinking it right, almost twenty years ago, to gain a little interval between the world and the grave, when I renounced the society of the great and the gay, the learned and the witty, I fully made up my mind to associate only with country people. Yet it so happens that the retirement I sought I have never yet been able to find; for though we neither return visits nor give invitations, I think, except when quite confined by sickness, I never saw more people, known and unknown, in my gayest days. They come to me as to the witch of Endor; and I suppose I shall soon be desired to tell fortunes, and cast nativities. I do little or no good to their minds, and they do much harm to my body, as talking so much inflames my chest.

In spite of our inability to attend in winter, our schools are very flourishing. We have pious, faithful teachers, who have served us twenty years; and we have reason to believe that many young persons, especially at Cheddar, are living in the

feared of God. The evening sermons are well attended, and many seem seriously impressed.

I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Stephen is better. I have but just received *his* masterly pamphlet.

Adieu, my very dear friend. Do not forget sometimes to include in your prayers not the least affectionate of your friends,

H. MORE.

Lord Teynmouth to Mrs. H. More.

Portman-square, May 28, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,

FROM various causes, which it is unnecessary to detail, I have only had an opportunity within the last fortnight to read your last publication with that attention which it merited; and I was unwilling to acknowledge my sense of the obligation conferred on me by your present, until I had in some measure appreciated its value. I can now most truly say, that the perusal of it has afforded to me the highest gratification, and it will be some proof of the sincerity of this declaration, when I assure you, that I mean to read it again and again, not for gratification only, but improvement. With this disposition I willingly resign the task of criticism to reviewers, remarking only that I should have been better pleased to have had four volumes of the same quality instead of two. Judging of others by myself, I feel that we all want to be reminded of our duties, and of our failure in the performance of those duties; especially those which we are every hour required to practise: of our neglect in watching our thoughts, emotions, and tempers; of the too predominant indulgence of a

selfish disposition and habit; of the absolute necessity of a holy life, and the extensive obligations implied in that expression; and, above all, of the great account which we must one day give. The public is therefore obliged to you, and I can not but sincerely thank you for a performance which has supplied so much matter for serious reflection and self-examination; which has made me think and feel; which has instructed and deeply interested me; and from which, by God's grace, I hope to derive real benefit. While I see, with combined feelings of pity and sorrow, the numerous controversies which issue from the press, I have reason at the same time to rejoice that it is not unproductive of books of "practical devotion for the increase of piety and virtue," and that works of this kind readily obtain a general reception and approbation. You are eminently entitled to applause for your labours in this line: the sentiments in *Cœlebs* have made an impression on many minds, to which they would have had no access if they had been introduced under a more formal garb; and "practical piety," which is calculated to instruct the wisest, will, I doubt not, tend to inform many who are both ignorant and unsuspecting that they are so.

In expressing my feelings with so little reserve, I am aware that I expose myself to a suspicion of flattering, but why should I on this account be silent? Indeed, my dear madam, I should be gratified if anything I have said should tempt you to future exertions for the good of mankind. It is true that we have many excellent manuals of piety and devotion; but the public taste varies, and those productions only which are adapted to it will stimulate it. Justin justly observes "that the undeg-

standings of men are as the chords of musical instruments; when a string sounds, the strings which are unisons to it, if within proper distance, will vibrate," and as you possess the talent of adapting your writings to *all* tastes, with very few exceptions, I trust you will continue to exert it as long as it shall please God to give you health and strength for the work.

In all these sentiments, Lady Teignmouth most cordially concurs. We have both long been invalids, and for myself I can say that I owe a very severe indisposition, which I have suffered ever since the 25th of January, to application, and which for many weeks precluded the use of my pen beyond absolute necessity. We have the greater occasion, therefore, for a manual of practical piety. A few years, at the utmost, will determine whether religion has had "that influence on our hearts, and on the conduct of our lives," which it ought to have, and as we advance towards the period of our earthly career, we are more disposed to read those books which renew and fortify our conviction of this truth. Your whole performance, and especially the concluding chapter, is well calculated to produce this effect, and to lead to that heavenly meditation which Baxter describes with a pen plucked from an angel's wing. If you have not the passage in your memory, you will thank me for transcribing it from mine.

"Other meditations are as numerous as there are lines in the Scripture, creatures in the universe, or particular providences in the government of the world. But this is a walk to Mount Sion! from the kingdoms of this world to the kingdom of saints; from earth to heaven; from time to eterni

ty; it is walking on sun, moon, and stars, in the garden and paradise of God."

Lady Teignmouth begs her most affectionate remembrance to you, and we unite in kindest remembrance to Miss P. More and your family. I am, my dear madam,

Your obliged and sincere

TEIGNMOUTH.

Lord Byron to Prince Mavrocordato.

Cephalonia, 2d Dec. 1823.

PRINCE,

THE present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General the Earl of Harrington, &c. &c. He has arrived from London in fifty days, after having visited all the Committees of Germany. He is charged by our Committee to act in concert with me for the liberation of Greece. I conceive that his name and his mission will be a sufficient recommendation, without the necessity of any other from a foreigner, although one who, in common with all Europe, respects and admires the courage, the talents, and, above all, the probity of Prince Mavrocordato.

I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over everything in general, as she has already triumphed in part. Greece is, at present, placed between three measures: either to reconquer her liberty, to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province. She has the choice only of these three alternatives. Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter. If she is desirous of the fate of

Walachia and the Crimea, she may obtain it to-morrow ; if of that of Italy, the day after ; but if she wishes to become truly Greece, free and independent, she must resolve to-day, or she will never again have the opportunity.

I am, with all respect,

Your Highness's obedient servant,

N. B.

P. S. Your Highness will already have known that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek government, as much as it lay in my power to do so ; but I should wish that the fleet so long and so vainly expected were arrived, or, at least, that it were on the way ; and especially that your Highness should approach these parts either on board the fleet, with a public mission, or in some other manner.

Lord Byron to Goëthe.

Laghorn, July 24, 1823.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

I CANNOT thank you as you ought to be thanked for the lines which my young friend, Mr. Sterling, sent me of yours ; and it would but ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty years, has been the undisputed sovereign of European literature. You must therefore accept my most sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty prose too ; for I am at present on my voyage to Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and bustle, which hardly allow a moment even to gratitude and admiration to express themselves.

I sailed from Genoa some days ago, was driven

back by a gale of wind, and have since sailed again and arrived here, 'Leghorn,' this morning, to receive on board some Greek passengers for their struggling country.

Here also I found your lines and Mr. Sterling's letter, and I could not have had a more favourable omen, a more agreeable surprise, than a word of Goëthe, written by his own hand.

I am returning to Greece, to see if I can be of any little use there; if ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers. I have the honour to be, ever and most,

Your obliged,
NOEL BYRON.

Lord Byron to Mr. Rogers.

Venice, April 4, 1817.

It is a considerable time since I wrote to you last, and I hardly know why I should trouble you now, except that I think you will not be sorry to hear from me now and then. You and I were never correspondents, but always something better, which is, very good friends.

I saw your friend Sharp in Switzerland, or rather in the German *territory*, (which is and is not Switzerland,) and he gave Hobhouse and me a very good route for the Bernese Alps; however, we took another from a German, and went by Clarens, the Dent de Jaman to Montbovon, and through Simmenthal to Thoul, and so on to Lauterbrunn; except that from thence to the Grindelwald, instead of round about, we went right over the Wengen Alps' very summit, and being close under the Jung-

Heu, saw it, its glaciers, and heard the avalanches in all their glory, having famous weather therefor. We of course went from the Grindelwald over the Scheideck to Brientz and its lake; past the Reichenbach and all that mountain road, which reminded me of Albania, and Ætolia, and Greece, except that the people here were more civilized and rascally. I did not think so very much of Chamouni (except the source of the Arveron, to which we went up to the teeth of the ice, so as to look into and touch the cavity, against the warning of the guides, only one of whom would go with us so close) as of the Jungfrau, and the Pissevache, and Simplon, which are quite out of all mortal competition.

I was at Milan about a moon, and saw Monti and some other living curiosities, and thence on to Verona, where I did not forget your story of the assassination during your sojourn there, and brought away with me some fragments of Juliet's tomb, and a lively recollection of the amphitheatre. The Countess Goetz (the governor's wife here) told me that there is still a ruined castle of the Montecchi between Verona and Vicenza. I have been at Venice since November, but shall proceed to Rome shortly. For my deeds here, are they not written in my letters to the unreplying Thomas Moore? to him I refer you: he has received them all, and not answered one.

Will you remember me to Lord and Lady Holland? I have to thank the former for a book which I have not yet received, but expect to reperuse with great pleasure on my return, viz. the 2d edition of Lope de Vega. I have heard of Moore's forthcoming poem: he can not wish himself more success than I wish and augur for him. I have also

heard great things of "Tales of my Landlord," but I have not yet received them; by all accounts they beat even Waverley, &c., and are by the same author. Maturin's second tragedy has, it seems, failed, for which I should think anybody would be sorry. My health was very victorious till within the last month, when I had a fever. There is a typhus in these parts, but I don't think it was that. However, I got well without a physician or drugs.

I forgot to tell you that, last autumn, I furnished Lewis with "bread and salt" for some days at Diodati, in reward for which (besides his conversation) he translated "Goëthe's Faust" to me by word of mouth, and I set him by the ears with Madame de Staël about the slave trade. I am indebted for many and kind courtesies to our Lady of Copel, and I now love her as much as I always did her works, of which I was and am a great admirer. When are you to begin with Sheridan? what are you doing, and how do you do?

Ever very truly, &c.

Lord Byron to Lord Holland.

St. James's-street, March 5, 1812.

MY LORD,

MAY I request your Lordship to accept a copy of the thing which accompanies this note? You have already so fully proved the truth of the first line of Pope's couplet,

Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,

that I long for an opportunity to give the lie to the verse that follows. If I were not perfectly convinced that anything I may have formerly uttered

In the boyish rashness of my misplaced resentment had made as little impression as it deserved to make, I should hardly have the confidence—perhaps your Lordship may give it a stronger and more opprobrious appellation—to send you a quarto of the same scribbler. But your Lordship, I am sorry to observe to-day, is troubled with the gout : if my book can produce a *laugh* against itself or the author, it will be of some service. If it can set you to *sleep*, the benefit will be yet greater ; and as some facetious personage observed half a century ago, that “poetry is a mere drug,” I offer you mine as an humble assistant to the *eau médicinale*. I trust you will forgive this and all my other buffooneries, and believe me to be, with great respect,

Your Lordship's

Obliged and sincere servant,

BYRON.

Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott.

St. James's-street, July 6, 1812.

SIR,

I HAVE just been honoured with your letter.—I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the “evil works of my nonage,” as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I can not sufficiently thank you for your praise ; and now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball ; and

after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the "Lay." He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake." He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your *Jameses* as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living *gentleman*.

This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, "no business there." To be thus praised by your Sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made

through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely

Your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

P. S. Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry and just after a journey.

Lord Byron to Mr. Moore.

Nd. September 15, 1814.

I have written to you one letter to-night, but must send you this much more, as I have not franked my number, to say that I rejoice in my goddaughter, and will send her a coral and bells, which I hope she will accept, the moment I get back to London.

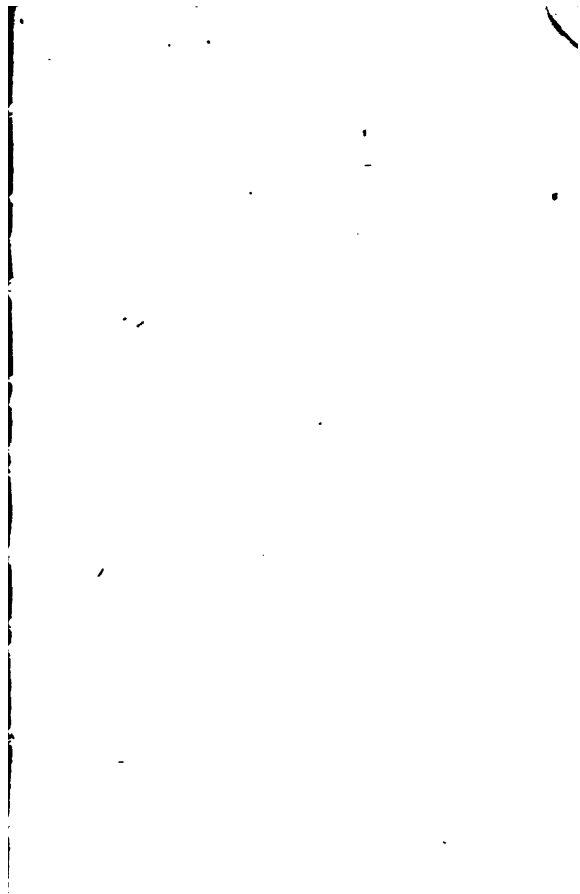
My head is at this moment in a state of confusion, from various causes, which I can neither describe nor explain—but let that pass. My employments have been very rural—fishing, shooting, bathing, and boating. Books I have but few here, and those I have read ten times over, till sick of them. So, I have taken to breaking soda water bottles with my pistols, and jumping into the water, and rowing over it, and firing at the fowls of the air. But why should I “monster my nothings” to you who are well employed, and happily too, I should hope. For my part, I am happy too, in my way—but, as usual, have contrived to get into three or four perplexities, which I do not see my way through. But a few days, perhaps a day, will determine one of them.

You do not say a word to me of your poem. I wish I could see or hear it. I neither could, nor

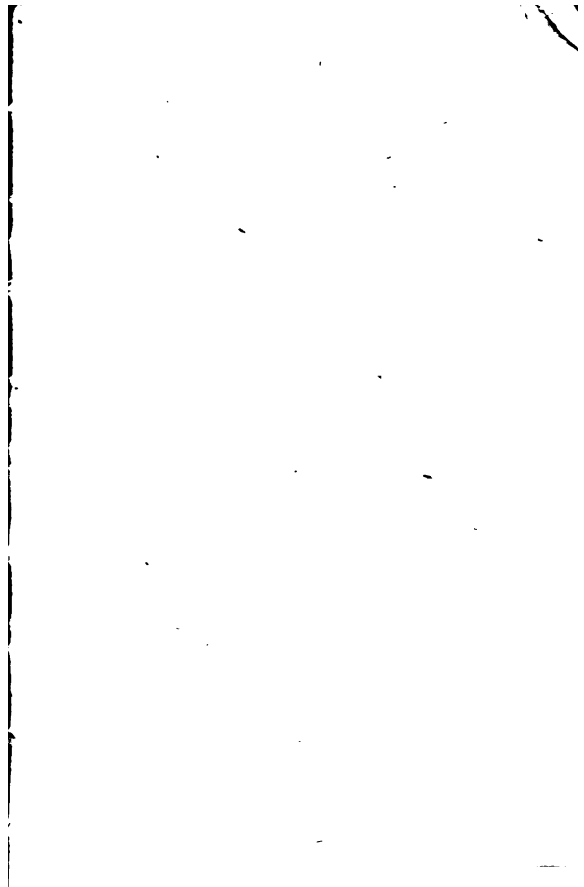
would, do its author any harm. I believe I told you of Larry and Jacquy. A friend of mine was reading—at least a friend of his was reading—said Larry and Jacquy in a Brighton coach. A passenger took up the book and queried as to the author. The proprietor said “there were *two*”—to which the answer of the unknown was, “Ay, ay—a joint concern, I suppose, *summat* like Sternhold and Hopkins.”

Is not this excellent? I would not have missed the “vile comparison” to have scaped being one of the “Arcades ambo et cantare pares.” Good night. Again yours.

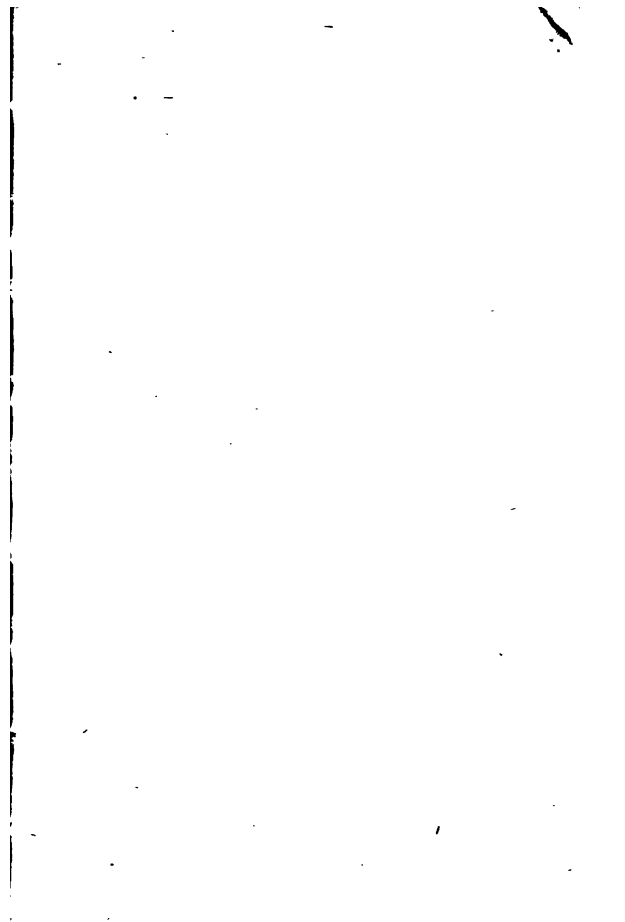
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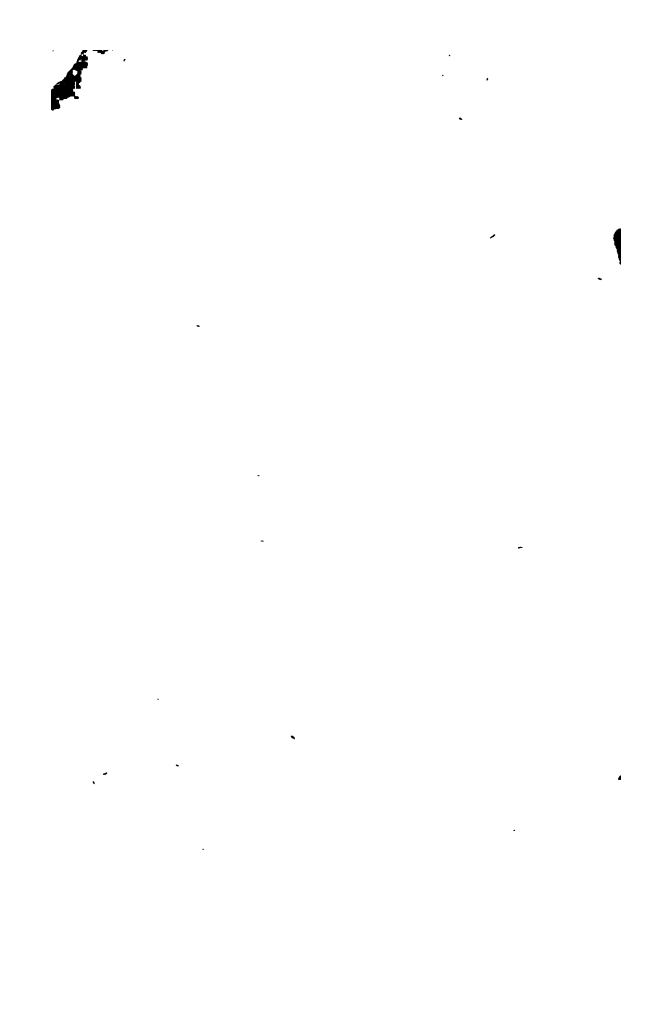


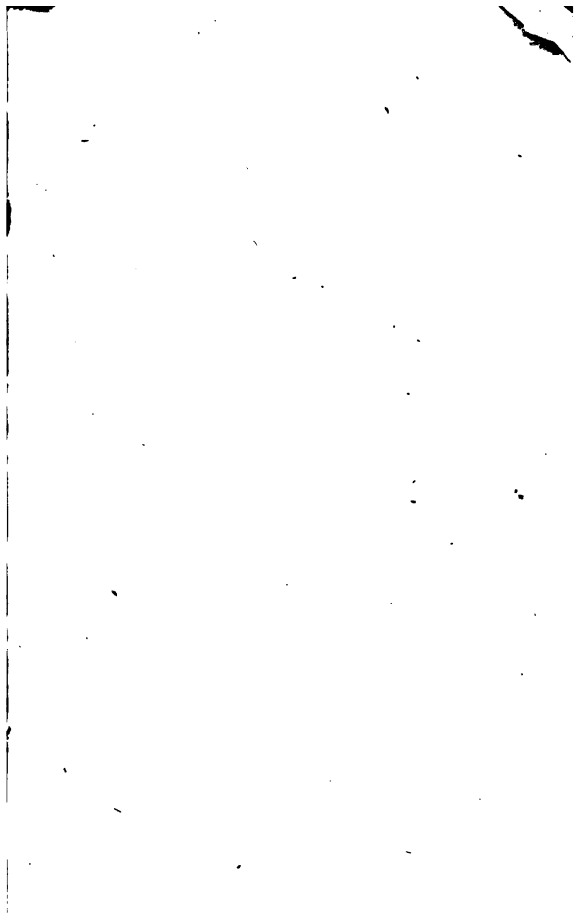






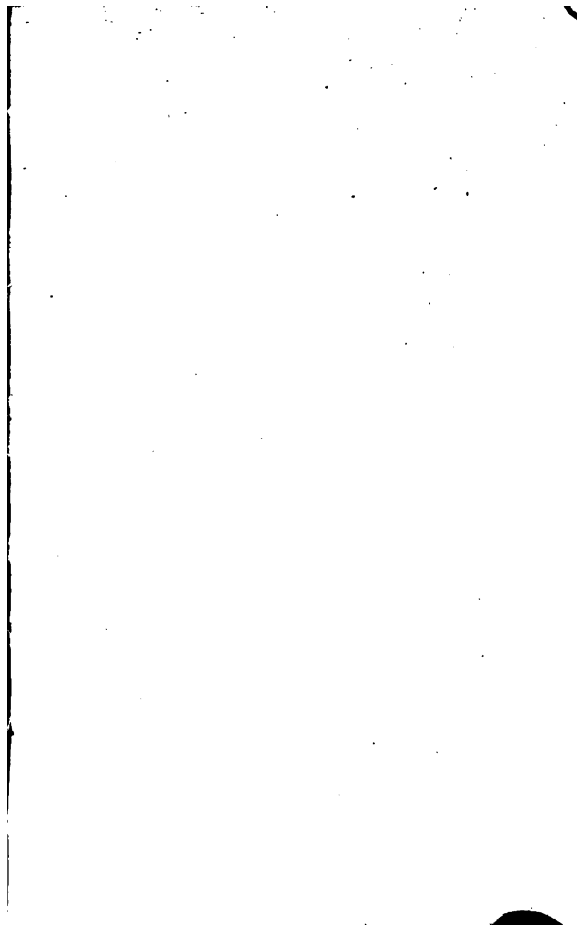




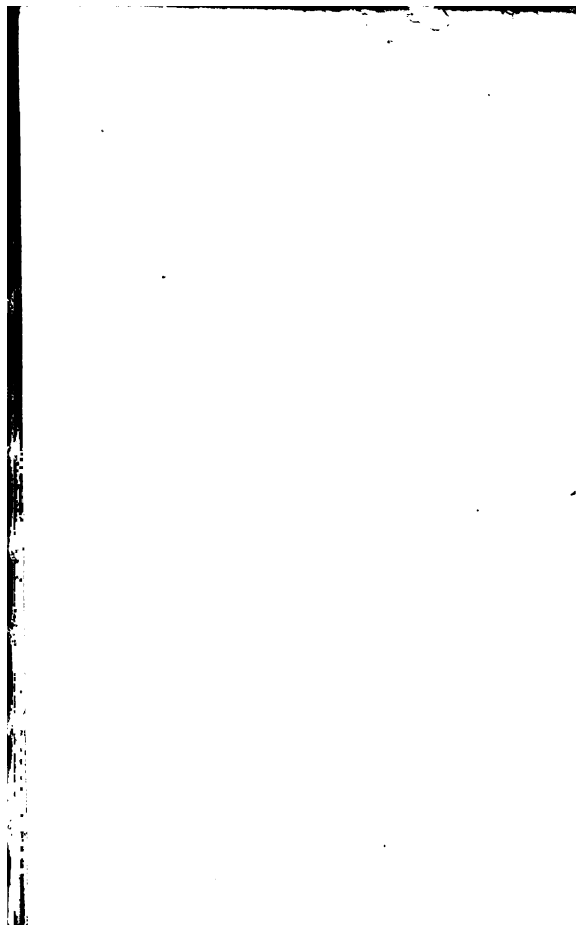


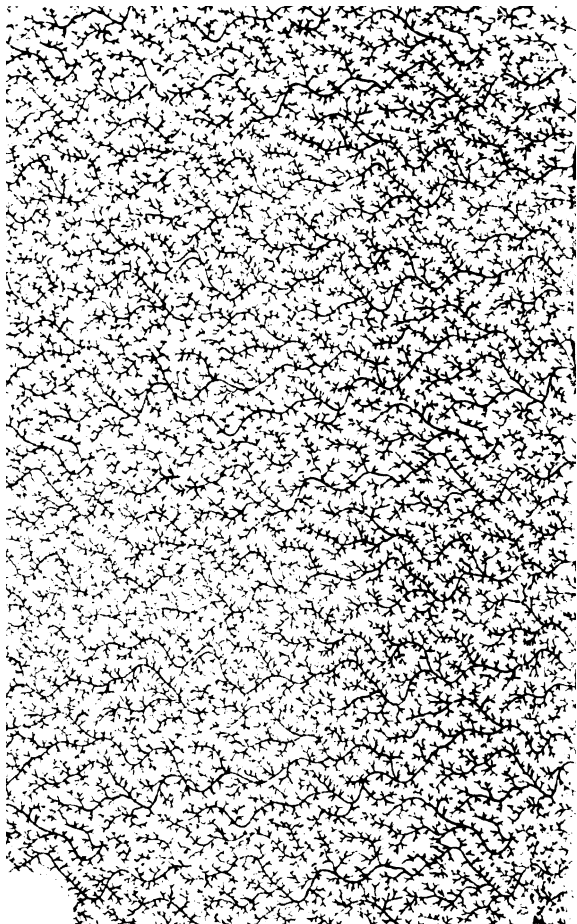
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